JAN. 15,
1938

Liberty

5¢

The
UNBREAKABLE MRS. DOLL
A Novel About a Woman
Men Loved and Women Hated
By GRACE PERKINS

JULES GOTLIEB

W SORROWS
the
CHESS of
NDSOR
Adela
ers
Johns

ITISH
OPAGANDA
THE U. S. A.
H. G. Wells

DO COW-PUNCHERS APPRECIATE CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS?

TED YOCHUM was born and raised down in the cattle country. Speaking from personal observation, Ted says: "Cow-punchers are great Camel smokers. Any hombre who's ridin' herd has a natural hankering for the mild, tasty smokin' Camels give. Me—I've been enjoying Camels for 8 years. Come round-up time—I'm in the saddle for hours, and not sparin' myself. A Camel sure hits the spot then. I get a mighty pleasant 'lift' with a Camel."

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IN THE NEWSPAPER FIELD! Sports editor Stuart Cameron (*left*) says: "It's impressive how many champions in sport smoke Camels. I sure go for Camels myself. They have everything!"

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MILLIONS
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FOR
COSTLIER
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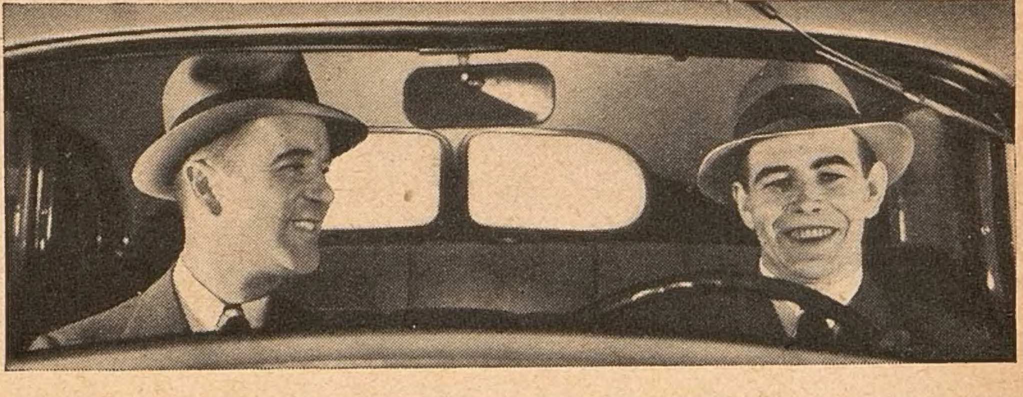

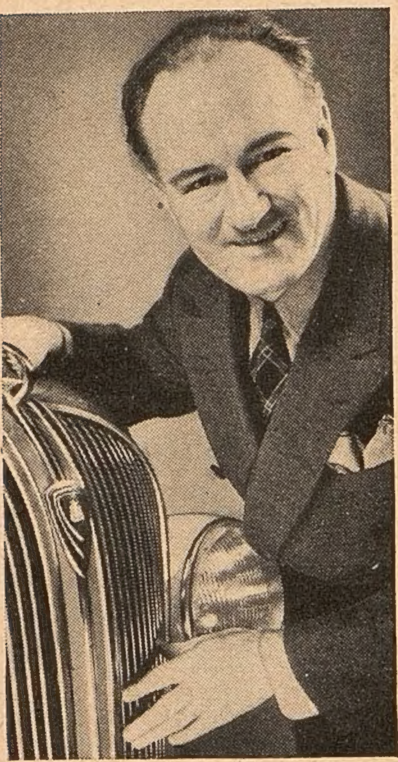

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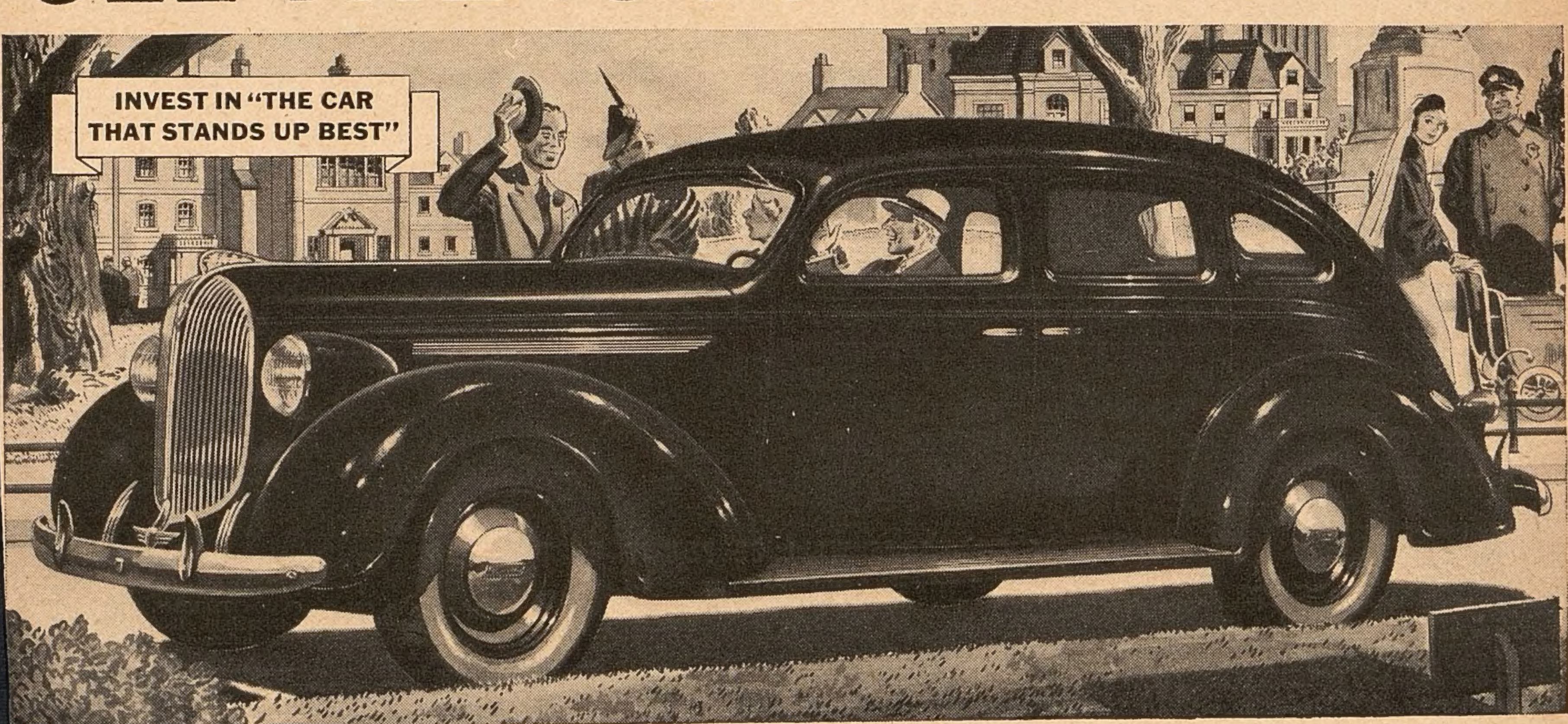

INVEST IN "THE CAR THAT STANDS UP BEST"

JANUARY 15, 1938

Liberty

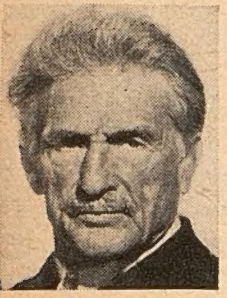
VOL. 15, NO. 3

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

ARE THE POLITICIANS ON THE SKIDS?



BERNARR MACFADDEN

"Rotten politics" has become a popular phrase. What is everybody's business is nobody's business.

When one is in charge of the public purse, the expenditures reach those who have to pay the bills by such a devious route and are so carefully hidden that the source is rarely considered.

What we refer to as graft in politics has become so common it is taken for granted. Public works of any kind, almost regardless of their nature, are supposed to include illegal payments to favored contractors, politicians, etc. And unless something can be done to stop the inroads of rotten politics, taxes will gradually increase until they approach confiscation and then we face the possibility of a bloody revolution.

It is often stated that what might be termed the pendulum of the public's attitude or opinions swings from one extreme to the other.

Dishonesty in politics will probably have to become so bad that it will smell to high heaven before the pendulum starts swinging in the opposite direction.

However, there are definite indications that a start has been made in this direction, and we should all thank the Almighty on bended knees for this change. We are on the road to national perdition unless we can find honest, capable officials, who cannot be bribed, to conduct our government affairs.

The recent election in New York City was a rude awakening to grafting politicians. Out of the maelstrom of this hectic contest emerged two men whose honesty cannot be questioned.

Mayor LaGuardia has made strenuous efforts to give this great metropolis an honest government. He had to struggle against ulterior forces, but notwithstanding these great handicaps, substantial gains were made in the right direction.

But the victory of Thomas E. Dewey was probably of still greater importance, for the Tammany henchmen who thrived on the "gravy" of official rottenness were out for the one purpose of "getting" Dewey. He was the one man who had gone after the criminals at the top. He wanted to destroy the monster of rotten politics at its source, and his success was so gratifying that he was feared by every supporter of the Tammany system.

And one outstanding factor of his election is that his majority in Manhattan, the borough in which he was elected, was greater even than Mayor LaGuardia's.

LaGuardia's majority in Manhattan was 93,515; Dewey's was 108,823; and there are a few other records of the recent election which are clear indications that the politicians may be on the skids.

In the election of 1936 in Massachusetts, Governor Curley, who was known as the political boss of that state, wanted to be United States senator, and he was beaten by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr. In the last election he was candidate for Mayor of Boston. He had already served three terms, but he was beaten by Maurice J. Tobin.

The results of these elections clearly indicate that the people are awakening to the crying need for ousting professional politicians. We must have officials whose sole concern is good government. No matter how capable they may be, if they are concerned with party politics and the building up of their political machines, they represent an influence that will ultimately lead to national ruin.

Success in politics has not always been due to ability. Personal popularity is usually the principal requirement. Dewey's election is a striking exception. It was his startling efficiency, his fierce fight for honesty in government which brought him his splendid victory. He is already being mentioned as a candidate for the next governorship of New York, and Republican politicians are keeping their eye on him as a Presidential possibility in 1940.

Who knows? There may be hope for us yet, with a fighter like Thomas E. Dewey as the chief official of the State of New York, and if we could find another similar crusading spirit, like LaGuardia for instance, also to serve in Washington, we would indeed have cause for rejoicing.

Bernarr Macfadden

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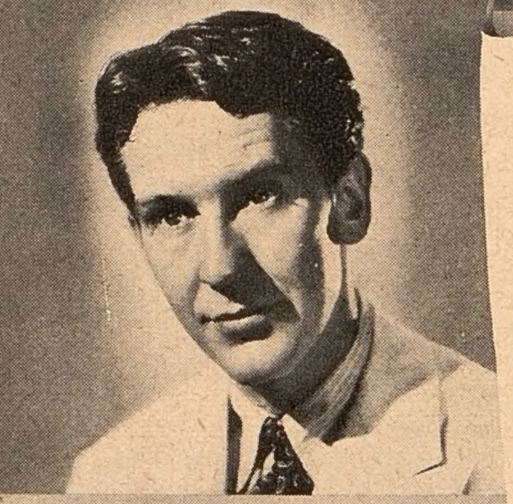
"This BUNK about HOLLYWOOD"

An actor from Broadway gives the film-makers a plain piece of his mind

BY MIRIAM STILLWELL

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 50 SECONDS



An actor is only an interpreter. Film acting is easier than stage acting. Before the camera the only thing you must be is casual.

Young actors should stick to the stage. They are on their own behind the footlights. In the movies their whole future depends on somebody else—and a lot of luck.

—The Credo of Burgess Meredith

"I CAN'T wonder at the mistakes of Hollywood," says Burgess Meredith, "but I can marvel at its successes."

Meredith is twenty-nine. Starring on Broadway for five years, he is New York's youngest electric-light name. And he has won his spurs in Hollywood too. This boy-of-the-hour knows both the stage and the films. There is dynamite in his criticisms.

"Hollywood buys a successful play or a popular story," he says. "Half a dozen expert scenarists, most of them highly paid authors and playwrights famous in their own right, go to work preparing a screen version. Then all the vast battery of studio executives, supervisors, directors, cameramen, light experts, make-up men, sound craftsmen, and cutters get to work. The actor is a minor part of the Hollywood parade, unless he has a face or a personality to which America has taken a momentary fancy."

Meredith has made three pictures. So his views on Hollywood come in the light of considerable experience.

"Once you have learned the knack of screen acting," he goes on, "once you have acquired the ability to do a scene over and over exactly as you did it before, so that it can be shot again and again from every possible angle, you find film acting easier than stage acting. Behind the footlights you never do a scene quite the same as before. New conceptions of the character come to you, new ideas develop, and your performance veers a bit to embrace these new thoughts.

"Before the camera everything has to be held down. You must be casual, easy. That means that almost anybody can act in films once he acquires smoothness of manner, since the director tells you exactly what to do."

Meredith has sharp comments to make about the magic city of films. "Hollywood has another fault," he says. "Everybody thinks alike. The place also has a curious effect on you. While you are there you have no discernment at all. You have a few passing emotions—like fear, hope, puzzlement, and so on—but nothing else. It is like riding in a roller coaster for the first time. You are jammed into a car, you swoop up, you are knocked breathless, you plunge down. Eventually, though, you get your breath and begin thinking about it and it all seems exciting and pleasant. That's Hollywood."

Meredith does not look like a matinee idol. He is boyish, earnest, alert. He is five feet eight and a half inches in height, weighs 135 pounds, has a curiously pointed, quizzical face and a mop of reddish-brown hair.

He was born in Cleveland on November 16, 1908. His antecedents are English-Welsh. His father was a physician, Dr. William George Meredith, who practiced first in Cleveland and then in East Orange, New Jersey.

As a boy Burgess revealed an amazing soprano. He was packed off to the choir school of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York. There he sang and studied for three years. Another gangling little boy in the choir was a youth called Lanny Ross.

From the choir school, Burgess went to prep school, then to Amherst. But he never seemed to fit into the collegiate scheme. He tended furnaces and washed dishes to eke out expenses, but was broke most of the time. He made no fraternity, and was looked upon as a social rebel. He gave up after a year.

After that came a quick, varied career. Burgess sold neckties in Macy's in New York, he was a Wall Street runner, he peddled vacuum cleaners, and finally he shipped as an ordinary seaman to South America. "I was in the brig most of the time," he sighs. "Couldn't keep the rules."

Then, of all things, he considered the stage. And, of all things, he got a chance at the very start. It was December, 1929. Eva Le Gallienne gave him a place in her Civic Repertory company on Fourteenth Street.

Meredith soon skyrocketed to the top, chiefly through the personal interest of Maxwell Anderson, the playwright, and Guthrie McClintic, the stage producer whose wife is Katharine Cornell. Under the McClintic guidance he appeared in Miss Cornell's revival of The Barretts of Wimpole Street and as the neurotic young Englishman in Flowers of the Forest. Then he was given the leading roles in Mr. Anderson's poetic gangster drama, Winterset; in his fantasy of the Hudson, High Tor; and this season in his turning-the-clock-backward romance, The Star-Wagon. In brief, he is a successful star at twenty-nine.

Meredith lives in a remodeled farmhouse on a hilltop at Mount Ivy, near Nyack, on a hundred-acre estate. He is married to Margaret Perry, herself an actress and the daughter of Antoinette Perry, associated with Brock Pemberton in the production of plays.

For all his success, the young star views acting as a fleeting thing. "The public inevitably tires," he declares.

"Acting is not an art. An actor is merely an interpreter. He *creates* nothing.

"That's why I want to be more than an actor. I would like to write. In fact I do some writing now. You see, I want to do something which I myself create.

"Young actors should stick to the stage. There success will come faster, if it comes at all. Hollywood is just a matter of luck. There it all depends on other people, how the casting man gives you a break, how the director takes time to help you, how the cutters put you together. But if I found I was second-rate on Broadway, I would try Hollywood. There anything can happen."

Meredith's future seems pretty secure. His film contract runs for eight years. He is a Broadway star. He is rich in worldly goods and in future possibilities. Yet he is something of a pessimist. "You never can tell," he sighs. "You never know what the public will do to you. Oblivion is always just around the corner for an actor.

"People think I'm a good actor. That's just because I've been getting good parts. It's the part that makes the performance, not the other way round. Depend on that when next you see what you think is a flash of fine acting. It's the part."

THE END

THE UNBREAKABLE Mrs. Doll

Liberty presents an enthralling new novel . . . The tense, flaming story of a woman men loved and women hated

BY GRACE PERKINS

AUTHOR OF MODERN LADY, NO MORE ORCHIDS, ETC.

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

PART ONE—GLORY'S FIRST MAN

1937. Reporters are less welcome at funerals than at most ceremonies, if reporters can be said ever to be welcome, by families too aristocratic to permit themselves to be listed in the Social Register.

At the funeral which rated the biggest and most blatant headlines and pictures of any obsequies of the year reporters had been ruled out. A secretary was to distribute a typed release, and answer, from three to three thirty, as few questions as he could coldly manage. There would be no publicity to mar the dignity of this burial. So said the family.

The New York Evening Informer thought otherwise.

When the only son of one of Gotham's most distinguished and solvent families passes on, it is an occasion to be noted. When that man had married two noted social lights, the interest rates even higher. But when he met his death in a catastrophe that shook the country, and when he knowingly gave his life in a moment of heroism—that's news. The family might *think* they could have the body shipped the length of the map for a quiet private last rite. Any one could understand that they would prefer it.

At that, their wishes might have been respected had it not been for a news-wire tip that reached the city desk from Dallas:

UNBREAKABLE MRS DOLL ON SAME TRAIN WITH BODY TRAVELING ALONE CAR 152 DRAWING ROOM A HOWITZ

The city editor cleared his throat and buzzed a couple of buzzers. He called for the society editor to get next to Mrs. Doll, if she had to fly to Louisville and board the train to do it, and not to leave her until the funeral was over.

The society editor looked at her boss with tired world-sick eyes.

"Just what do you expect, Max?"

He gave her a brief ice-water glance.

"I expect her to collapse," he snapped. "And I want a picture of it. What's more, I don't trust you alone. I'm putting our ace on it."

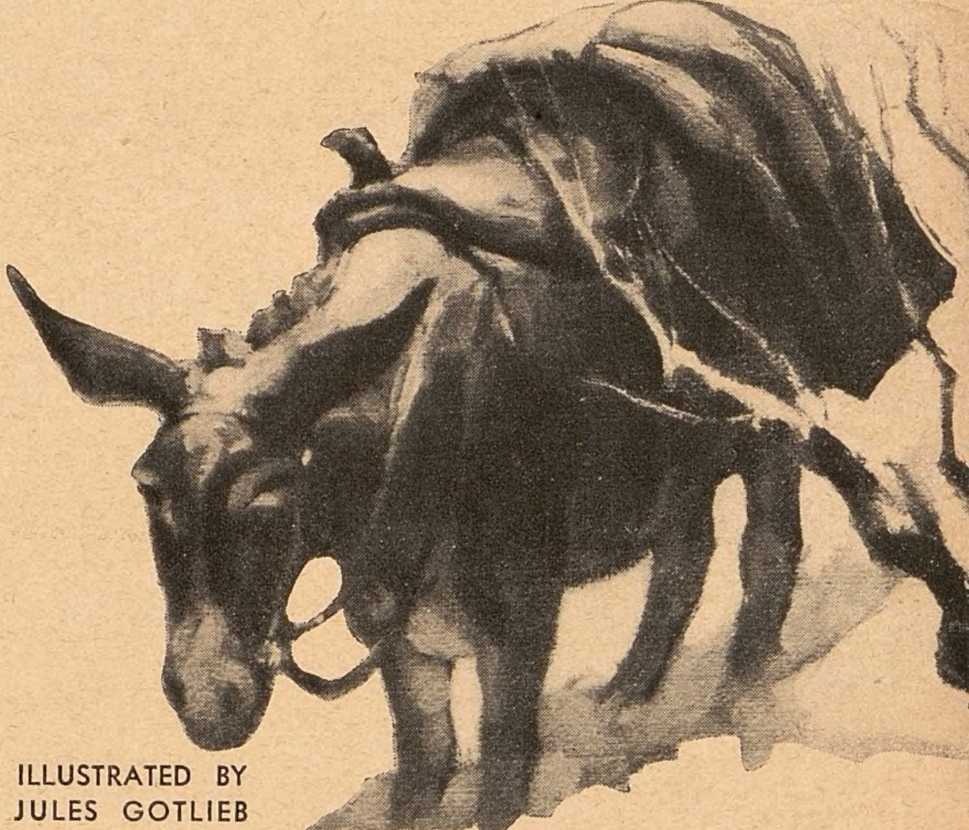
THUS a man and a woman started out to trail Mrs. Doll and watch how she behaved at the funeral. They started with different viewpoints on the story, but their aim was the same because a bonus was involved. For some peculiar reason, Mrs. Doll was always good copy: she was one of those women whose life seemed to be a series of high moments.

They had both been smart, those two news hounds, but Mrs. Doll had evidently been smarter.

The society reporter figured that the one woman friend Mrs. Doll had in the world would be the natural contact. She had checked the movements of Mrs. Charles Van Doe, hoping to pick Glory Doll up in that way.

No soap.

Where Glory Doll left the train, how she got into New York, or where she was staying were exasperating mysteries. She was not with Mrs. Van Doe, nor at her usual suite at the Waldorf.



ILLUSTRATED BY
JULES GOTLIEB

The ace reporter, the big by-line man, who was thoroughly bored with the whole assignment, managed a little better. He bribed one of the old family retainers to let him drive in the funeral procession. It cost him a hell of a lot, but his psychoanalytical response to the word "embarrassment" was always "financial" anyway, and he'd be damned if he'd flop on such an A-B-C story.

So he and the society reporter were in the front seat of a family touring car that carried Nanny, the old governess.

They saw Mrs. Doll first in the chapel. She was seated between the widow and the man's mother.

Which was a story in itself.

The first-string writer stared at her, his gin-sponged blood clearing as if he had had a sudden injection. He blinked his tired eyes and looked again—remembering the fabulous stories of her career. He was unnerved by

She stopped, a moan breaking from her lips. The burro stood alone, laden with saddlebags.

the picture she made against a background of white lilies. *God!* he thought. *Holy saints!*

" No wonder," he mumbled to himself, half aloud under the hymns. " No wonder men are mad about her."

None of his other thoughts were articulate, because the wind was knocked clean out of the thrill-glutted reporter. He wondered why in hell he had never seen her before, and remembered he had always given the raspberry to such fancy dames. He wondered why her beauty never came through in pictures. He had seen enough pictures of Glory Doll to paper all the subway stations in town. But none of them caught this quality—this electricity—this aliveness. By heaven, he'd get it!

And he fumbled, with intent fingers, to adjust his candid camera through a hole in his vest. . . . He'd get it. He'd catch her!

He'd catch that grief which was exaltation. He'd get the eyes—which seemed the same shade as brandy and just as hot. And her hair! They had labeled her the redheaded Mrs. Doll. That wasn't red hair. That was sunset—a campfire with warmth in the dark. And he'd get it now, struck by the light of the chapel window, so that it was a fusion of fiery light under a high crown of blurry fur. . . . There was a sculptured finish to her features that made her seem clean. That was the word for the woman. Freshly alive. Clean.

But wait. . . . There were so many things to catch. That's why the pictures hadn't done it before. Feverishly he snapped with a pupil finger straining to learn. . . . *Her mouth!* That's what most of them saw—and put into the pictures and stories. . . . Her mouth contradicted everything. It was a siren's mouth—soft, full, tender, luxurious in its large promise. Just as her body was a siren's inviting body. But she carried it with a lashed dignity that denied its real use and provoked troubled thoughts in a man. It was as if she knew her body was sinful—and wanted to warn all men that it was so.

THE quiet flypaper voice of the Bishop was comforting in that it went on and on and prevented the last crisis. . . .

" Lord, let me know mine end, and the number of my days; that I may be certified . . .

" We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out . . .

" In the morning it is green, and groweth up; but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered . . .

" And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me . . ."

Mrs. Doll stirred imperceptibly. Her eyes were clear. Her mouth defenseless. Her chin defiant. She lifted her lovely head a fraction—toward the cross.

All these things the reporters noted.

But they could not see that under her black antelope glove a long polished nail broke.

Nor that her heart bled.

And the society editor, tired and haunted by bills, regarded Glory with a sort of holy anger. An odd bitterness, inborn, female, primitive. The same bitterness that Glory had unwittingly inspired in women most of her life . . . and that she could never understand.

Sitting there, knowing what she had vacuum-cleaned from the crowd, the wretched little woman who reported others' lives planned her scoop . . . her share of a bonus . . . of a few precious God-given dollars. . . .

MRS. DOLL GUEST IN WIDOW'S HOME

was her choice caption. And *what* she wouldn't intimate—to the scandal-loving, star-gazing readers! To go with the candid pictures that would show Glory Doll half smiling in the chapel, that would show her tossing white violets into empty space where a coffin would ride on a mechanical device, with awe-inspiring silence, down—down—out of sight and sound forever. . . .

So the woman society recorder, who had tormented Mrs. Doll innumerable times throughout the years, sat with envious eyes fixed and uncreamed fingers clenched while she thought her thoughts.

"Look at her," she thought, her glances burning acid. "A headline hound, that's all. Taking over the show. Look at her—*at a funeral*—posing! Velvet and diamonds and furs. Who the hell couldn't look magnificent with her money? Boy, I'd like the chance. The ruby-and-emerald cross at her neck alone—what I couldn't do on that! I'd show her how to dress *like a lady.* Fifteen thousand dollars a day income, they used to say. Well, I hope she socked some of it away. None of her big-handed charities will chip in now. Knock some of the wind out of her, I guess. Black fox would be good enough for any normal dame. But she has to wear full-length chinchilla. Well, she'll be hocking that now. . . . I hate these rich slackers who never did a lick of work in their lives. . . . Some man to pour it out on them as fast as they can spend it. . . . Some man? Many men. They say this poor corpse was her big love. Hell, she had enough lovers to draft a small army. . . . I don't believe she's only twenty-nine. . . . Damn it, why do some women have everything? Look at that body! But she wouldn't break down and have a kid, would she? And me! All I want is enough to have a home and kids and give up this lousy job. A couple of days of her old income, and I could settle in the country and marry Bill. . . . She wouldn't know what that kind of marriage meant. They say the way she treated her husband was something vile, poor devil. Unbreakable? She's just plain *brazen!* What about the poor guy down in Texas now with a broken leg? Well, she'll get paid off. . . . I'll interview her in the gutter yet. . . . How will she like being poor again? Cook her goose, all right. . . ."

She would never do enough research to know how many times Glory had been broke, how often her goose had been cooked, or the floods that had submerged her dreams.

1918. "And the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth; and all the high hills, that were under the whole heaven, were covered." (Genesis 7.19.)

He had learned it as a child, recited it often to his stern New England mother. . . .

He remembered it now, as he fought for his life. The force of the flood was evil, merciless, supernatural. He struggled automatically, not really conscious when a mass of wreckage tore past him, ripping his shoulder. His body battled in every savage nerve and muscle, but his mind worked slowly like frozen wheels. . . .

Why should he try to live? Forty-two years were enough; far longer than Christ had lived. But then, Christ had lived such a goodly life. Well, so had he, in his way. A good life as it went, with a good wife and good sons . . . until . . .

Until! This was the judgment. He could run away from the law successfully enough, perhaps. But he couldn't run away from the wrath of his Maker. . . . He didn't know why he tried.

But he did try. With some inner force greater than his reasoning. The blackness of the night was full of sound. The roar of waters, the earth trembling beneath, the crash of trees and the screams of fear and agony. And all through the frenzied night Sam Doll pulled his weighted body away from it. Away from the voices, from what few lights occasionally flashed, from the wrecked little town on the borders of the river. . . . He knew only he was heading for hills. He climbed, he crawled; and even when he stumbled and fell, he inched along snakelike with his body.

When finally he quit, rolling with a grunt of exhaustion against a large rock, he checked out awhile. It wasn't sleep, it wasn't even unconsciousness. But his mind had stopped. He didn't think. He didn't care.

Long hours later he heard a voice in the darkness, and he pulled himself upright, swallowing a groan.

It was a young girl's voice, not unlike a frightened child's; yet it was low and husky and unnaturally close to his ear.

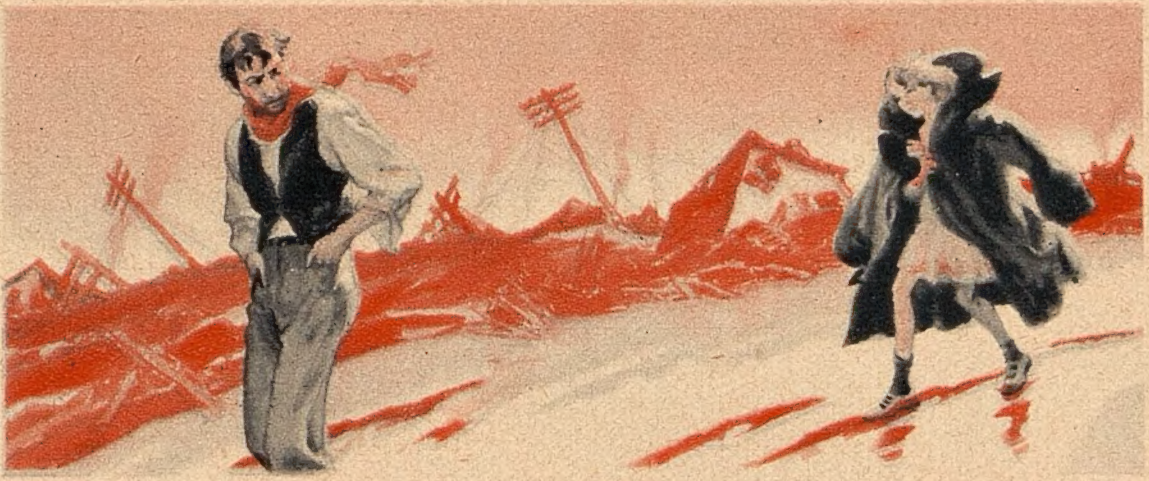
"Mister! Mister! Where are we?" it asked.

"Where are you?" he snapped hoarsely.

"Right here. T'other side of this rock."

She stood up, and he saw her dimly. A small scrawny figure that was a darker blotch in the surrounding darkness.

"Just a little kid!" he heard himself say dully. Because suddenly he realized that others had suffered—hundreds of others—innocent children like this—and he had done nothing to help. A wave of shame broke through him and he was glad of the darkness.



"My age ain't got nothin' to do with it," the girl was telling him fiercely. "You sound like pop. Always r'arin' at me 'cause I'm skinny an' a girl."

"Quit cryin'," he said.

"I ain't cryin'. I never cry. Besides, I'm glad. I'm glad my pop lost me, and I hope he never finds me!"

Sam reached out and took the child's cold bony hand, drawing her down beside him. He peered closely at the small thin face, aware of big vivid eyes.

"Your pa lost you?"

"Yup. I fell off'n the wagon. He was beatin' hell out of the mules to race the water. There was seven of us in the wagon, not countin' Lolly—Lolly's his new wife—and the baby. They was in front with pop. Us kids was in back."

"Didn't they stop when you fell off?"

"Nope. Mebbe they ain't even missed me yet." She hitched closer to him and raised her voice above a fresh burst of wind. "He wouldn't never bother to come back for me. Pop's used to losin' kids. They was four of us died, and two runned away."

"Good Lord! How many of you are there?"

"They was fourteen all together, if you count everybody. Like the baby that was born dead. And the twins which was never baptized. They was pop's first wife's kids, and pop says they was all a puny lot."

Sam shivered uneasily.

"I was in the second lot," the girl explained gravely. "I don't remember my ma, much. Pop says she was right hefty, but she fell in the well. Water has allus been bad luck for us Pitchers."

"For who?"

"Pitcher. That's my name. Glory Pitcher. Pop says us Pitchers can't hold water. It's his best joke. What's your name?"

"Samuel Doll."

"Doll?" the girl repeated delightedly. "Ain't that a silly name for a great big man like you! But I like it. I allus wanted a doll. A real one. You got any kids?"

"Sure. Four boys."

"Sakes! You're lucky. Never to have a girl."

He frowned at the forlorn humble tone.

"I always wanted a little girl," he told her gently.

But she only laughed again, abruptly.

"You did? Well, that's only 'cause we allus want what we don't have. It's the way folks is."

She stretched back wearily, full length.

"You got a flock of sense for a kid your age," Sam said thoughtfully. "How old are you?"

But Glory Pitcher gave only an audible sigh for an answer. The kid was asleep.

FOR a long time Sam sat huddled, facing a row of thoughts. The talk had comforted him, steadied him, made him a man again. He must get on while he had the chance. Because he was free now, freer than ever. He had seen his own picture—marked "Wanted"—back in that river town: a picture without mustache and beard, of course, but he had seen it tacked up in the station. And earlier that day he had thought for one terrifying moment that he had been recognized.

But now what of it? They would think he had been lost in the flood. They would be busy with Red Cross and relief, and burying the dead and healing the wounded.

Well, he had come through it alive, and he could go on. There was a wonderful job ahead. A fine safe handmade job for a man who was hiding out. Wanted for murder. It wasn't murder, as far as Sam was concerned, but he'd hate to try to prove that. It was a fair fight, when he had left Otto Truman cold as a turkey on the floor of Chili Joe's in Orange Cove, California, six months ago. But sheriffs were getting tough about fair fights, and once Sam had threatened Otto and people knew it.

So Sam had taken the coward's way. He had lit out, without even going home. You'd call it the coward's way unless you had to live through what Sam had in those six months. The dodging. The bumming. The intense desire to write home to Sally and let her know that he had done it for her.

The first hint of wet heavy dawn seeped through the dripping trees. Sam got up stiffly and stretched his aching muscles. He had a hundred and twenty miles to go, and he had to get started. His goal was safety, security, and peace all the days of his life. He could live in quiet and unmolested comfort, thanks to a friend. A real friend who remembered the old days when Sam had helped him, and who did not question now. A friend in the city who had been lawyer to Julius Werfel, that fabulous figure of Colorado's gold strike, and who now was executor for Julius Werfel's involved and fantastic estate. Among Werfel's chattels was a huge monstrosity of a hotel on a mountaintop, built like a dream castle and encircled by other mountains, crested in snow and wrapped in clouds. At the turn of the century it had been popular for a while, though Werfel had always run it lavishly at a loss. Now in his will he bound it with cast-iron whims, specifying that his heirs and assigns forever maintain it as "a first-class hostelry for the prosperous gentry of the thriving metropolis of Tudersac."

Tudersac, of course, was no more. Tudersac was a ghost town, and Julius Werfel was its chief ghost.

But the big hotel stood on the mountaintop, desolate and slowly crumbling, the subject of court fights. No caretaker had managed to stay longer than one winter. But perhaps, Sam's lawyer friend figured, Sam would like to try. He couldn't be farther away from help—or from danger. The job paid twenty-five a month, and it was Sam's if he wanted it.

The gray light seeped through the wet trees like a dull ache—revealing the figure of the sleeping child at Sam's feet. He studied her grimly. Her wet hair plastered against her head would be red when it dried. Her blue overalls were torn, her arms and legs scratched and bruised. There wasn't any flesh on her bones at all.

Sam swallowed. His eyes narrowed angrily. What kind of folks had she? Didn't they ever feed her?

He took off his coat and placed it over her. She stirred, turning her face, and in the clearing light he examined it, bending close. She was strong, that kid. Eleven? Twelve? You couldn't really tell because she was so undernourished. But her face hurt him. It was old for a child's. It was chiseled like a boy's, but the skin was the dead white of so many redheads and the lashes were lovely against her childish cheeks. Her lips trembled slightly, as if she wanted to cry in her sleep.

Sam turned away. He headed off through the trees, busying himself with figuring direction. But the thought of the sleeping girl bothered him. Poor kid. Poor little unwanted devil. What would become of her now?

He stopped, hands clenched. He had always wanted a daughter. Maybe this helpless little flotsam of the storm had been sent to him. To him, who hadn't stopped to help anybody. Maybe it was his chance to square himself with the bigger powers. With his soul.

Slowly he walked back.

"Hey, you!" he ordered harshly, and kicked the sole of her sneaker with little irritable knocks.

She scrambled awake like a puppy, and he turned away from the sharp brightness of her eyes. They were yellow. Topaz. Alive. Hungry.

He stared through the trees and talked angrily:

"If you want to come with me, come along. I'm goin' far away from here, to a place that's like the end of the earth. And the sooner I get there, the better. Because I'm wanted. Know what that means?"

"Sure. The police." She nodded, unperturbed.

"Yup. Well, if you come, and we make it, I'll be good to you. Just like my own daughter. But it won't be much of a life. If you don't want to come, go on down to the town there to the Red Cross."

He paused, but there was no answer. He knew she was examining him, he could feel her large eyes measuring. He cleared his throat and strode off.

After a half mile or so he looked back. She was following nimbly, his big brown jacket hanging loosely over her shoulders.

1923. Glory Pitcher hated housekeeping, and she hurried through her morning chores with the fever of a fleeing fugitive. With Sam away for three days, she had slept on the porch, her gun beside her, and she had not even washed one dish. Now she laboriously cleaned up for him, because Sam was always talking about what a great housekeeper his wife Sally was, and Sam liked things neat and clean. She had fine fresh trout for him that she had caught at dawn, and fine fresh bread she had made the day before. Now she cleaned through the few rooms in the Sans Souci Hotel that were their real living quarters. She even polished the great mirror in the silver-plated bar which she and Sam used as a dining room.

By ten she was finished, and she settled herself on the porch to clean the guns. She had shot a fox yesterday. Sam would be pleased. Good skins brought good prices.

She was excited about Sam's home-coming. Several times a year he took one of their burros and went to town, down the mountain, for supplies. And when he came back he was full of talk, and full of surprises and gifts, and magazines and newspapers which they would read and reread for months.

The thought of reading made her pause in her work and frown. She suddenly remembered that Sam had marked a long passage in the Bible for her to learn. Sam made such a to-do about education, and most of the snow-ridden winters were spent teaching her everything he knew. But the Bible he kept up even in the summer. There were fifty bedrooms in the Sans Souci Hotel, mostly fine nests for bats now, but Sam had found a Bible in every bedroom. He had stacked them all in a downstairs closet. But in one copy he had made Glory write her name and the phrase, "God's book and mine."

She hurried through with the guns and went in and got her book and God's. She stood for a minute in the doorway, breathing in the fresh summer sun and loving the new green on the trees.

Some near day Glory Pitcher would realize her own beauty and its value. But as she stood in the doorway, her head thrown back, her slim body stretched taut, she had no thought of self. At sixteen she was a beautiful woman in spite of her crudities. In spite of the faded khaki pants and the lumberman's plaid shirt, in spite of the gleaming red hair which was mercilessly chopped off at her shoulders. Her clear topaz eyes gazed out at her world from winged brows; there was nobility in her finely chiseled features and grace in her light strength.

With a sigh, Glory settled herself to study. She sat on the top step, chin in hand, her bright hair falling unnoticed around her face, lips moving as she droned:

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

A rhythmic sound echoed in the hills, and Glory was on her feet immediately, and with one automatic gesture had reached for her gun. Stood rigid, listening.

There was a horse coming up the rocky canyon that had once been the fine carriage road to Sans Souci. The road was no longer visible from the porch, but the sound, to Glory's keen ears, was unmistakable. This wasn't Sam coming home. Sam had a burro. In the five years of Sam and Glory's isolation in the deserted hotel, only twice before had a rider made it to the mountaintop. And each occasion had meant trouble.

GRACE PERKINS

is one of those fortunate people who have achieved success in two separate careers. As an actress, she played in the sensational hit Lightnin' with Frank Bacon, in Lullaby with Florence Reed, and in several other Broadway productions. As a novelist, she is the author of many best sellers, including Ex-Mistress, Night Nurse, Personal Maid, No More Orchids, and Modern Lady. She has also written numerous motion-picture plays. Miss Perkins was born in Boston and reared in Westchester County, New York. She is married, and has two children, a nine-year-old daughter, April, and a son, Fulton, aged five. She is the sister of Ray Perkins, of radio fame.

Glory held the rifle easily as she watched the turn that would bring the rider into view.

Then suddenly he was before her. A huge man mounted on a buckskin gelding. He stopped short at the sight of his welcome, and they studied each other. He was a young man, and instinctively Glory decided that he was good. He gave out a sense of unruffled assurance that only a good man knows. But his big Stetson on the back of his head made a halo for the homeliest face Glory had ever seen. His heavily tanned features had a lumpy look, she thought, as though God had got them together in a hurry. Plainly he had come a long way, and was in need of repairs and provisions. Yet he did not give the impression of being tired; rather, you felt that this oversized human was a total stranger to fatigue.

In a flash, he smiled. Glory blinked. His smile was like turning on light unexpectedly. It changed his face, making crinkles around deep blue eyes that were dynamos, making all the homeliness gnomelike and comforting.

He thrust his hands up into the air. Big square brown hands. And his deep voice poked fun at her.

"Guess I came to the wrong place," he drawled. "Guess maybe I'm not wanted round here."

Glory smiled back at him in spite of good judgment. She lowered her gun, and marveled fleetingly at an odd feeling around her in'ards.

"Hi ya, stranger," she greeted tentatively. "No offense, but this is usually the wrong place when folks turn up here."

He dropped from the saddle and came toward her, hat in hand. He was well over six feet, with thick coarse brown hair.

"This is the San Suzy, ain't it?" he inquired politely.

She nodded, her face inscrutable.

"I'm looking for a man named Samuel Doll."

Glory's heart contracted, and so did her fingers on the gun.

"I been nine weeks to the day gettin' here." The big man's tone was ingratiating. "A long go."

"Well, you can take nine weeks gettin' back," she said harshly. "He's not here."

"Gee!" He whistled haplessly. "Know where he is?"

"Oh, he left couple years back."

His blue eyes narrowed.

"I'm afraid you're lyin', miss, if you'll pardon me."

"All right!" She caught her breath. "Don't know what lien you have to know, but Sam Doll, he's dead. Died last fall, it was, round first snowfall. Real sad, his going. Real sad."

The stranger sucked his lips and perched himself on the porch railing, rubbing his chin as he considered her. Quite clearly he didn't believe her.

"I'm caretaker here now," she added with all the conviction she could muster. "And from knowin' these parts, I can tell you there's a storm comin'. I think you'd better beat it down yonder before it breaks. Take that road back there and it's half the distance."

His eyes and his quiet smile were insolent, and a sudden fury settled in Glory's eyes.

"I said to get going," she told him.

"Before I go, I'd kinda like to ask a question," he mooned, unruffled. "What's a little chickadee like you doin' with a big gun like that?"

She wet her lips angrily.

"See that tall tree with the new tip of green?" She pointed furiously to a long pine that stood out above the others down the mountain.

He nodded calmly. She lifted her rifle and fired.

He saw that her bullet pierced the trunk of the new sprout and the top twelve inches of young growth toppled over. Slowly he turned and regarded her with quiet probing. Then he pulled his own gun from his hip.

"See that young eagle you flushed?" He pointed, and let blaze.

She gave a strangled cry as she saw the bird drop out of sight—it had been a long shot down the mountainside. She looked at the stranger with new concern.

"Please," she pleaded breathlessly. "Please, will you go? Sam Doll's not here. You look around. You can look everywhere. Only move along. Won't you—*please?*"

His face softened. She was right in the first place. He was kind. It was best to appeal to a man like this.

"Seems to me like you're expectin' somebody, mebbe," he judged.

"Yes, I am. And he's quick to judge and quicker to shoot. He don't talk or fool."

"Oh!" He seemed suddenly desolate. "So that's the way it is, eh? I figured you was most too young for a manfolk of your own."

Her bright head went up proudly.

"Some girls grow up faster than others."

"I guess. Would you mind me tellin' you—he's a lucky feller?"

"Mister, will you please get going?"

"No. Not till you tell me the truth."

She stepped back defensively.

"Sam Doll ain't dead—not since last fall," the big man insisted, "'cause his lawyer had a letter from him, just like usual, acknowledging his monthly pay. Only a short time back. You see, that lawyer, he told me all about my dad's bein' here."

"Your—*what?*"

"My dad. I'm Jefferson Doll. Sam is my father."

"Oh!" Glory gasped. She made an open-armed gesture of delighted welcome. "Oh, Sam'll be so happy. Oh, how he's talked about you? Oh, gee. Oh, *gee-ee!* You're Jeff! You're the oldest boy—his favorite!" She stopped for breath, and pushed her thick red hair out of her face.

"But how did you ever—after all these years?" She caught at his arm insistently. "Tell me. Tell me!"

His eyes rested on her small strong hand against his sleeve, and then he looked into her face gravely.

"You tell *me*," he said shortly. "Who are you?"

"Me? I'm Glory. Sam adopted me. He found me in a flood near five years ago. I was—lost. And—well, we beat it up here together, and—he calls me daughter."

Jefferson Doll's face relaxed. There was only disingenuous candor in that bright breath-taking face. Perhaps his change of expression had a different meaning, for her hand tightened on his arm and her voice spoke huskily, startling him with its affectionate warmth:

"You're my brother, then. You see—Jeff?"

Her face was close, eager for response. He drew away abruptly.

"Not by a damn sight," he said, and grinned slowly to cover the confusion of the rush of blood to his face. Then he was sorry, and reached clumsily for her hand. "I didn't mean no harm, but you're a shock to a feller. I haven't had no brotherly trainin', you see. I've been . . ."

"Forget it," she said crisply. "I don't need a brother. But Sam always said his family would love me."

"Well, now. He's right, I'm sure."

"He should be here any time. Went to town for supplies like he does regular, and he's due back this morning. But I wish you'd tell me how you came."

"You knew he was wanted?"

"Sure. For murder. I know . . ."

"*Murder!*"

His vehemence caused her to stare.

"A man named Otto Truman," she said thinly.

"There wasn't no murder!"

She bit her lip. "Maybe we're all crazy. Sam, he left that man cold and quiet as a winter night. It was a fair fight enough, but there was such enmity between them, Sam figured nobody'd believe."

"Holy—lightning!" Sam's son shook his head, aghast. "Otto wasn't dead. Why, he was made sheriff, and then he was state commissioner. . . . Why, I thought surely dad would of heard. Would read, at least . . ."

"Guess he was in no reading mood when he ran." Glory shook her head. "And here he never had local papers sent from back home, for fear of being traced. But if he wasn't wanted for murder, what was he a fugitive from?"

Her question yanked Jeff's attention out of a daze of thoughts.

"Why, there was a hold-up the night dad cleared out. Naturally, suspicion pointed to him. Most of the town liked him, though, and wouldn't believe dad did such a thing. But Truman, he got them all lathered up. Always did swear till the day he died that he'd get dad."

Glory smiled. "So he's dead now, huh?"

"Yup. And believe me, the minute they nailed down his coffin, I set out to find dad. I been at it for months. Not only to clear himself, see—I don't care about that, because I always knew my dad never pulled no hold-up. Course, it would make ma happy to have him prove it and all, but that ain't the real reason. I come seekin' him because I know where there's a fortune to be made, and it's just in dad's line."

Glory tilted her head to one side. "Oil?"

His eyes appreciated her knowledge of his father.

"Yeah. Oil. And my old man knows his stuff when it comes to oil. It was the hope of oil that sent him to California in the first place."

"Yes, I know. He sure is hipped on the subject. Guess he's tested every mile of ground round here since we come. Whenever he was real low, why, I just wound him up about oil. And once, when he was sick near to die, I soaked some earth with oil and brought it to him. Believe me, he got well mighty quick."

They both laughed, and a bridge was flung between them in that moment that would never fall.

"I know—I know." Jeff nodded delightedly. "Me being the eldest, he used to talk by the hour. I only wished I'd listened. I mean, really learned. It's all inside me, through me, if you know what I mean, except it ain't in my head where it should be."

"You were a kid," she nodded.

"But gee, the boss of this new outfit, when I mentioned my dad's name, he knew. All the real oil men, they know about Sam Doll. They say he can divine."

Again their young laughter mingled, heady, full of Aladdin hopes.

"So I got me this chance," Jeff went on eagerly. "But what do I know? I think there's some oil runnin' right through these veins, but I ain't had a bit of experience; and besides, ma, she won't pick up and go with me. 'Cause the other boys ain't through school, and ma, she's all settled, and she says she kited round the country with dad half her life on the same fool's errand. But dad could make her go. And if she didn't, maybe him and me would light out together and make us a walloping fortune, and then ma, she'd be glad enough we was pigheaded."

"Gee," Glory responded abstractedly, because she was wondering just where she would fit into such plans.

"So I went about it real logical." Jeff could not keep a boast out of his deep voice. "Made me a list of places where dad could of gone, of what kind of jobs he could do, and then of all the relatives and friends he had. That's how I come across this lawyer who gave him this job here, and . . ."

He stopped short, because Glory had lifted her hand suddenly and stood rigid. Her quick ears had caught the sound of a burro's measured tread.

"That's Sam!" She nodded excitedly. And lifting her voice, she called high and clear: "Sa-a-am! Yoo-hoo-oo!"

There was no answer. Clapping her hand against her lips, she let out a shrill Indian war whoop.

But again there was no answer except the nearing beat of the burro's hoofs. Glory's high-arched brows drew together in a frown of anxiety.

"Come on. Let's go to meet him," she flung over her shoulder, and taking Jeff's hand she started to run.

Her swift pace was almost too much for his heavy hulk. Then suddenly in a clearing she stopped short, a low moan breaking from her lips.

The burro stood alone, laden with saddlebags. Almost at the same moment both Glory and Jeff saw the blood streaked across the animal's side.

"Oh, God!" Glory's voice was anguished. "Oh, God, let Sam be all right!"

She broke from Jeff, then, as if he didn't exist, and raced headlong down the rough path. He stood dazed for a moment, aware of her whimpering, knowing that it was the sound of a heart breaking. Then, as she disappeared around a bend, he hastened after her.

Her cries told him the worst before he reached her. Before he came across her in a scene that would never leave him. She was all aheap on the ground, holding his father close, swaying from side to side as she cradled the dear head in her arms.

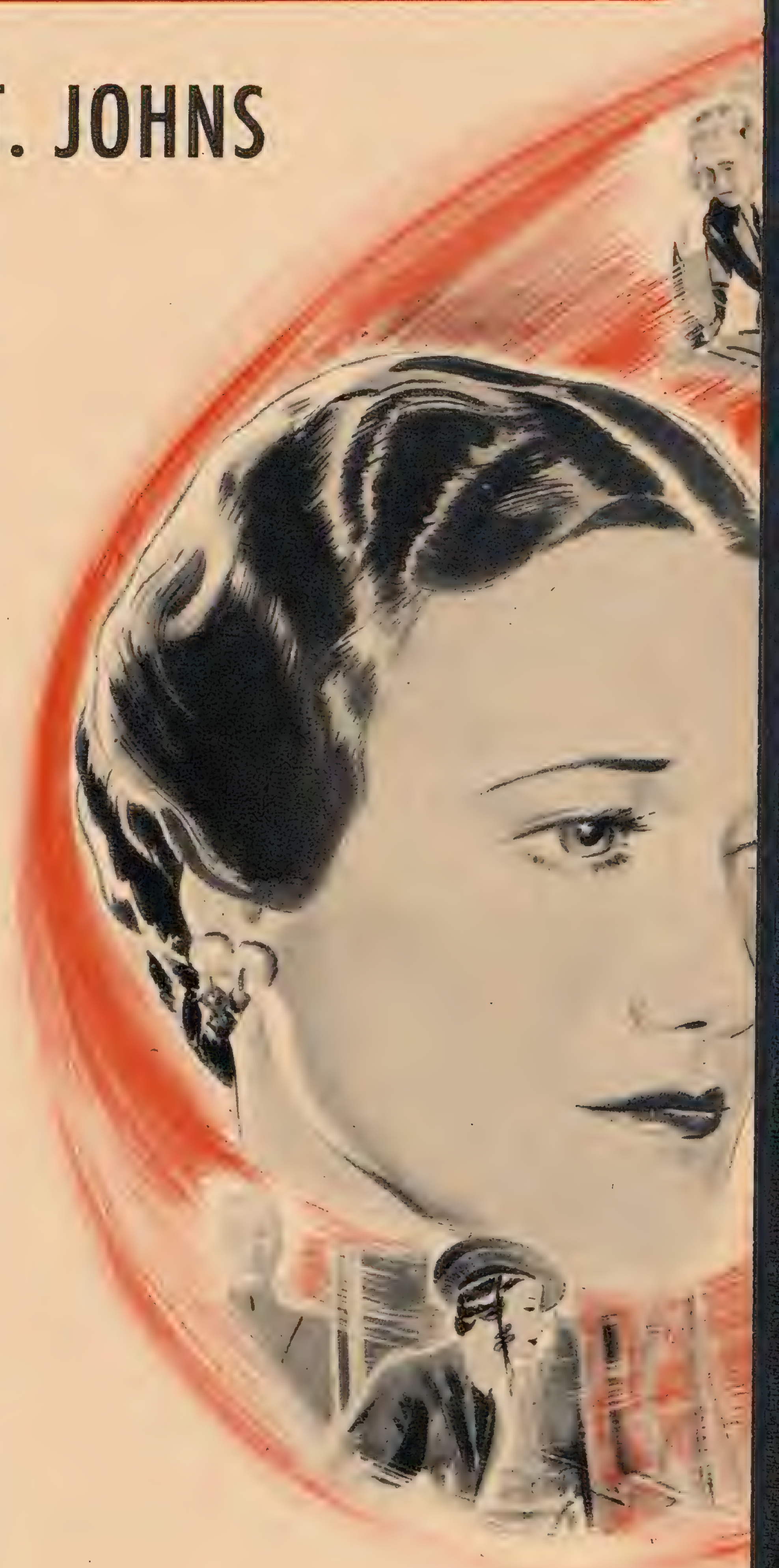
There was nothing quiet or controlled about her grief. Her sobs were wild and loud, and her words shrill between her sobs.

"He's dead—he's dead!" she screamed. "And it was us—when we were showing off. One of our bullets killed him!"

With Sam gone, what lies ahead for Glory? What will happen when she realizes the strange power of her luminous, disturbing beauty? Don't miss the second chapter in this vivid story of the breathless, glamorous career of a modern enchantress. In next week's Liberty!

New Sorrows of th

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



A YEAR has passed since an American woman named Wallis Warfield Simpson became known upon our front pages as the woman beloved by King Edward VIII of England.

That year, as Wallis has lived it, both as the famous Mrs. Simpson and as the Duchess of Windsor, is a drama unequaled in history or in fiction.

A year of glory but of many sorrows—new and unexpected sorrows along the path she has walked beside the man she loves:

Hatred from those who believe she stole their beloved King and ended his great destiny.

Snubs and cuts direct and disloyalty from many who once knelt to kiss her husband's hand.

Letters from all over the world, anonymous, in her eyes unjust, filled with misunderstanding and abuse.

Homelessness and exile, not only from the land of which Edward of Windsor was once King but—for so it must have seemed at the time their proposed tour had to be canceled—from the land of her birth.

She has been denied the right to share her husband's title, refused the sacraments of her husband's Church, refused acceptance by his family, denounced by an archbishop.

It must be that during that year she has hoped and prayed for peace, for a chance for happiness and usefulness.

But new sorrows have come to her as a woman, and new fears, some of them common to all women, some of them peculiarly part of this historical drama of which she is the central figure.

Today, she is the Duchess of Windsor. Her husband always speaks of her as Her Royal Highness. She is married to the Prince who was the idol of feminine hearts for twenty years. She is the daughter-in-law of Queen Mary of England and the sister-in-law of King George VI. By expert nomination she is the best dressed woman in the world. Her husband is a millionaire who showers her with gifts. Thousands cheer as she passes through the streets of Paris. Moreover, at long last she is the wife of the man she loves and who loves her, and the modern world knows that a man found her worth the greatest price ever paid for love.

It glitters with splendor and glows with romance, doesn't it? Yet behind it all is a story difficult to see and more difficult to tell, but which is part of this history we have watched in the making.

The simple story of a woman and her own heart.

Today the heart of the Duchess of Windsor knows many sorrows, new and old.

She is Queen Mary's daughter-in-law, but they have never met nor spoken together since the famous June wedding. Her husband may call the Duchess of Windsor Her Royal Highness, but King George VI has not allowed her that title, and while she is the only American woman ever to marry into the royal family of England, she may not now set foot upon English soil. As a bride, she saw her triumphal return to her own land boomerang against her, and her own birthplace repudiate her with ugly words. She is today a woman without a country, it seems, and without a home.

The glare that beat upon the throne of Edward VIII has shifted to her and to her husband and beats upon them hotly, ferreting out their most intimate thoughts, distorting their most innocent acts. The Duchess of Windsor has had to listen to fantastic accusations concerning her political activities. And she has read—later I will tell you why—thousands of unbelievably abusive letters accusing her of every crime which flesh is heir to.

When you think of the Duchess of Windsor as a woman, you know that there are fears and sorrows common to all women which must be multiplied a thousandfold by the drama that has gone before, by the spotlight in which she lives. She is forty-one. Will her beauty fade? Will that gaiety, which was her greatest charm for all who knew

Duchess of Windsor

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

her, dim under these blows that fate seems to send against her? Will the day ever come when her husband will look at her and remember the price he paid for her love and think that price too high?

"The woman I love." So said King Edward. But he did not say, "and the woman who loves me."

And so it may be we have forgotten that phase of the matter and that love for the King of the greatest empire on earth and what it has meant to a well bred, highly self-disciplined, intelligent woman of the world.

Her love has been packed with tragedy, with glory and suspense and beauty and humiliation and danger. An empire was rocked by controversy over her. An instrument of abdication—end of such high and glorious hopes—signed Edward R. I.—was signed because of her. From that abdication came a new life in the world's spotlight.

And it must be—it *must* be that the great fear, the new sorrow of the Duchess of Windsor, more poignant than any other sorrow, is concerned with what happens now to Edward of Windsor; what that new life can mean; whether it can be worth while or whether it becomes a bitter, frustrated existence, a trivial passing of time.

A year has passed since that night when Wallis Simpson and His Majesty Edward VIII of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India said a farewell that echoed around the world and brought so swiftly a world crisis. A year has passed since that dark night when a slight erect figure came quickly through the door at Fort Belvedere and entered the curtained car which was to carry the King's beloved in swift flight from England.

The night of December 3, 1936.

What has this last incredible year meant to the woman who is now the Duchess of Windsor? What did the abdication of Edward VIII mean to the woman who loves him? What did those two endless days and sleepless nights which preceded the cancellation of the American tour planned by the Duke of Windsor mean to his wife?

This document which I prepare for you does not propose to deal with the world events, nor the rights and wrongs of the great controversy still surrounding Edward of Windsor and his abdication, except as they touch Wallis, his wife. It is my task as a present-day biographer to attempt to record for you this one amazing year as it *must* have been lived by that lady whose name will be written so large upon the pages of more serious history in years to come.

No one listened to Prince Edward's farewell broadcast unmoved. Whatever your opinion, your judgment, sympathy tore your heart that day. His voice, little known to us, touched the heartstrings of every one of the millions who listened in, but to the slight woman, white and haggard, circles written blackly under her eyes, who sat beside a radio at the Villa Lou Viei in Cannes, it was the beloved voice, the one voice in the world, and it brought to her words, the tragedy and significance of which were a million times more poignant, more deeply understood. It was because of her and loving her that he was saying farewell to his great destiny.

Let us consider this woman a moment, as she sits listening while he says, "But you must believe me when I tell you that I have found it impossible to carry the heavy burden of responsibility and discharge my duties as King as I would wish to do, without the help and support of the woman I love."

There can be no honest understanding of this slim dark woman who inspired those words unless we recognize this fact: No one anywhere, at any time, no matter what his views of this romance and its consequences, has ever, with any knowledge, denied Mrs. Simpson's good influence upon this man. It is a proven fact that her loyalty through their years of friendship was to the

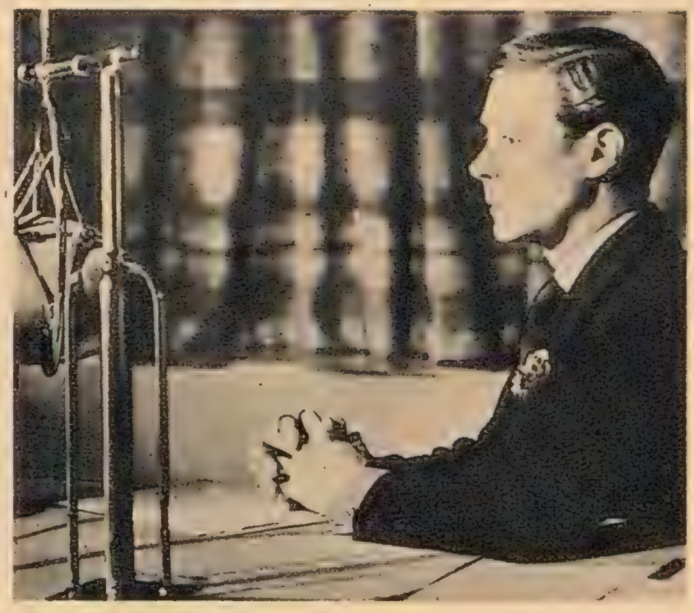
What of "the woman I love" today? Here is a surprising revelation of heartaches behind a famous romance

King, and that never at any time could she be used by any agents, politician, Nazi, or anything else.

It is also a proven fact—and if you will think a moment you will see that this must be true, or else its opposite would have been used often in the days of the bitter attacks upon her—that Wallis Simpson is a woman of great self-discipline, who rarely drinks more than a glass of wine, who does not smoke, who lived in London a conservative and simple existence. A young married woman who had been through some trying times and was grateful for the peace and protection of a comfortable marriage.

Into that quiet well regulated life—and it *was* a quiet life, and Wallis Simpson was not a member of the glittering social set, either American or English, in London—came the Prince of Wales.

Just in the beginning, Wallis Simpson probably reacted to the Prince's friendship and liking as any other woman would have done. She wouldn't have been human if she hadn't. Then she must have found herself liking this young man very much, and somehow feeling sorry for him as she saw his strained nerves, his loneliness in high position, his bitterness, and the overwork that had led into too much gaiety and too much frivolity.



He gave radio its most dramatic broadcast.

That she made him take better care of himself, everybody knows now. That he became a different man under the four quiet years of her friendship—a healthy, normal, happy human being, who grew to depend upon her for relaxation and loyalty and frankness—in a word, for friendship.

Of course she must have been dazzled, a little thrilled, by it all. Who wouldn't have been, honestly?

Then he became King of England. Everything changed. The glare began to beat upon their friendship. They were forced into new positions, new relations. And they fell in love, or they discovered that they were in love—that this dependence upon each other for gaiety and happiness, this closeness of thought and ideas was love.

And now Edward as King. All-powerful. His people worshiped him, would deny him nothing. That was the great mistake, for it led to the fatal word, "marriage."

It was fatal. Marriage between this man and this woman was utterly, fantastically impossible.

Wallis Simpson knew it and said so from the beginning.

She knew. She was, as Philip Gibbs has said in his splendid book, Ordeal in England, utterly unsuitable as Queen of England. You can't get a clearer picture than if you stop for a moment and consider a recent event that was on every front page. Ernest Simpson was married to Mary Kirk Raffray. How would it have looked if the headlines had read, "Ex-Husband of the Queen of England weds Reno divorcee"? Or if it had once read, "Wallis Simpson gets final decree. Wedding to King Edward VIII in Westminster Abbey to take place next week"?

But even though she knew it was impossible, there must have been moments when, walking beside him in the gardens at Belvedere when he was King and Emperor, they dreamed of her being his wife and Queen.

It must have been a great dream—and it got in their eyes.

Into the dream came ghosts of the past—ghosts of the two men Wallis Warfield had married. There had, of course, been other men, other moments in her life. But there was no reason why any man shouldn't marry her—any man except the King of England. As Prime Minister Baldwin later told Parliament, "His will is not his own, for he himself is subject to his birth. He may not, as unvalued persons do, choose for himself, for on his choice depends the safety and health of the whole State."

The King of England said to his Prime Minister, "I am going to marry Mrs. Simpson." And inevitably added, "and I am prepared to go."

But Edward did not tell Wallis Simpson of those words. He must have known, then, the outcome. But he made one last effort. Late in November he suggested to Baldwin a marriage in which Wallis might be his wife but not his Queen. But that could not be done without the consent of the Dominions, and the Dominions wanted a Queen. England has always wanted a Queen.

Then began the historic days that held the world spellbound.

Upon December 3 Wallis Simpson fled from England, and her one hope, we must believe from all evidence, was that Edward would stay upon the throne to which he had been born.

She was spared nothing, in spite of the King's efforts to protect her.

Have you ever read anything unkind or mean or humiliating about yourself in a newspaper? Just one little comment or story? Have you ever read one anonymous letter, full of horrible, unbelievable misunderstanding and ugliness that you didn't dream existed?

Here was a woman, fleeing in a car with only drawn curtains to protect her against a hostile world, about whom everything that was printable and much that wasn't was being blazoned in headlines. There was no old Biblical name that wasn't being hurled at her. Many of her friends had deserted her. Her name—cheaply distorted to a name she had always loathed and never permitted, "Wally"—was common property in barrooms and offices, palaces and hovels. Overnight the world had turned venomous and terrible.

What had she done? No more than other women. Divorced two husbands, one on the ground of infidelity, one for a jealous temper that she could not live with. Oh, no. Much more. She had been loved by a King and returned his love and they had dreamed of marriage.

How had the poisonous rumors and distorted misunderstandings grown so swiftly, spread so rapidly? Until a few weeks ago the British Empire had never heard her name. In America she had been known as King Edward's American girl friend. Now she was on every front page, in every headline.

It had been bad enough at Fort Belvedere as the true state of affairs crashed upon them; but now she was alone, every turn of the wheel carried her farther from him, and how and where would she see him again?

At Villa Lou Viei, one of the greatest reporters I know and Mrs. Simpson's good friend, asked her, "Why didn't you go away sooner?" And, as Stanton Leeds himself records in Cards the Windsors Hold, she answered him, "'I couldn't. He didn't want me to. He so much wanted me there, it astounded me. I couldn't go.'"

There you have the woman of it. No different when you are dealing with kings and thrones and empires. She knew she should go. Dignified separation at the first hint of scandal was the only thing. But— "He didn't want me to go." And so she stayed. Certainly against her own best interests. Probably against his. But he needed her and she was a woman in love.

In the end she was driven out by the storm. As the world knows, she went to her good friends Herman and Katharine Rogers. With them she had such sanctuary, protection, peace, and comfort as it was possible to give her with the press clamoring at every door, with police shadowing her footsteps, with suspense tearing her to pieces.

What would Edward do?

She does not call him Edward. In public, if they are among strangers, she calls him "sir," and always has. I have very good friends in England who were often at Fort Belvedere when Mrs. Simpson was the King's guest. They tell me definitely that her manners were always perfect, that her dignity was faultless. They and many others say that never once did she make evident her growing friendship with His Majesty. In private, or at least among close friends, now that they are married, she calls him "Davey." He seldom calls her Wallis—usually "dear" or "darling."

As she waited in the simple villa at Cannes, she must have been torn by almost unbearable suspense.

What would David do?

She had pleaded with him from the first moment that dread word "abdication" had reached her ears. He mustn't go. He was too important; he had too great a hold upon his people. She wanted only the best and the greatest for him; she had worked with him, helped him, improved his health, his mind, his attitude toward life.

Does any thinking person seriously believe upon careful consideration that a cold, selfish, heartless adventuress could have inspired King Edward of England, beloved of his people, son of that mother and father, for twenty-five years the devoted servant of his country, the friend of the poor and downtrodden, born to a crown, to say, "I have found it impossible to carry the heavy burden of responsibility and discharge my duties as King as I would wish to do, without the help and support of the woman I love"?

He might have been crazy about her, but he would not have considered making her Queen of his England, would not have spoken of her in that way, unless he truly loved her and highly regarded her.

I do not know what compromise she saw as possible. She was willing to be his wife without being Queen. To give him up entirely was not possible, because he would not consent to that and he is a strong-willed man. But in battling with all her strength to keep him from signing that abdication, she must have offered compromise. It seems inevitable that she must have pleaded for time—time that might bring a compromise that would be possible for them both. Kings, even Kings of England, have in the past been allowed a certain freedom of love without criticism. Since they must marry for the good of the State, they have chosen companions for love and help who have been respected. England would have accepted such a compromise in this case. That wouldn't have involved them; that was the King's own business.

Surely that must have been one of the many things Wallis Simpson had to consider in the days of which I write: Whether it was possible to keep him on the throne and be herself the King's mistress, as Madame de Maintenon was once King's mistress of France.

But even if she might have consented to this, which I strongly doubt, it was too late for that when she got to Cannes. Once there, she was thoroughly aware of the King's probable abdication, and she broke her long silence and issued a statement. It must have cost her many hours of thought. Would he believe her disloyal when he read it? Would it hurt him, make him angry?

But she had to do it. She must free him in the eyes of the world of any obligation to her. (How impossible that was to him, as a man, she did not realize.)

Pale with sleeplessness, confused by the many great issues, the woman whose beauty for that time lay shattered by tears and suffering wrote that statement many times, those few words that were to be printed everywhere in the civilized world:

"Throughout the past few weeks I have invariably wished to avoid any action or proposal which would hurt or damage His Majesty or the Throne."

(Oh, yes, yes, you must believe that, you must! I wouldn't hurt him. I love him. They say, "God save the King." That is my prayer, too. God save him—the King—for England. David, forgive me. You mustn't think of me now, nor of yourself, but only of the great things you have to do.)

"Today my attitude is unchanged and I am willing, if such action would solve the problem, to withdraw forthwith from a situation that has been rendered both unhappy and untenable."

(Unhappy? What a small word for all this torture. He is there, with them, listening to them. He is the King. They want him to stay. They love him so. So do I. If they only understood that.)

A pathetic little statement, it always seemed to me, stiff and unnatural, tortured and strained. She was trying to say so much in so few words, to preserve herself and the King—not offering to give him up as though she did not care, trying not to hurt him, but to arrange things so that he might give her up without having any one think he had deserted her under fire.

Across the waters the great historic drama of King Edward's abdication moved forward. Wallis heard his decisions from his own lips over the telephone.

It was over.

Whether she had meant to or not, she had cost him his throne. Whether he had sacrificed it for her, as the world believes; whether the scandal flaming through the Dominions, the gossip, the controversy started by his desire to marry her; or whether that controversy about her was the awaited excuse to rid the throne of a King who served the people too well to be acceptable to certain parties in England—for whatever reason, she had cost him his crown.

There was another thing tormenting her. Her divorce. She had only a *decree nisi*. *Nisi*—unless. A final decree to be given *unless* the King's Proctor should find reason against it. Would more scandal follow? Would they try to prove she had no right to that divorce? Would they attempt to prove adultery between Wallis Simpson and the King, now that he was King no longer?

It didn't bear thinking about.

So she sat beside the radio on December 11, that historic day which saw an English King abdicate for the first time, and heard him say, "The other person most nearly concerned has tried up to the last to persuade me to take a different course."

The tears came then in great floods. But I do not think tears could ease the ache in her heart as she listened to him say farewell to his people, his country, his home, his family, and that work to which he had dedicated himself upon his father's death.

The beloved voice, so close, went on, "It may be some time before I return to my native land."

England, my England. That, too. An exile. But what would he do without England? His home, his beloved home.

"And if at any time in the future I can be found of any service to His Majesty in a private station, I shall not fail.

"And now we all have a new King. I wish him and you, his people, happiness and prosperity with all my heart. God bless you!" Do you remember how his voice lifted then? "God save the King!"

But—that was her prayer. Now it was too late. The King is—no, no, a new King. Not Edward VIII. A new King of England. And what of Edward?

"During these hard days," he had said, "I have been comforted by Her Majesty, my mother . . ."

Wallis Simpson, broken and tear-stained, must have thought then of that other woman who wept too. Queen Mother Mary They had both listened to the voice they both knew and loved so well. And I think she must have thought, "Does she hate me? Can she understand?" Comforted—ah, yes. But could that mother who had borne a king forgive the woman whose enchantments had led her eldest son from the throne of his father?

"In the future," he had said.

What of that future? As the Duke of Windsor left England, the American woman must have thought in those dark hours of that future. What did it hold? Where would they find a home? What work would there be for him to do? What lay ahead, happiness or humiliation?

At that moment there was a great dignity surrounding the abdication. King Edward had saved the Empire by going quietly. But could they keep that dignity? What would the world think of this act? How receive them? Even then, even when perhaps she hoped, perhaps she rejoiced, that at least they would have each other, she must have foreseen many of the sorrows that lay ahead.

THE END

Long days of waiting, of pitiless publicity, of abuse and humiliation—what did they do to the soul of a tortured woman? Watch for another article by Adela Rogers St. Johns. In an early issue.

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

TRANSATLANTI

A warning to every American! A noted Englishman speaks out on British propaganda in the U.S.A.

BY H. G. WELLS

I HAVE recently been going to and fro in America, talking to all sorts of people and hearing all kinds of opinions. I am one of those realists who refuse to be blinkered by current political institutions. I belong to that great and growing community which has a common literature and a common language in English. There has been a revolution in communications during the past hundred years, a virtual abolition of distance, which makes our old separations preposterous. The English-speaking states and nations scattered about the world are no longer divergent. They are coming together again in their thoughts, knowledge, interests, and purposes. They have a common future.

I believe profoundly in the synthetic power of a common idiom of thought and expression. Given a free movement of books, papers, radio beams, and the like, this is a unifying force that will triumph ultimately over every form of particularism, nationalism, and imaginative antagonism. It is bringing the Californian into clearer and closer understanding with the Kentishman, the New Yorker, the Scot, the Maori, the Afrikander, the Canadian, the Welshman, the Anglo-Indian, and the Eurasian. I doubt if the green barriers of a censorship and an artificial language will suffice to keep the Irish Free State out of our world-wide coalescence for long. Irishmen are not going to live contented, talking faked Erse in a small damp island, when they have English for wit and abuse and the whole English-speaking world at their disposal. I refuse to call myself foreign or alien among any people who speak, read, and think in English.

It is because they are less reasonable today than ever they were that I find the resistances to this greater fusion increasingly remarkable. There are such resistances, one must admit. There are still all sorts of queer and out-of-date frictions and obstructions in the confluence of this new world-wide English-speaking community of ours. This is particularly evident between the United States and Britain. Partly this is due to bad tricks of manner and bad habits of mind on the part of the British which irritate many types of Americans excessively; partly it is due to deep-rooted traditions of distrust and antagonism which have long since ceased to have any practical justification.

Almost all English people forget that so far as origins go the population of the United States never was wholly British. They disregard the early Dutch, Swedish, French, and other non-British settlers who slowly adopted the English language and traditions before the War of Independence and the immense infusion of the later immigrations, immigrants who had no earthly reason for Anglomania. These people accepted English and the forms of English thought; they amalgamated with the American school of the English-speaking culture; many of them transferred their ancestors to the Mayflower and acquired a kind of prenatal pride in the Battle of Bunker Hill; yet steadily, and particularly since the beginning of this century, their distinctive qualities have manifested themselves in a greater variety, a wider range in American imaginative literature, and a broader, more enterprising quality in American thought. For long Boston remained more English than England; but forty years ago my generation hailed the intellectual revolt against Boston (and refined Anglicanism), first in a sprinkling of isolated writers from Whitman to Stephen Crane, and then in a comprehensive expansion and release which has now made American intellectual life not so much a continuation as a vast extension and Europeanization of English culture. The annexations have been enormous. The English element has played the part not so much of a direction as a flux. These are matters all too frequently ignored by English people.

The thing has happened in history before. Just as American education has oriented itself to the War of Independence, in which not one in a score of living Americans had an active ancestor, so the great Phoenician, Babylonian, and Carthaginian populations acquired and entered into that tradition of Judea which holds together the comity of Judaism today. Probably, too, under the Empire millions of Roman citizens from York to Egypt, without a drop of Roman blood in their veins, felt a personal pride in Romulus and Remus. Assimilation is far easier and more powerful than inheritance.

It is a linguistic link and the progressive development of common ideas and understandings that are destined to hold the English-speaking community together in the future. Britain never was the mother country of the United States, and the first thing an English visitor to America should do is to get rid of that illusion.

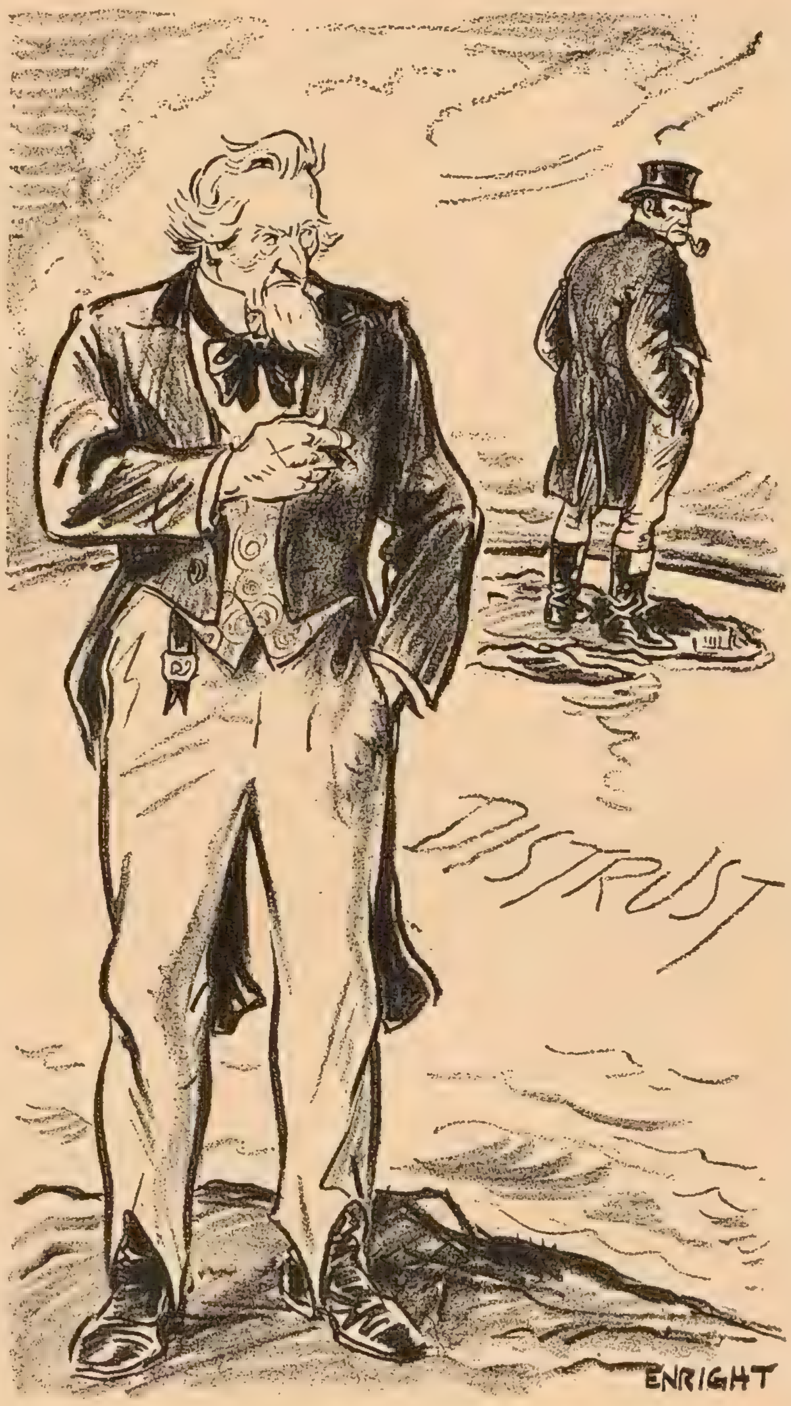
Long years ago, a century ago, one of the great New England writers of that time—was it Lowell?—wrote a stinging paper on "a certain air of patronage in foreigners." It was an excellent reproof to visiting Europeans and particularly to Englishmen who came over to see America as a new young country, betrayed a sort of upper-form attitude to the new boys, and were quite unable to realize that a man of forty in America is just as old as a man of forty in England, has seen just as much of life, and counts as many ancestors between himself and Adam. The political association of Britain and America lasted hardly a couple of centuries. But it set a perennial stamp upon their destinies. From the beginning of their separation there has been a peculiar mutual irritation between Britain and America. It has in it something of the vexation of a divorced couple who still resentfully care for things they had in common. "Think what the Empire would have been if you had stuck to us," is the unspoken accusation of the ordinary Britisher. "Why did you make things so that we *had* to break?" says the American. "It was your fault," say both of them, "and my side was in the right."

Maybe you will think that is now ancient history. It is not. It is as alive today as it was a century ago. The mighty growth of America makes the British none the less regretful for the loss of a common world outlook. They paid too much for dear old George the Third. It was the Hanoverian monarchy, the hungry exploitation of America by the British governing class, and the narrow traditions of the Foreign Office that caused that breach. Plebeian Britain was on the side of the colonies in the War of Independence—John Wilkes was very brother to Tom Paine—and from Gibbon's Decline and Fall (1776-88) to Winwood Reade's Martyrdom of Man (1872) you can find the liveliest anticipations in English literature of the role of North America as the hope and refuge of Western culture and freedom.

Nothing is forgotten so rapidly as very recent history, and few people nowadays realize how near Britain came a century ago to following the United States along the path to republicanism and to emancipation from an aristocratic ruling class. Joseph Chamberlain, the father of the present Prime Minister, was a republican outright, but nowadays we forget his talk of "ransom"—his New Deal phase. Both countries are amazingly ignorant of each other's history during the early-nineteenth-century period—they were too busy in other directions to observe

Misunderstandings

each other closely—and few Americans seem to realize the struggle that went on in England, during their Civil War, between the ruling class, which looked forward with pleasant resentment to the break-up of the Union, and the liberal British, who instinctively realized that the strength and freedom of America were bound up with their own. To this day relics of that old upper-class resentment lingers. The Bourbons of the court and the diplomatic services still betray a lurking patronage, depreciation, and a weak vindictiveness toward America. "Society" is in politics in Britain and out of it in America; but the economic, social, and political trends in both systems are alike, their massive interests and mental dispositions converge, and however these retrospective elements may falsify our superficial relationships, the enduring disposition of the generality in Britain toward America and the drive behind the national policy are, and always have been, co-operative.



But, balancing the retrospective resentment of the British ruling class, there is on the other side a whole system of estrangement between these great populations, arising primarily out of the too cherished tradition of the War of Independence. For several generations that great revolt formed the basis of historical instruction in America. The bridge at Concord, the Boston Tea Party were exaggerated gigantically. The new immigrants took them over. The incoming German or eastern European learned to boil with indignation at the employment of Hessian troopers by the Hanoverian king. The inevitable misdemeanors on the part of the British were charged up against them in the true spirit of war propaganda. In the War of 1812 they burned the Capitol. This was not all. All that might have been forgotten. But the newly separated states developed a financial organization only very slowly. They were not industrialized for nearly a hundred years, and they had to be industrialized by foreign capital—which in those days meant British capital. And they developed a diplomatic service belatedly. Because of this an inferiority complex toward the British arose, quite naturally but one that has long since lost any material justification. Wall Street as it grew seemed to the Americans generally very like a British foothold in their economy. America felt that it was entangled monetarily, sold out to London, mysteriously outmaneuvered in its foreign relations.

America grew, a unified continental mass. Her population is now two thirds of the English-speaking world, while the British find themselves responsible for an empire which spreads about the planet, the most vulnerable, the most entangled, the most threatened of all existing political systems. Its foreign policy has become now an almost pathetic self-protective opportunism. But to the American this empire is still a greedy octopus, to be distrusted systematically. It has kept an unguarded frontier to the north of him since the separation; nevertheless it is to be distrusted. Its fleets have never threatened America and for fifty years at least Americans have had no uneasiness on their eastern coasts, very largely on account of Great Britain; nevertheless it is to be distrusted. Wherever the Union Jack goes it takes the English-speaking American commercial traveler and a friendly banking system with it; nevertheless it is to be distrusted. Some mysterious undermining process is believed to be going on. The phrase adopted since the war to express this profound distrust has been "British propaganda."

Suspicion of British propaganda has become a mania. Old ladies in the Middle West look under the bed at nights for British propaganda. At home I am a *persona* most distinctly *non grata* with the court, the church, the public schools, the universities, the whole Anglican system; but when I go to America I am discovered to be a British propagandist. America, in her serene path to abundance and happiness, is being lured into another war—for the sake of the British. That is the story. America has no interest in the welfare of China, it seems, because the British have great investments there. But we tempt her in. We invented the Pacific coast on her. It is British propaganda to suggest that America has some slight interest in the destinies of the Spanish- and the Portuguese-speaking worlds. To say that isolation from the rest of the world's affairs is a rather cowardly and altogether impracticable idea for America nowadays is British propaganda.

There is a copious literature of propaganda against this imaginary British propaganda. The other day I read a book by Mr. Quincy Howe, England Expects Every American to Do His Duty, which is quite typical of the methods of the campaign of distrust and estrangement. The history of Anglo-American relations is combed through to present America as the simple-minded cat's-paw of British cunning. This sort of thing crops up everywhere. I found it in the questions put to me after my lectures; I met it in conversation. "You British," they began. Though I had come to America to talk about educational reorganization and not about international affairs. A hostile power preparing for a conflict with England solo or America solo could not cultivate a crippling breach of their natural alliance more efficiently than this probably quite spontaneous misinterpretation of the British drift. It may prove a very disastrous thing for the entire English-speaking world.

THE END

"Mine Enemy's Dog"

BY HARRY ESTY DOUNCE

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BEACH HUMPHREY

THE poison was cyanide, given in bits of meat. Beyond that, investigation got nowhere. At first strays were the victims, then pets in fenced yards, until finally Dr. Mindleton's spaniel, Wyche, was found dead in the doctor's parked car. It was Miss Mindleton who found him, and she—poet, elocutionist, teacher of aesthetic dancing—was so upset that her classes for children were interrupted for a week.

By this time, no dog left alive in Hillcrest was ever let outdoors except on leash. Which was tough for the Hubers' Fritz, and tougher for Mr. O'Mara's Bing, next door. They were cronies, though their owners had been enemies for years, since a roaring row over the boundary line. "Bing's a police dagh—not no 'German shepherd'! I wuddn't have nahthin' German on me place!" Mr. O'Mara, a retired police lieutenant, might bellow for Mr. Huber to overhear. But Fritz, a dachshund, German as a pretzel, was free as air to come on his place to see Bing. For Bing was a prematurely retired police dog. Distemper had left his hind legs weak; half the time they would not even hold him up, and his one pleasure then was a visit from Fritz, who would caper around him and lick noses with him.

Mr. Huber would pretend not to notice where Fritz had got to. He might snort, for Mr. O'Mara's benefit, that "the oldt mick" should have his "crippled mutt" killed. But he had been known, when Mr. O'Mara wasn't around, to stand beaming upon Fritz and Bing, both, and even to photograph them with his home movie camera.

And now they must be kept apart, shut up in the houses, and they whined to each other from windows. Finally one morning Fritz slipped out as Mrs. Huber took in the milk bottles. She was not dressed to follow him. The rotund Mr. Huber struggled into trousers and rushed out, to be hailed by Mr. O'Mara from his yard.

"Vhat in hell do you vant, mick?" he demanded hotly; they had conversed only in glares for so many long years.

"Come over here, Huber. This is Gahd's own shame."

A grim, pungent tale of death that stalked strangely, and the trail of a mystery that came home to roost

He trotted, fuming, to the hedge. At one of Mr. O'Mara's open windows was Bing—and on the grass below was Fritz, contorted, still.

He crashed through the tough hedge and caught him up. "*Bei Gott,*" he began blindly, "if *you* done it—"

"*Me* p'ison a dahg? P'ison *him?* Why, look at Bing, man!" Bing seemed to know. He was straining out, whimpering piteously.

Mr. Huber looked, and had to turn his back. Between gulps he said he had thought the world of Fritz. There came a cry of consternation; it was Miss Mindleton, passing by on one of her sunrise walks. "Oh!" she lamented to them. "How dreadful! That was done to my brother's dog, you know. How can any one do such things? This perfect May morning, the bird song, the flowers—and then—that! I'm so, *so* sorry, Mr. Huber!"

He managed to nod, and she went on, much distressed. Mr. O'Mara's gnarled forefinger stroked Fritz's ear.

"*Bei Gott,* mick, I'll find out who done it," said Mr. Huber.

"By Gahd, Dutchman, I'll help ye," said Mr. O'Mara.

That evening he brought his pipe to the Hubers' porch. "Dahg p'isoners, this kind, is nuts," he began. "Ye can't figure them, an' ye got to catch them at it. Now, they's four or five queer fish here in Hillcrest will bear watchin'—" He named them, Mr. Huber scowling assent at each name. "But I got a kind of notion—"

The front gate creaked as the Mindletons came in to be neighborly about Fritz. The doctor, as always, looked and sounded tired; he was a hard-working high-school principal in the city. "I know how it is," he said, smiling. "I don't get over missing Wyche."

"But why is nothing done?" his sister asked impatiently. "Why haven't the police traced the poison?"

"Cyanide's hard thracin'," said Lieutenant O'Mara, retired. "They's so many can get at it: paint makers an' photy-engravers—"

"And butterfly collectors, come to think," said the doctor. "Father used it—remember, Eudora? Remember his glass jars?"

She had forgotten; it had been so long ago. "At least," she said, "it's merciful stuff—quick, isn't it?"

"'Tain't none too quick," Mr. O'Mara said. "Annyways, they's but one thing to do, ma'am—keep watch. If ye see annything looks sthrange, leave us know."

For a while Mr. Huber kept watch of the entire suburb, and Mr. O'Mara, driving about in his ramshackle old station wagon, could be seen peering out right and left. The Mindletons, when they met them, would inquire discreetly, and they would have to report, "Nothing yet."

Six weeks went by with no further poisonings. Mr. Huber began to console himself with his movie camera. He took neighborhood children at play and let them see themselves screened. They loved it, and it led to his taking some of them in Miss Mindleton's dancing classes on the lawn around the phonograph. Miss Mindleton was most gracious. Such films would be instructive—and mightn't they be shown to prospective pupils' mothers?

"Fine!" he said. "If they come oudt good."

"Still no trace of that wretched poisoner?" she inquired.

He shook his head. "He's maybe got scairt und moved away."

"I should think he might well have," she declared, "with you and Mr. O'Mara hunting him down!"

The next day Mr. O'Mara came and found her under the trees. "Cud I ast a big favor of ye, ma'am?" he inquired. "Ye'll be out here the nex' hour or so, will ye?"

Interruptions when she was writing poetry discomposed her. "I expect to," she said shortly. "What is it?"

"It's me dahg. Cud I leave him wid ye in poor Wyche's little exercise pen here? This sun does him good, and I got to go in town, an' they ain't no one at home today to keep an eye on him. He won't be no throuble; he's quiet an' helpless. Wud ye mind?"

She came out of her preoccupation. "Why, of course not! You bring him, and I'll safeguard him faithfully."

He brought Bing in the station wagon, up the driveway of the vacant house next door, and carried him to the wire-fenced pen. "That old truck can stay over there," he said. "Ye wuddn't want it on yer primises."

He lingered, fondling Bing, till nearly traintime. But he was back within twenty minutes.

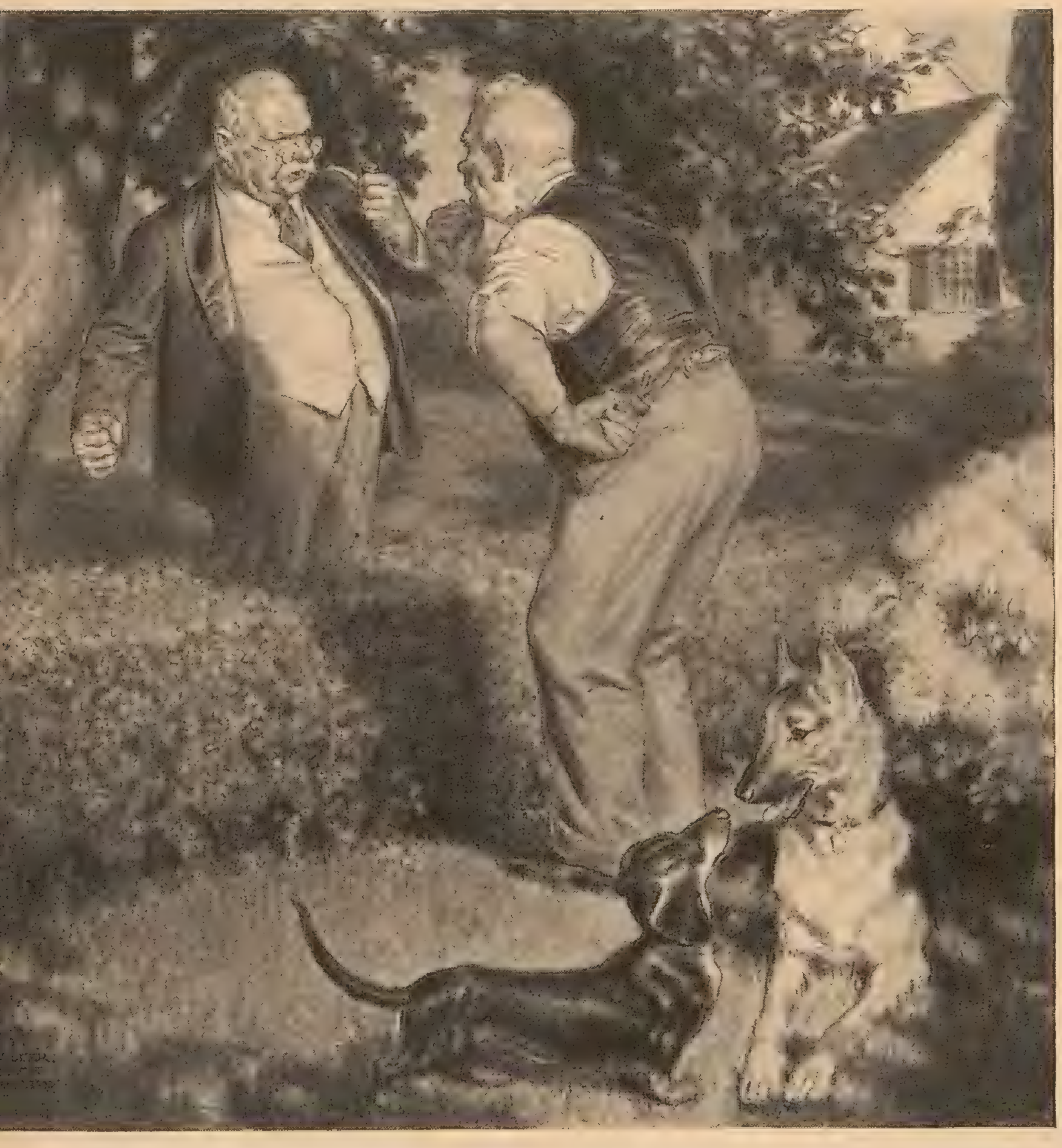
"I'm gittin' old," he chuckled sheepishly as he strode into the yard. “It’s tomorra I go in town, not today.”

Miss Mindleton was not in her garden chair. She came fluttering from the house. “Your dog! Oh, do look at him—I can’t! Is he dead? I had to answer the phone—”

“Why, he’s all right,” he said; but he hurried into the pen to make sure. “He was just sleepin’—weren’t ye, Bing?”

Relief unstrung her. “Oh! F-from the window he looked as Wyche did! Thank heaven! But do take him right away!”

She was more haggard than usual a day or two later, when Mr. Huber came. He had got back his films, developed. He would bring them around and give her a preview. “Und listen,” he said. “Confidential, ve got that poisoner spotted. I can’t name no name yet, but he don’t live in Hillcrest. Soon now iss coming an arrest.”



Fritz, German as a pretzel, was free as air to come on his place to see Bing.

“Oh, Mr. Huber, that *is* good news!” She brightened up at once. “And your little films—it will be interesting to see them.”

He brought them, and Mr. O’Mara brought along the rolled screen. Dr. Mindleton cleared a table for the projector. His sister came down the stairs robed in white silk. “Ah,” she breathed, “I feel like royalty at a command performance!” Mr. O’Mara sat down beside her, the doctor switched the lights out—and there on the screen was a Dance of the Hours, six- and seven-year-old Hours in fluffy chiffon sashes, with bare legs and very sober-looking faces.

Mr. Huber halted the film at a close-up of grief. “That’ss the kid you slapped,” he said genially.

“That will never do to show to—”

She checked herself. Other films followed, of older children who were more cheerful. She deigned her approval of these.

“Und now for a surprise. Now for—for Teacher!”

“Me? You mean me? Why, when did you—”

The projector hummed, and you saw her garden chair across the wire fence of Wyche’s pen. You saw her come to it from the house, pick up her writing, and appear to read—but her eyes were not reading; they were everywhere, darting glances all about her. You saw her closed hand steal up from a pocket in her robe, saw her thumb flick as a child’s thumb flicks a pebble—

This was where the actual Miss Mindleton suppressed a shriek, and where Mr. O’Mara’s big hand clamped her wrist to her armchair.

“What!—you!—how dare you—”

The Miss Mindleton on the screen was swung upward out of sight, the camera having been swung downward, and you were looking into the pen, at Bing lying there. Then again you were looking at her as her thumb flicked a second time, a third. Mr. Huber stopped the film, and you could take in her expression. It was a wolf’s.

“Eudora!” the doctor ejaculated. He switched on the lights. The actual Miss Mindleton sat staring glassily at Mr. O’Mara, who held out his other hand and displayed three small blobs of raw meat.

“Capsules in them,” he said. “Cyanide. Ye thought Bing had got them. If ye’d noticed, he cuddn’t have—I’d tied him short by his collar to the fince wire—”

“Und if he had,” Mr. Huber roared, “I’d of wrung your neck! I vas right there, sveating off my head in that damn station vagon!”

“Eudora! Did *you* poison Wyche?”

Miss Mindleton assured her brother that she had; that it had been monstrous of him to torture her by keeping a dog, since dogs were fiends, disturbing to true artists; that the people of Hillcrest were a crass soulless rabble from whom she had endured all she would—

She ducked her head, bit Mr. O’Mara’s knuckles, sprang free of him, ran up the stairs. The doctor and Mr. Huber overtook her in her room with her hands on a glass jar containing cyanide. . . .

To this day not another soul in Hillcrest knows more than that she “had a breakdown” and is in “a sanitarium.” Keeping the rest of it quiet was Mr. Huber’s idea; then and there he pledged secrecy, for himself and for Mr. O’Mara, to the all but prostrated Dr. Mindleton. Later, walking homeward, he was half apologetic: “*He* iss O. K., a good feller—und if it’s known, the stink cossts him his job—und that don’t bring back Fritz—”

“I’m wid ye,” Mr. O’Mara said. “Come in. I got somethin’ to show ye.” They found Bing lying beside a basket. “A man thinks whin his dahg dies he won’t nivver want another. It’s best to git another right soon. I know. Ain’t I been ownin’ dahgs fifty years?”

He groped in the basket and fished up a dachshund puppy six weeks old. “He’s got good blood,” he said. “Me nephya breeds them. He’s yourn if ye’ll have him.”

“I can’t—no, not yet,” Mr. Huber began. But he took the wriggling puppy and held it down to the delighted Bing. “Oh, hell, mick! You vin!” he said helplessly, as it nipped at Bing’s ear.

THE END

EIGHT CRIMES at COOLIDGE CORNE

—WILL THERE BE ANY MORE

#1 THE FIRST GIRL TO DISAPPEAR

At 6.30 on Monday evening, April 26, 1897, a beautiful girl, Grace Stevenson, 25, left the mansard-roofed mansion marked No. 1 on the accompanying map, and boarded a Boston-bound car—perhaps to see her father, a millionaire real-estate dealer who lived, estranged from his wife, in a Back Bay hotel. From that hour to this not a word has been heard of her. No expense was spared in the search; not even the Dorothy Arnold case presents a profounder mystery. Grace lived with her mother, whose namesake she was, and had three brothers and two sisters. Her home life was happy. No lover was involved. Nothing scandalous was ever suspected. She boarded the streetcar; that was the end. Was it an abduction? Was it amnesia? Who knows? Her father died a few months after her disappearance; her mother lived on—wondering, always wondering sadly what had become of her—until 1926. After forty years Brookline's older residents still remember vividly this first of Coolidge Corner's eight dark tragedies.

#2 THE CLERICAL MURDERER'S FIANCÉE

At the time when Grace disappeared, there lived in house No. 2 a lovely child named Violet Edmands, who at the select Lawrence School was a friend and classmate of Celia Adams (see No. 4, below) and of the writer. She flowered into womanhood, and in March, 1911, became engaged to the Rev. Clarence V. T. Richeson, the handsome young pastor of a church in near-by Cambridge. In October a girl named Avis Linnell died at the Warrenton Street Y. W. C. A. in Boston. She proved to have been poisoned—and to have been pregnant. The evidence against Richeson was overwhelming. His motive was obvious: Avis Linnell had been a hopeless obstacle to his marriage to Violet. After a sensational trial he was convicted, and on May 21, 1912, he was executed. Violet left Brookline, and she is said to have gone into social settlement work in New York City.

AVIS LINNELL

#3 WHAT BECAME OF MERTIE ARLIN?

It was in the evening of January 8, 1914, that Mertie Eleanor Arlin left a fashionable boardinghouse at 47 Marion Street, Coolidge Corner, to mail some letters in the corner letter box. She just stepped out; she was probably bareheaded. From that hour to this—exactly as in the case of Grace Stevenson seventeen years before—not a word has been heard of her. There was no clue, no conceivable explanation other than amnesia or abduction. Mertie had held a secretarial position in Newton Center; had been happy in her work; had a naturally cheerful disposition. Her mother in Colebrook, New Hampshire, was left—as the mother of Grace Stevenson had been—to mourn the loss of her daughter and to torment herself, as mothers must in such circumstances, with imaginings of the girl's possible fate. You can walk from the house where they lived to the house where Grace lived in five minutes. What is the explanation of these two agonizing disappearances? You will have to ask that malevolent "genius loci" of Coolidge Corner!

#4 A SVENGALI—AND THE WAGES OF SIN

DR. E. D. ATWOOD

Celia Adams was a beautiful, highly intelligent, thoroughly characterful girl. She came of a well-to-do family; but, wanting to be of service in the world, she studied osteopathy at a Massachusetts college, of which Dr. Wilfred E. Harris was preceptor. Then the young Dr. Celia opened an office in Coolidge Corner. She was happy and healthy—but on July 18, 1916, she took poison. Why? That day her fiancé, Dr. Eldridge D. Atwood of Woburn, had shot and killed Dr. Harris. Celia died, leaving a written explanation: Dr. Harris had seduced her two years before, and had maintained a Svengali-like hold on her. "He hypnotizes me. I try to keep away from him, but I can't. His will is too strong." Her fiancé and avenger was convicted and imprisoned, to be pardoned by the governor of the state after five years.

#5 THE FIRST APPALLING SUICIDE

In the early 1900s Harvard had an All-American quarterback, Carl Marshall by name, who lived at 64 Naples Road, Coolidge Corner. He had been the spark plug of the Brookline High School's eleven, and he was acquainted with both Celia Adams and Violet Edmands. On September 28, 1916, his father, Frank Marshall, drove up to his home in a taxi, went in, and promptly put a bullet through his own heart. The reason? No one could imagine it—or has ever learned it since. It was after this suicide that old residents of Coolidge Corner began comparing notes. What could be behind it all? "It will go on indefinitely," some averred. "It's like a maleficence, a sort of unseen demon who must slake a thirst for blood." And men and women stirred uneasily in their sleep, or lay awake wondering which peaceful home would next be stricken. But after the Marshall suicide for eighteen years all was quiet. Another generation grew up, to smile at "old wives' tales." Coolidge Corner breathed more freely. Just a somber series of coincidences! Then—

IS there really such a thing as a *genius loci*, a spirit of the place, which—brooding ceaselessly and balefully, lurking like a demon, operating like a storied witch's curse—could be in some weird fashion responsible for a series of eight tragedies extending over a period of forty years?

If there is not, then how explain these dark events that have occurred in or have intimately pertained to that limited, quiet, exclusive section of Brookline, Massachusetts, which is known as Coolidge Corner?

Look at the map. Of the eight houses upon which tragedy has been visited, the two farthest apart, Nos. 5 and 8, are scarcely a mile from each other. Five are within a few hundred yards of one another; two are across the street from a third. What links these eight? Little more than proximity—and that imaginable evil *genius loci.*

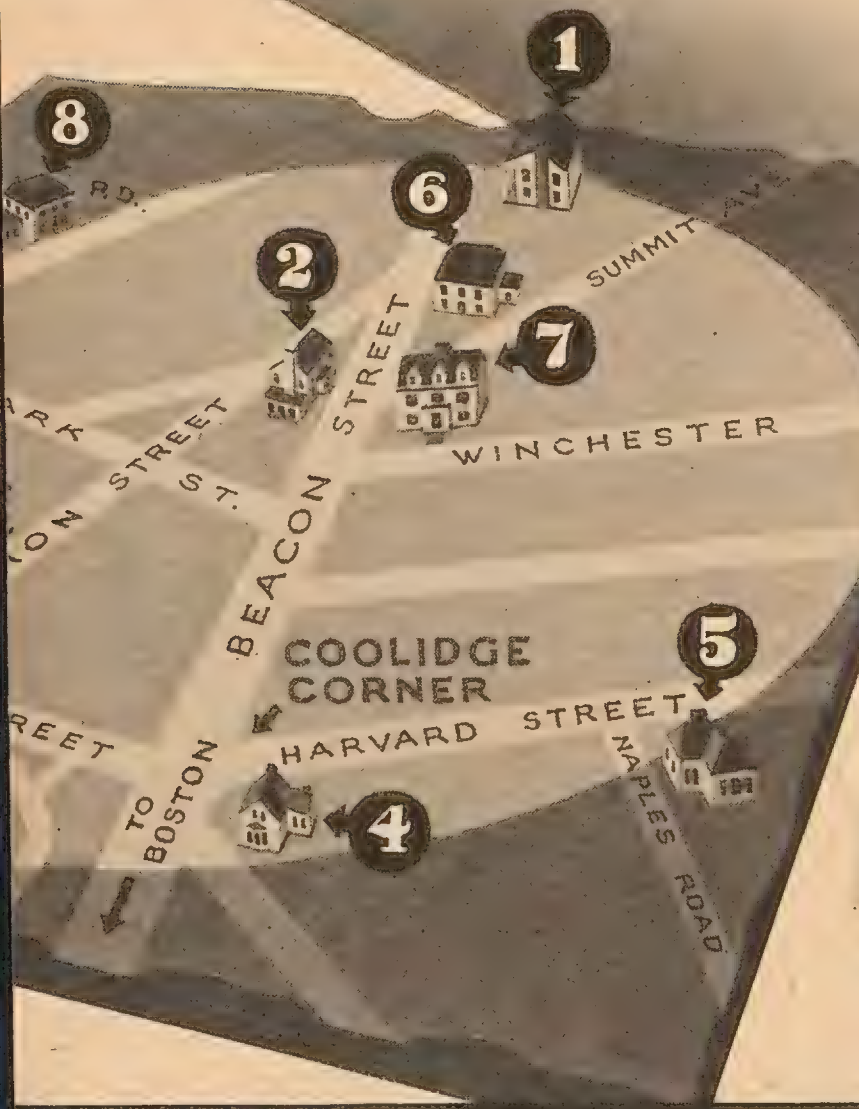
And what is the tragic summary?

Two inexplicable disappearances of beautiful girls. Two, if not three, seemingly unaccountable suicides. And three famous "crimes of passion," in each of which a young woman of Coolidge Corner was a victim—even though one was such only in having been the innocent, wholly unsuspecting reason for the murder that her fiancé, the Rev. Clarence V. T. Richeson, committed.

Is it any wonder—does it prove them morbidly superstitious—that last summer, after Bertram Newton's suicide, not a few Coolidge Corner people whispered gravely among themselves:

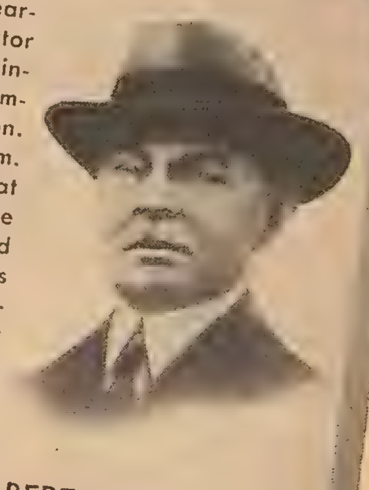
"That makes eight. This place *must be* accursed"?

BY ASPINWALL HILL



#8 "THE END"—OR "TO BE CONTINUED"?

For on July 20, 1937, the seventy-eight-year-old Bertram Newton, a real-estate operator living at 22 Gardner Road, only a few minutes' walk from Coolidge Corner, shot himself in his office at 60 State Street, Boston. The writer was well acquainted with him. "Financial troubles and poor health"—that was the newspaper explanation. But for the events of the preceding forty years, it would no doubt have seemed an ample one; as it was, the older residents of Coolidge Corner, those with long memories, shook their heads yet again. Can you blame them if they wonder whether the malign "spirit of the place" is now sated with destruction, or whether there are to be still more such crimes of passion and suicides and mysterious disappearances—and, if so, how many, and who among their neighbors are to be victims?



BERTRAM NEWTON

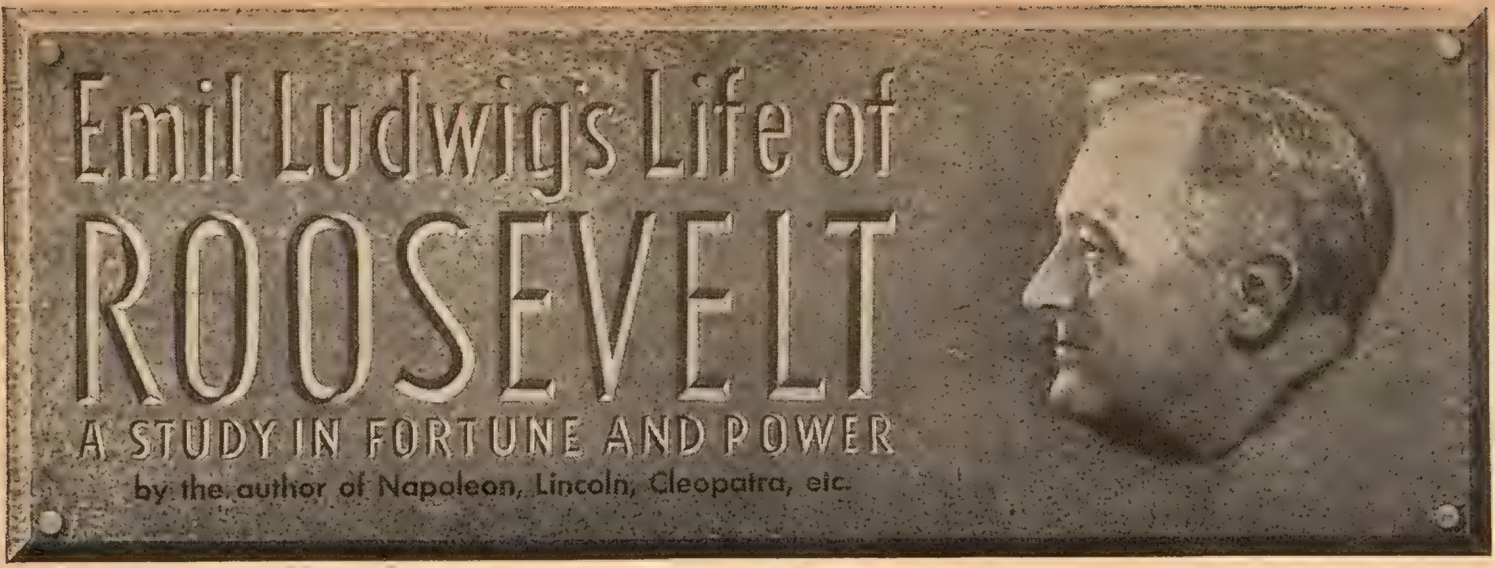
#7 A GIRL WHO "JUMPED OR FELL"

For many years one of Boston's leading wholesale grocery firms was Wood, Pollard & Co. The wealthy Pollard family lived in an impressive home in Coolidge Corner. Two daughters, as the writer recalls, went to the Lawrence School—with Celia Adams and Violet Edmands. The Pollards had a summer estate at Gloucester, Massachusetts. Near by lived the wealthy Raymonds from Cleveland. Pauline Pollard married Jonathan S. Raymond, and had six children. One of her five daughters was named after her. It was on March 9, 1937, that this eighteen-year-old Pauline Raymond, suffering from a nervous breakdown, "jumped or fell" from a fourth-story window of her home at 7 East Eighty-ninth Street, New York City. She died ten days later in the Doctors' Hospital, of a fractured skull and internal injuries. If hers was an act of self-destruction, it was the second apparently inexplicable one in the forty-year record of tragic happenings to persons of or from Coolidge Corner. Only last March—but the end is not yet—

6 THE BRUTAL FATE OF EDNA LEAVITT

NA FIELD LEAVITT

Then, on March 13, 1934, Mrs. Edna Field Leavitt died tragically in New York City. She had been the pretty Edna Field whose old home in Coolidge Corner was across Beacon Street from Violet Edmands'. She died in Bellevue Hospital, after twelve hours of unconsciousness—and Arthur W. Morse, a Wall Street broker, was held on a charge of having injured her during a quarrel in his apartment after a session in a Greenwich Village drinking place. He was indicted for first-degree murder, but the charge was changed to manslaughter, to which he pleaded guilty. Mrs. Leavitt's first husband, whose name she kept, had died some years before. Friends said she had married again but had divorced her second husband. Only ten days before her death she was in Coolidge Corner to see her five-year-old son, David Leavitt.



Emil Ludwig's Life of ROOSEVELT

A STUDY IN FORTUNE AND POWER

by the author of Napoleon, Lincoln, Cleopatra, etc.

READING TIME • 30 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THE long ordeal of infantile paralysis, to which his subject fell victim in 1921, was illuminated by Emil Ludwig last week. He discerns in it the crucial experience of Roosevelt's whole life; he pointed out that for the first time the "child of fortune" was a target of calamity, and not only overcame the worst effects on his physique but triumphantly developed the resolution that was to carry him to the White House. Mr. Ludwig duly recognized Mrs. Roosevelt's great assistance to her stricken husband, as well as that of Louis Howe.

PART SIX—SMITH . . AND ANOTHER ROOSEVELT

IN the party maneuvers which Howe in those days directed, nothing emerges of greater interest to our study of Roosevelt's character than his partiality for Al Smith, for whose career he did more than for any other man and more than any other man had done for Smith.

It would be difficult to find two friends more dissimilar. Both of them are swift-moving and energetic, crafty and honest; both of them are fond of fishing. In everything else they are opposites.

The little, once so scintillating East Sider, with the short legs and narrow shoulders of a jockey, must already have cut the same merry and eager figure when he was selling newspapers on the street at the age of twelve. He never needed a higher level of culture, nor did he ever feel the lack of it, for his passions were circumscribed from the beginning by party life, in which nearly every sacrifice means the destruction of a man's spiritual growth. As against this, Smith was always religious, the result of his upbringing by a remarkable mother; and he should have found in this a certain refuge which Roosevelt, remote alike from religion and philosophy, lacked. Smith's head, with its thick nose and big ears, is heavily and coarsely modeled; only the clean brow and the clarity of the blue eyes have their counterpart in Roosevelt's finely chiseled features. The one head was meant for bronze, the other for wood.

Their swiftness and honesty awakened in the two men mutual recognition and confidence; it was, moreover, a foregone conclusion that Roosevelt would fight on Smith's side, since Smith was the unswerving enemy of those trusts which Roosevelt had already attacked as a young state senator. Smith, eight years governor of the greatest state in the Union, was simply the idol of New York, and to this day the eyes of his followers light up when they recall that epoch.

It was therefore in the cards that Roosevelt, a decade younger, by nature more generous, and, as the rich heir, inclined to give rather than demand, should place his friendship without reservation at the service of the other. But with all his decency Smith, who had worked his way up from the bottom, could hardly have conceived the idea of taking the same attitude toward a younger man. Was it for him, brought up in the school of a harsh destiny, to bring superfluous gifts to a darling of the gods? Roosevelt's affection for the self-made man—the one thing he himself could never become—came deeper from the heart than Smith's affection for the heir.

Stirringly, penetratingly the greatest American biography searches now the heart and mind of a President-to-be

Roosevelt wanted to see Smith's great abilities given wider scope in the highest office in the country, and he gave him his active support in at least five and perhaps even seven elections. As far back as 1924, when the scandals of the Harding period had awakened the hopes of the Democrats, it had been Roosevelt who had nominated Smith, mounting the platform at Madison Square Garden on his crutches, to put forward his friend in a brilliant speech. He called him in 1928 "the happy warrior," a phrase which he had perhaps applied inwardly to himself and transferred to his friend.

As far back as 1924 Smith had wanted, in return, to see his friend Roosevelt governor of New York, believing that only with his assistance could he assure himself of the votes of this, the most important state in the Union, in the Presidential election. But later, defeated for the nomination by John W. Davis, Smith himself was again put up for governor of New York, and was again supported by Roosevelt. Can such a friendship be permanently maintained? Must it not, even when the two men are honest and sincere, ultimately succumb to rivalry?

Yet it proved itself once again, in 1928, when Smith was again nominated by Roosevelt and was the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. Again Smith wanted to see his younger friend in the secondary position of governor in order that he himself might be able to win to the first position. Roosevelt, who was at the time in Warm Springs, was adjured by his friend, in an interminable long-distance telephone conversation, to put up his name as gubernatorial candidate.

HOW AL SMITH TALKED HIM INTO RUNNING FOR GOVERNOR

"Under no circumstances!"

"But suppose we can't find another man for the party?"

Great embarrassment.

"I didn't want it," so Roosevelt said to me, and smote himself on the knee. "I wanted much more to get my right leg to move! To that end I needed another year in Warm Springs. But the moral pressure was too strong."

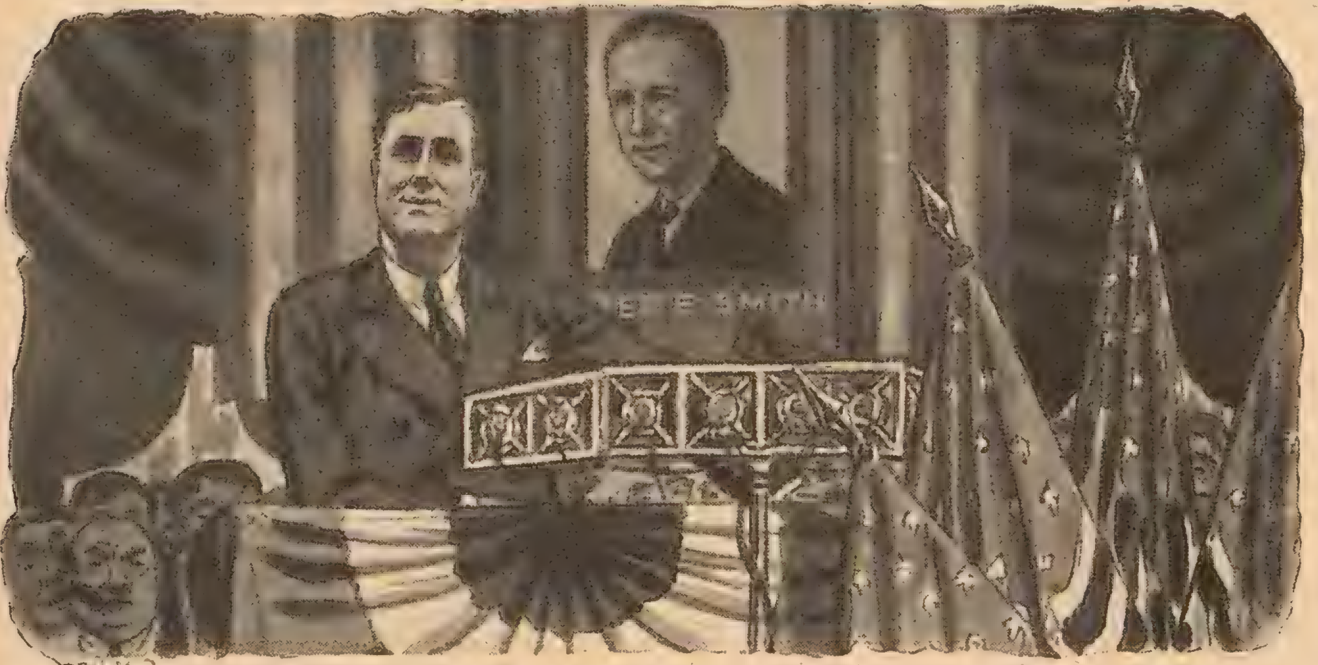
We see him here in the struggle between happiness and power; nor can the dramatic significance of this dilemma have escaped the man himself. There were people who wrote in 1928 that Roosevelt had been in private life for a decade, during five years of which he had been a cripple; that even now he moved with difficulty. All his hopes were centered on continued progress with his cure, which was now a probability.

Louis Howe was against his running for governor, fearing he was not yet strong enough. One of Roosevelt's oldest friends has told me that he was himself quite unsure of his capacity to manage this new great job; he both hoped and feared.

Roosevelt Started on the Road to the White House

ILLUSTRATED BY PIERRE BRISSAUD

But here power was calling to him on the telephone. He had only to stretch out his hand in order to win one of the most important positions in the country. There, in Albany, lay his beginnings as a politician; nearly twenty years had passed since he had come up to the Capitol. There the Hudson was, there were the farmers whom he had learned to know in his childhood and later on as state senator. From that city a whole list of governors had proceeded to the Presidency, and if his friend Smith should now be elected, with his help, there was nothing disloyal in thinking of succeeding him. The shadow of Theodore Roosevelt appeared again to Franklin and pointed to Washington.



As far back as 1924 it was Roosevelt who nominated Al Smith for President.

But the state of soul of the man was now not as in the days when he had seen stretching before him the path his famous relative had followed. The impulse was mighty now; his self-regard had grown since he had overcome his sickness, and he heard himself called to the highest position in his native state. If he got there, it would indeed be his own achievement; and the man who could not help feeling that his money had come to him by inheritance, and his position through his relationship to Theodore Roosevelt, now saw before him that which he himself had earned. Was he to reject it? Had he not been healed precisely that he might carry on further? He would never again dance or skate. What was there now but to grasp at the moment?

He accepts, and at once bets he is going to win—which he does by a plurality of 700,000.

SUSPENDING our narrative for a moment and comparing the two Roosevelts, we are confronted in Franklin and Theodore by two characters which, springing from the same family and following the same path to the same highest office, could hardly have been more antithetical.

Theodore, weak and sickly as a child, threw all the energies of his youth into the resolution to become strong. He abandoned the plans suggested to him by his first ambition to become a scientist, and in his passionate struggle for health and strength laid the foundations of his lifelong worship of strong races and soldierly virtues, war and large families. Franklin, who grew up in enjoyment of a healthy body, remained alien to this problem; he did not have to exaggerate in his own mind the worth of that which he did not have to fight for because he already had it. Like the Fascists of today, Theodore took as his own the so-called manly ideals and virtues of the strong fighter and hunter, training himself obstinately in that direction. From this sprang everything that later determined his nationalistic, anti-spiritual principles. As against this, Franklin suddenly lost the health with which he had been endowed, and actually grew to his full stature through this bitter experience.

The lives of both men were decided by these physical experiences, but Theodore turned his conquest of health into a weakness, whereas Franklin turned his sickness into strength.

The difference of their early years accentuates this contrast. Both were born of rich parents, both inherited a considerable income in their student days, and when they were ready to take up their careers they could follow their own inner urge undeterred by material pressure. But Theodore was born in the city, and on his holidays he fled to the open life of nature, which he studied eagerly. He was seventeen before he learned to ride a horse at his grandfather's. He suffered from defective eyesight and yet won a championship as a crack shot because hunting and danger marked the real man, while collecting and dissecting birds befitted only the cloistered student.

All these things, which Theodore had to wring for himself from reluctant circumstance, fell into Franklin's lap. The problem character of the one and the harmony of the other are symbolized in their heads and already speak out of their pictures as boys, as university students; the one glowering, half naked, with wild looks and disheveled hair, the other a well groomed youth who prizes moderation above strength. As between the two men in their eighteenth years, it was definitely Theodore who, from his picture, would be adjudged as having a future as a man of adventure, perhaps also as a leader of the people.

"THE STRENUOUS LIFE"— AND A LIFE THAT TURNED STRENUOUS

Thus in Theodore the two motives of self-respect as a defense against the uneasiness of the heart, and ambition as the driving force, had to develop to a frightful pitch. As the young man by no means made a good first impression, he adopted eccentric manners and striking clothes. He pushed to the extreme of stylization a character that was already challenging, until he achieved in his appearance and behavior a downright theatricality which expressed itself in various ways. As police commissioner of New York he played a nocturnal Haroun-al-Raschid role in fantastic costumes; as President he had in attendance a mounted adjutant; and at the age of fifty he planned for his European journey a glittering uniform which only his wife prevented him from actually having made.

Theodore's eccentricities had their root in the first convulsions of a childish heart, in that struggle to become what nature had not wanted him to be. Franklin's equilibrium was in the same way a gift for his whole life. Since both men developed greatly, we can admire in Theodore the struggle, carried on for decades, to approximate the person to the ideal, and in Franklin the impulse which moved him to relinquish the comfortable harmony of his life and to fling himself into the fight.

Common to both were eagerness, the joy of life, the lust for action, hence a prodigal using up of people, expressing itself in a vast amount of talking and letter writing. But only in Theodore do we find the reaction of a sudden desire for loneliness. For he, with his convulsive eagerness for life, was liable to sudden depressions, while Franklin, in whom everything grew organically, remained a complete stranger to them. As a student Theodore had already developed a habit of disappearing, so that wires had to be sent out or the woods searched, and when he was engaged to be married he was pursued by an irrational jealousy.

He was again at a disadvantage compared with the younger man in that a beloved wife whom, like Franklin, he had married in his student days, died in childbirth three years after the marriage, so that her influence could no longer have its calming effect on his life. Franklin owed to his wife a second education. Hence the noisy character of Theodore's amiability, the unbalanced form of his friendliness and sympathy, which, together with all his other extravagances, never permitted him to appear as the aristocrat, the role which had been natural to Franklin throughout his whole life.

But as against this Theodore's naturalness would break out irresistibly, as for instance when, describing a lion hunt to a friend of mine in a New York restaurant, he began to roar in imitation of the animal he had shot.

A ROOSEVELT WHO HAD TO MAKE GOOD, AND ONE WHO KNEW HE WAS

With this furious temperament and ambition he was forever trying out new fields, and was ready to knock his head against the wall because he did not succeed in writing a complete history of the War of 1812 in something like two weeks. Having failed in his first important political endeavor, he withdrew, his world shattered, to the land, and swore to live thenceforth only among horses and cattle. Theodore, the nervous man of the city, fled to nature as to a refuge; Franklin, the child of nature, always returned to her as to a home. And yet Theodore's relationship to the animal world seems to have been more organic than Franklin's, perhaps because his relationship to human beings was more distraught.

Not having been born a country squire, Theodore always wanted to appear one. Franklin always felt that he had been placed naturally where he belonged, while Theodore always felt that he had to make good. Thus it comes about that Franklin philosophizes less about himself and the world, and if the two men are thoroughly alike in their feeling of being in the right, still Franklin would not make a religion out of it, as Theodore often did in his aphorisms.

His explosive nature drove Theodore to interesting paradoxes. On the death of his young wife, when he was twenty-five years old, he wrote a remarkably beautiful memorial piece, in which he says that the light of his life is extinguished. He sent it in printed form to his friends; and less than three years later he married again. In his memoirs his first wife is never mentioned. Amid this swift change of the emotions he remains completely honest, just as he perhaps believed himself when, as a young assemblyman, he wrote that he had been lightweight champion of Harvard, a distinction which he had sought passionately but had in reality never achieved.

If we compare these Byronesque ebullitions with similar features in the life of the youthful Bismarck, we discover that after thirty the latter calmed down greatly, retaining to his last years only the passion of hatred, while in Theodore Roosevelt we have a man of whom one of his closest friends was to write, "Don't you know that the President is only just six years old?"

Such a character can nowhere come to flower better than on the battlefield. Personally courageous, he threw himself into the war against Spain at the head of his Rough Riders. Twenty years later he still called the storming of San Juan Hill the highest moment in his life, though in between he had been at the helm of a great nation for seven stormy years. That battle having made him, through legend, a sort of folk hero, he grew more and more contemptuous of those international rabbits "who eat away the fighting qualities of our race," asserted that the leading diplomat of a people was the one who was "the servant, not the master, of the soldier"; and having written, earlier, that there had never before been such a governor of New York as himself, he added later that no one could have led the regiment in war as well as he.

A SPIRIT THAT WOULD BE KING — AND A DISCIPLE OF JEFFERSON

Since Franklin has never dreamed of making claims like these, the political methods and objectives of the two men must be wholly different. They resemble each other at first in negatives: complete independence of money, hence the same fight against corruption, against the plutocrats, and for state control, the same fallings out with the insolence of the big bankers. As for the positive side, Theodore in his young days declined all reform in favor of the workers; later, at decisive junctures, he sought the intervention of Morgan, and let his threats against the railroad barons come to nothing. But between the two men lies that interval of thirty years during which these social questions came to ripeness.

Thus Theodore, at the opening of the twentieth century, could only begin his fight against the trusts. He was still afraid of the socialist, against whom Franklin can play off the communist. Furthermore, the ruler-morality of Theodore, intensified to the point of religion, was ever on the alert to keep him in the role of a king; a good and popular king, but a king. Though both men were definitely democrats, Theodore's character had much stronger leanings toward dictatorship than Franklin's, and all the rubbish of the new German Führer idea was anticipated by Theodore thirty years ago, down to the very slogans. That was why he hated Jefferson with his "nervous fear of doing anything that may seem to be unpopular with the rank and file of the people." Franklin loves this greatest of American Presidents more than any other of his predecessors.

Throughout Theodore's career the disturbing factor was that ideal of power and rule which he had built up in his youth, while Franklin was enabled by his nature to give himself to a serener view of life. Theodore's sister once described her brother as being "not egotistical but intolerant." Since his nature was such that he had to find vindication not only in his own way of life but in the testimony of others, there resulted the paradox that the "Rough Rider" read and wrote more than the peaceable country squire. This, again, was connected with Theodore's ambitious struggle to excel in every field, and so he played the dilettante as a scholar, discoverer, and historian, to prove to the world that you can shoot bears in the afternoon and write treatises in the evening.

Franklin did neither, but his speeches, the one definite and fixed expression of his personality (if we forget his appearance for the moment), emerge from decade to decade as masterpieces.

Between the two, like a symbol, stands Wilson, before whom Theodore at last went down to defeat. If Theodore hated everything about Wilson, attacking what he called pallid pacificism, Franklin honored, in that same man, the world citizen who felt himself linked with the whole of Europe, by the spirit internally and by technical means externally.

Theodore, the war hero, won the Nobel Peace Prize for his mediation between Russia and Japan, while Wilson, the philosopher, was pushed into the World War. Theodore, who had often traveled in Germany and adored that country—not, indeed, Goethe, Beethoven, and Kant, but student uniforms, beer seidels, and duels—came out for Germany in the first months of the war. Franklin, like Wilson and the whole civilized world, stood aghast before the first war deeds of Germany. In this, Theodore was fascinated by the spirit of obedience and duty which characterized the German soldier, but not by the Kaiser, in whom, as his private letters show us, he sensed finely his own weaknesses. Theodore Roosevelt probably never came across another man who, on a basis of somewhat similar youthful experience, reproduced his own faults with such remarkable fidelity, without, however, possessing his personal courage.

To what an extraordinary degree the spirit rebuilds the body to its fashion is proved by the work of these two Roosevelts, completely divergent in character, in the White House. The strenuous man, who as President always had an officer about with whom he could box, and who had taken part, in word and deed, in two wars, handed over his country to his successor exactly—if we except Panama—as he had received it from his predecessor, and left behind him nothing more than the legend of his romantic character. The other, who could not stand up from his chair to ward off an assailant, has already led his country through a bloodless revolution, the effects of which penetrate to Europe.

But when it comes to a pinch, both Roosevelts play the man. Theodore bore himself courageously under two attempts at assassination, as Franklin did under one. The moment when the fifty-four-year-old Theodore, with a bullet just lodged in his body, refuses to be taken to the hospital and insists on proceeding to his election meeting, mounts the platform and delivers his speech without knowing whether he will collapse the next instant, seems to us much greater than the moment when he led the famous charge at San Juan Hill. This, and his defeat in the Presidential campaign that proved to be his last, the airman's death of his son and his own death shortly after, again invest the picture of this problematic man with the attributes of a great fighter.

Unnecessary Taxes
Franklin D. Roosevelt
"We Must Go Deep—Slashing Away!"
Public Utilities and the People's Rights
Watch Your Utilities
Franklin D. Roosevelt
Winning War Against Cr
Franklin D. Roose
Scrambled Taxes
Franklin D. Roosevelt

Six of Governor Roosevelt's articles that appeared fortnightly in Liberty.

BACK TO THE STATE CAPITOL — THIS TIME, TO GOVERN

WHEN on New Year's Day, 1929, Franklin Roosevelt moved into Albany's Capitol as the highest official of the state, the forty-seven-year-old man could look back two decades and four to the occasions when he had stood on this hill. It was a little boy, holding on to his father and trying to understand his native river and the canals from the height of the terrace; then it was a state senator who, a beginner in this place, had dared to come to grips with his own party on the central issue of its power. In the sixteen years since he had left this building he had done much and learned much, and whatever he had done and learned he had enjoyed.

As husband he had learned the delicate and often difficult art of maintaining the balance between the two powers of the house, similar to that between the two houses of Congress, except that here the Constitution was unwritten and there was neither a President nor a Supreme Court to compose differences. As farmer he had, through travel and comparison, come to a better understanding of many things and of how to turn them to personal use. The Navy official had obtained deep glimpses into administration, which he transferred by analogy to other fields of government. The war compelled him to a revision of his powers of determination and decision, to comparisons with the incisiveness of thought and the swiftness of others, and therefore to a heightening of his own capabilities in the competitive struggle with enemy and friend.

In between, his encounter with European statesmen and establishments had been conducive to a criticism of their American counterparts, and had taught him to estimate the strength and weakness of his own country, as well as the relative strengths of the great Powers. But as regards the inner structure, the classes and their contradictions, the threatening and intensifying struggle between labor and capital, the very epoch itself, that period between 1914 and 1928, with its war conjecture and its apocalyptic upswing of incomes during the last years, was bound to impress on an unprejudiced and disinterested person those dangers on the brink of which his country, unhinged by the times, dazzled by the rain of gold, was tottering.

All this had ripened Roosevelt. But above all it was the great blow of destiny, the sudden sickness, which had taught him the obligations which are entailed by unmerited good fortune. It was through the conquest of his suffering, through this triumph of patience and faith, that he had won through to a higher self-consciousness, so that his moral demands on himself now gave him the strength to work in the style of greatness.

The man grew with his office. Those who were closest to him in the work of those years testify how he, who had for many years been surrounded by women—wife, mother, governess—developed from the amiable prince who was always asking, "Mightn't we . . . ?" into the resolute leader who was always saying, "I want . . ." Sometimes he said it even when it would not work; he acquired quickly the habit of men in command to whom the word No is distasteful, and clung obstinately to decisions even when they were wrong. But with all this he had enough self-control not to reveal too much of his social program, reserving it for the time of his Presidency.

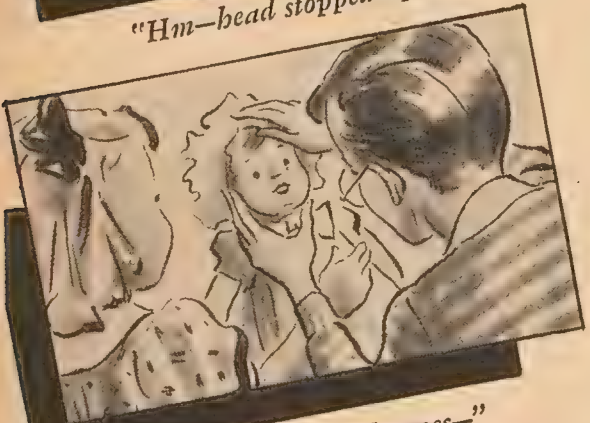
That the Republican legislature should have had an elevator constructed for him, and even a swimming pool, shows the old comradely spirit, based on human principles, which in America governs the relations between political opponents; something to which we, in hate-filled Europe, are certainly not accustomed. And yet his program was a challenge to all conservatives, particularly to all those fellow citizens for whom money was the sole guide. He showed at once that there had come into this house a will, determined now to put through from above what he had tried, as a young man and in the same house, to put through from below.

The points which he put forward in his first program, cheap water power, social insurance, help for needy farmers, pensions for workers, a more humane penal system, were certainly not discoveries of his. Some of these demands had already been put forward from this very place, but they had never become law. This time, as before, the interested parties pinned their hopes to

DOCTOR TOMMY DIAGNOSES AND PRESCRIBES

"Your child has a cold, madam?"

"Hm—head stopped up—"



"—raw, inflamed membranes—"

"Madam, I prescribe Luden's!"

Very good, Doctor Tommy. You might add, also, that Luden's help to build up *resistance* to colds, because they contain an *alkaline factor.* We quote this from a Medical Journal: "The researches (of these doctors) led them to believe that colds result from an acid condition. To overcome this, they prescribe various alkalies."

LUDEN'S 5¢
MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

the famous "technical difficulties" which once again would rescue capital, as the owner of the water power, from the danger of cheaper electricity. What would Canada, in whose territory lay the sources of the water power, say, and what would the highest judges in the land, those who stood guard over federal rights, what would *they* say? Do you get the point? The whole business of campaign promises such as these is nothing more than a gesture of social courtesy offered by the rich man to the masses.

But the masses got quite another point, namely, that this was seriously meant; they heard a new note, a note of the people, a determined note. They recognized a new friend who understood them, who—at last—was independent of the money powers which oppressed them. After the government in Albany in earlier times had sold the water power of the Hudson to the Mellon financial group, Smith had for years tried, but in vain, to return this supremely important natural resource to the community. Now Roosevelt's open sense for clear and simple forms went to the root of the evil.

The only idea behind the Public Service Commission had until then been, he pointed out, to act as an arbitrator or a court between the public on one side and the utility corporation on the other—in his opinion, an unwarranted and unsound view. Instead of this he wanted to introduce a new principle which was considered an outrage by Insull and other magnates of his type. For these men were to be regarded exclusively as representatives of the public, whose business it was to administer their corporations as servants of society, so that the water power, which was common property, might be sold at reasonable rates. In Canada every family got the same amount of power at half the price.

And all this in the days when Mr. Insull passed for a king in the land, before he was indicted; when the might of this banking magnate pressed far beyond the frontiers, reached into Europe, and sought by means of loans to direct the policies of impoverished states.

"It is intolerable that the utilization of this stupendous heritage should be longer delayed by petty squabbles and partisan dispute," Roosevelt said in his inaugural speech.

"Time will not solve the problem. . . . It must be solved now. . . . No commission, no, not the legislature itself, has any right to give, for any consideration whatever, a single potential kilowatt in virtual perpetuity to any person or corporation whatsoever. . . .

"It is also the duty of our legislative bodies to see that this power, which belongs to all the people, is transformed into usable electrical energy and distributed to them at the lowest possible cost. It is our power; and no inordinate profits must be allowed to those who act as the people's agents in bringing this power to their homes and workshops. If we keep these two fundamental facts before us, half the problem disappears."

The entire electric power of the State of New York—as he demonstrates in an article written at that moment—belonged, after three companies had been amalgamated, solely to the Morgan group: "We are confronted with a menace which may call forth a new Declaration of Independence. The huge mergers which are going on today are challenging in their power the very government itself. . . . Let us make no mistake. Public-utility corporations must never be our masters. They must be our servants . . . well paid, as all good servants should be, but our servants still!"

WAS THIS GOVERNOR A "REVOLUTIONARY"?

Such simple and tangible language was bound to carry beyond the borders of the state to the whole country. Such a word as "servant," thrown defiantly in the faces of America's mightiest figures, was bound to split people into two groups.

And yet it was by no means a revolutionary who was speaking. Since this beginning of his great social fight Roosevelt has never combated the capitalist system; that would have corresponded neither to his responsible nature nor to his origins and upbringing. That he was, with the very opening of his attack, coming forward as the defender of capitalism and turning aside from all socialization, which would have come too early for America, he at once made clear in an alternative.

In his special message he said: "I want to be in accord with sound business principles. I believe there are enough good business men in this state who see this problem as clearly as I do and will be glad to join with the state in this endeavor. I want to give to business this big opportunity to participate in a public service.

"If these proposals become law we shall have the opportunity of ascertaining whether or not business and finance will accept this way of developing the state's resources for its industries, its commerce, and its homes. On the one hand is the policy of public ownership and control of our power sites, dams, and power plants, with private operation and transmission lines and distributing systems allowing a fair return on actual cash capital investment. On the other is a choice of two courses—either exploitation by private interests or else public ownership and operation not only of the site, the dam, and the power, but of the transmission lines and distribution systems as well."

We sense in that threatening tone that only his reason still keeps him within these bounds. How completely his sympathy is on the other side is shown by such resentful formulations as these: "Except to increase the command of thou-shalt-not, government during the past several decades has been withdrawing from practical contact with citizens as human individuals. . . . Men and women are becoming mere units in statistics. This is not human progress."

In such sentences the link with Lincoln comes clearly to the fore; in no European democracy shall we find anything similar in the official preamble to a government bill. Roosevelt reverts again and again to such general moral affirmations. This same human sympathy emerges everywhere as the driving force of his actions while he is governor, though it clothes itself in the garb of a growing state authority. But the distinction between this and all forms of dictatorial encroachment can be perceived only if we recognize the motives which animate the whole and set bounds to it at the same time. And that is precisely why it seems so important to us today to study the characters of men who call forth revolutions.

But the thing which embitters the rich is the limitation of their profits. What leads Roosevelt to this limitation is the abuse they have made of them. To protect the poor man against the rich man, and yet to avoid revolution, he must broaden the powers of the state within the framework of the old economic system.

WAS HE HEADING FOR "REGIMENTATION"?

Roosevelt, too, who is forever fighting for the freedom of the individual, seeking to liberate him from the slavery of all-powerful millionaires and bankers, is compelled to impose new limitations on him. The planned economy, which was first formulated in Europe by the great state philosopher Rathenau, was already forcing itself on Roosevelt during his gubernatorial days when, in the midst of a rising unemployment, he planned a state control of agriculture having regard both to overproduction and the possibility of new markets. Indeed, when he wanted to start a "milkshed" which was to prevent dumping and give officials an opportunity for investigation, he even reached into neighboring states and called on them to draw up a plan of milk production.

A similar case is his attempt to prevent by government method the overstocking of the New York market with cabbages. That freedom of economic action is everywhere done for must be recognized—and made certain—by all friends of freedom.

The new note which Roosevelt sounded in all this called for new means of reaching the public understanding. He invented the direct appeal to the people via the radio, still —in 1929—a new method. Therein he struck the note of the friend, spoke man-to-man fashion, wove in anecdotes, answered hostile newspapers, livened up and gave a certain homeyness to the issues, scarcely ever using figures.

In summer he made a tour of the entire state, showed the population the new governor in person—something which had never been done except in connection with a campaign —and saw with his own eyes what these people needed. Always he linked himself with the layman, demanding of laws, too, that they be written "in simple language so that lay people as well as utility companies can understand what is known as the basic rate."

And yet he knew how to avoid the painful reputation of the popular educator. In a public address he told how, during his last visit to rural centers, he had heard above the greetings of two hundred auditors the disappointed voice of an old farmer: "Oh, I thought it was Lindbergh!"

He created a lighter tone in his relations with both supporters and opponents. The Republicans had a majority in both houses in Albany. Every Monday he invited the leaders of both parties to partake with him of turkey, and dubbed these sessions the "Turkey Cabinet." In the midst of a fight which his opponents had intensified by the creation of a women's committee, he invited the ladies to tea, and in his invitation spoke of the great service which they had already rendered in a number of social problems.

By instinct and upbringing an enemy of the legalist, he turned over the Department of Labor to a woman of practical experience, Miss Perkins, and to a psychiatrist the reform institutions, without regard to whether they and other high officials belonged to the opposing party. At the same time he, a lawyer, declared that ninety per cent of all civil cases could be handled without lawyers; all could be settled more quickly, the administrative costs could be considerably reduced, and individuals could be more quickly released from arrest after the first probe.

Thus Governor Roosevelt conducted the affairs of the state in a spirit above party and prejudice, in constant intimate contact with his electors, in close touch with the press which carried his ideas to the people side by side with his radio addresses and frequent speeches, in definite opposition to the big banks, to which so many of his predecessors, even without reflection on their personal integrity, had yielded. He was inspired by the conviction that government must direct its main task to the lower not the upper levels and that it "owes the definite obligation to prevent the starvation or the dire want of any of its fellow men and women who try to maintain themselves but cannot."

The clash between the two rivals, Smith and Roosevelt, was inevitable; two prima donnas have never yet remained friends.

The beginnings of the rift between them, and its widening as Roosevelt became more and more a Presidential possibility and finally the victorious nominee of 1932, will be traced in next week's installment—with a first-hand portrayal by Emil Ludwig of the Al Smith of the present day.

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Here's the *FASTER* way

DOCTORS proved that Bromo-Seltzer relieves morning-after headaches FASTER than any other remedy they tested!

That's not all it does for you. Bromo-Seltzer settles your upset stomach, calms quivering nerves and it also ALKALIZES excess acidity, if present. It leaves you refreshed—feeling more fit.

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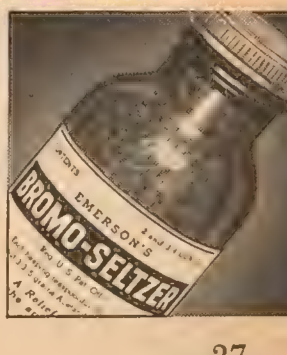
BROMO-SELTZER

Relieves HEADACHE
Settles STOMACH
Soothes NERVES



LISTEN, YOUTH!
BY ELSIE ROBINSON

WHEN JULIET HAS A

AND so they were married and lived happy ever after—"

Don't fool yourself! Not if they were "welded" in the Machine Age with its feminine equality! That romantic ending might have served nicely enough (or did it?) in the days when Papa controlled the cash and the say-so . . . and Mom and the Girls had to like it or lump it. But how about today, when a lass may have as fine a job as any lad, and be plenty snooty about it? And a husband is apt to be only Half-a-Head-of-the-House?

Feminine jobs and independence! This—cry irate males—is more than affront to the industrial system. Biology itself has received a kick on the nose! Not to mention God, who plainly decreed that women should be Clinging Vines and man the Sturdy Oak! A most comforting theory to male egotism. But how're you going to prove it when the Missis has her own checking account? And so-o-o-o—

When Juliet has a pay-check what happens to Romeo?

Would you like to see what becomes of Romance in a typical Twentieth Century huddle? Then let's go—

DIMLY lighted interior of a typical small—but smart—Bachelor Girl apartment. Gleam and glint of satiny surfaces . . . chromium, plate glass, bleached leather, blond wood. That sophisticated but strangely sterile odor of the rented place which never quite becomes a home—mingled with the scent of Spanish perfume, Irish tweeds, cigarettes—the reek of wilting roses sprawling on the floor from a half-opened box. Prickling silence . . . then the sharp click of defiant heels.

Like an angry cat, a girl flung herself off a low couch, backed against the mantel . . . yellow eyes, coppery curls spitting fire . . . rage rippling down her slender gold-sheathed length. Almost one could see the sizzling words—

I won't cry—I won't! That's what he wants—but I'll show him! Hateful . . . contemptible! Trying to make me fly to pieces so he'll prove his point . . . make me admit I'm helpless! Just because I won't promise to stay home when we're married. . . . Why should I? Would he? Ugh, how I hate him!

A sob swelled her throat—she gulped. Enameled nails ripped a scrap of handkerchief to threads.

His "pride"! How about MY pride? MY rights? But they don't matter, of course! Men—they are all that counts. A woman is just something to have around. Oh, why did I ever tolerate him! Stupid, narrow-minded, conceited bully! And I th-th-thought I l-l-loved him!

The sob broke . . . she dabbed at her nose vainly with the tattered handkerchief. From the shadowed corner of the couch a man unwound himself—ambled lazily toward her, unfolding an ample white square.

"There, kid—s'pose I can at least offer a handkerchief without endangering your feminine freedom—huh?"

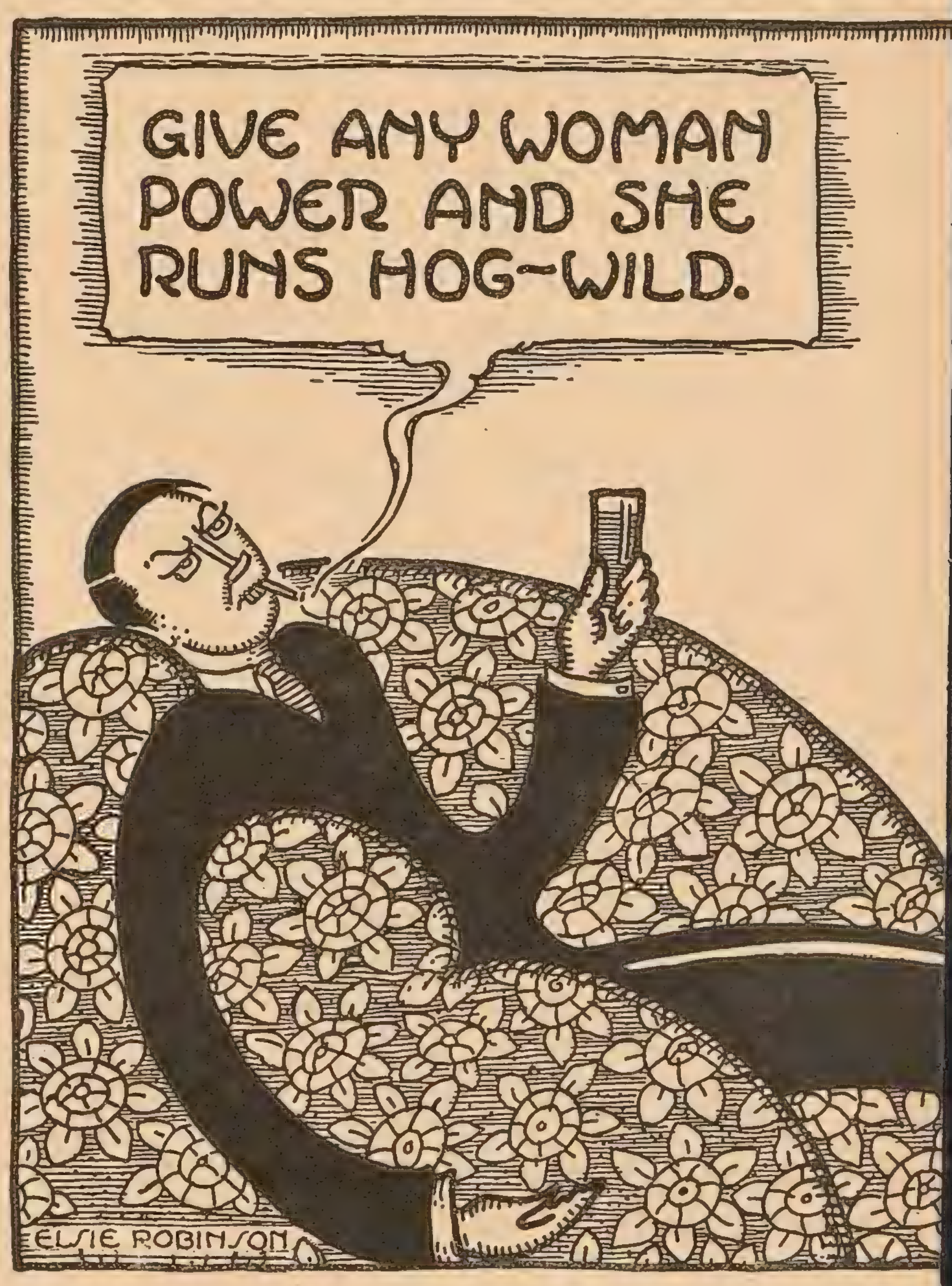
She snatched, sniffled—turned an incensed bare back.

From his tweeded height he grinned down at her, gray eyes narrowed quizzically beneath a thatch of sandy hair. Deliberately he put a long finger on her spine, began counting the vertebrae knobbing the bluish flesh.

"One . . . two . . . three . . ."

"Stop! Take your hands off me!" She whirled. "What are you doing?"

"Just figuring, darling. Trying to estimate what you'd bring as beef on the hoof. Not much, I'm afraid."


GIVE ANY WOMAN POWER AND SHE RUNS HOG-WILD.
ELSIE ROBINSON

"Disgusting! You *would!* That's the only way you can think of women—as cattle!"

"W-well—I wouldn't put it just that way. But I couldn't help but think that you career girls give yourselves the devil of a beating. Look at you!" His voice sharpened, his eyes lost their smile. "Compare you to your mother at your age. You like to call her a slave—but you're the one that looks the part. Half starved . . . nerves on edge . . . no control—look at the way you treated my roses just because I dared to disagree with you. You're a great little demonstration of the Emancipated Woman! Fagged out at twenty-six! And for what? So's you can run a common renting agency! A swell ambition for a college graduate!"

Scarlet blotches of rage welted her neck.

"But it isn't a common renting agency! That's the way you twist things— This is different, new. Finding clever, unusual homes for interesting people—"

"So you think that's a worth-while career?"

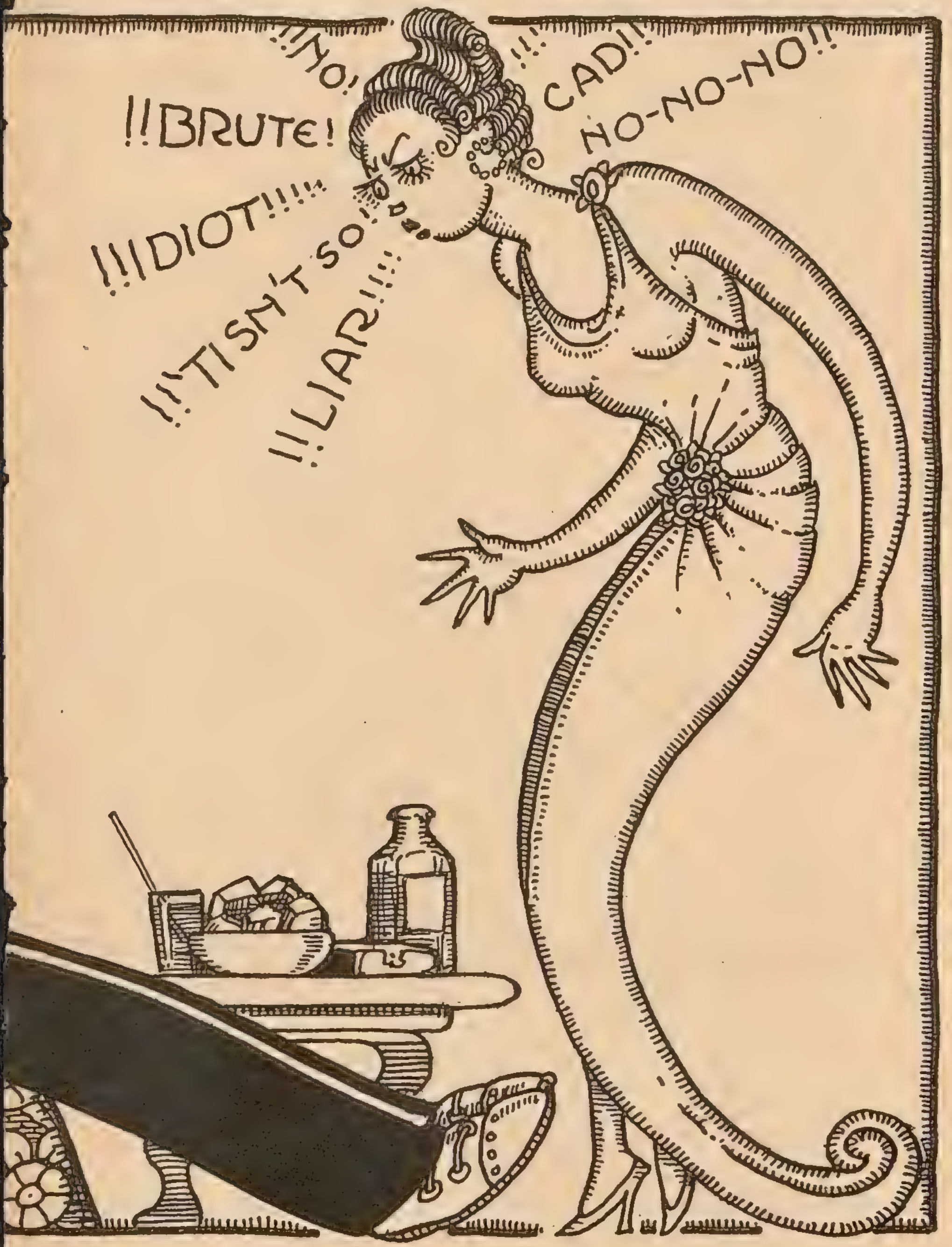
"Of course I do!"

"Then how about finding a clever, unusual place for you 'n' me, brat? Don't you see—that's all I've been asking?" He chuckled—hooted with laughter. "What an inconsistent little vixen you are! Here!"

Liberty's new open forum for the rising generation's intimate problems confro

PAY-CHECK WHAT HAPPENS TO ROMEO ?

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 55 SECONDS


!!BRUTE!
!!NO!
!!CAD!!
NO-NO-NO!!
!!!DIOT!!!
!!'TISN'T SO!
!!LIAR!!!

He swooped, caught her to him—kissing her roughly on arched throat and struggling breast. She twisted—kicked—hammered him with furious fists . . . then abruptly went limp . . . feeling only the draining hunger of his lips, her blood opening to him—

Then, as furiously, she had wrenched herself away—stood the room's width apart; facing his astounded stare.

"Stay where you are . . . don't you dare come near me . . . doing that, after the way you've talked!"

She paused . . . bracing herself against his old, impetuous rush—preparing an even more stinging rebuff. But he did not move. And a vague unease stole over her. Was he really angry? No—just trying to frighten her. She'd fix him for that!

"Just because you can make me feel like that—doesn't mean that I've changed," she shrilled. "Every night for a month, now, you've made this scene. Trying to make me promise to stop working. Treating me as if I were feeble-minded. . . . Well, I'll show you—"

"You don't need to." He spoke slowly, seeming to spit each distasteful word. "You've shown me enough already. I've been a fool. I thought you were a real woman. I've been kidding myself . . . thinking you wanted to live a regular life—but you don't. You're like all the rest . . . just a shallow little show-off. You'd rather have the cheap thrill of strutting your stuff in that trashy little studio of yours . . . pretending you're a Big-Time artiste—"

"Stop it! I won't stand it!"

"Yes you will! For once in your spoiled life, young woman, you're going to hear where you get off—and I don't give a damn whether you like it or not. I'm not quite as dumb as you think—I've been watching these 'modern marriages'—seeing how they turn out. There's Ben, f'rinstance. Lives in a pigsty—eats at short-order joints—because his wife 'prefers an office to housework.' . . . And those kids, Gene and Rose. Been going together seven years. Gene's crazy about her . . . going to the dogs because she won't have him. But Rose won't look at him until he can get a bigger pay check than hers. . . . And poor old Al, who killed himself last month. 'Hunting accident'? Like hell it was! That shrew of his nagged him into it—yelling how she was 'supporting him' since he lost his job. As if he hadn't supported her for ten years without a whine! But you're all the same! Give any woman a taste of power and she goes hog-wild!"

"No—NO! It isn't t-t-true . . . I'm not like that!"

She was chattering now as in a chill. Jim talking to her like this! Jim hating her with his eyes. It wasn't real . . . it was some dreadful nightmare! Oh, why had she been such a fool . . . starting this brawl! But Jim was a bigger fool . . . taking it seriously. Couldn't he see— She moved toward him . . . lips quivering in that sudden soft surrender which had always ended their quarrels in the past. But he made no move to take her. Instead, his mouth twisted into a sneer . . . then, hat in hand, he turned—

But no! He wouldn't, he couldn't leave her like this! "Jim! *Jim!*" she cried . . . and then, again—"JIM!" But there was no answer. The door had closed.

A LOVERS' spat? No—something infinitely deeper and more destructive . . . a slash at the very roots of love and life. One angle of the most tragic problem in our modern existence. "Equal rights for women and men"—that seems only fair. "Jobs for girls and wives as well as boys and husbands"—such a program is not only just but necessary. The average pair of young lovers can't marry unless the bride keeps her job. And many a family would suffer badly without mother's pay check.

But what does this new feminine power do to romance? Is it true that "women go hog-wild if given power"? Does a girl's financial independence make her shrill and unreasonable—abash a boy, raise walls which young love cannot cross? Is it impossible for working wives to be as good sports as working husbands?

Or is this new freedom both blessed and inevitable? Are these outbursts and misunderstandings simply a passing phase—bound to come with all emancipation? And will this two-way independence—when once we grow accustomed to it—make for a deeper honesty, a finer understanding, a greater respect and loyalty, and a lovelier love than the race has ever known?

I think it is—and will. But you're entitled to all the "nays" you wish—and the sky's the limit! So—shoot!

Letters to Miss Robinson should be addressed to:
Elsie Robinson, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 540,
Grand Central Annex, New York, N. Y.

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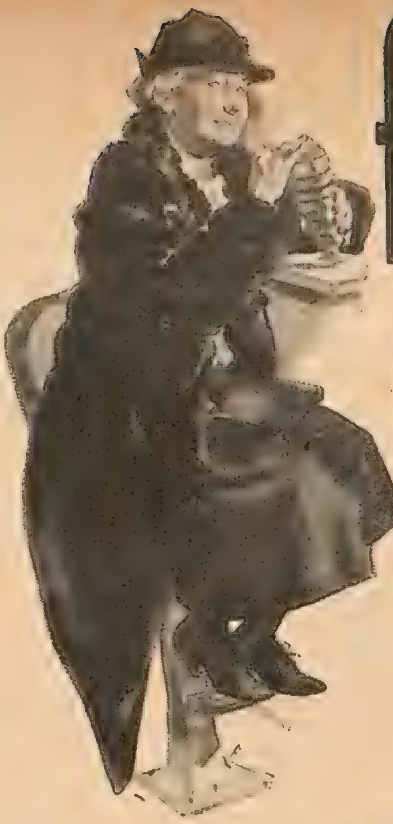
dilemma of today—This is YOUR discussion! Tell Miss Robinson what you think

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 56 SECONDS



A LADY'S

BY EDITH HOWIE

THE four of them made a little procession through the hotel lobby, Clara and Sam and Mary Caroline and Grandma. Grandma, walking beside Sam, held her head high and thought how "substantial" they must look. "Substantial" was a great word with Grandma. "They're good substantial people," she'd say, and it meant more, the way she said it, than Mary Caroline's wistful "Oh, they're the Country Club crowd."

Of course, now that Mary Caroline was marrying young Garret Willoughby, she'd likely be Country Club crowd herself and belong to the Junior League and the rest of it. That was what she wanted and what Clara wanted for her.

Clara'd never been satisfied with her own "social position" in Nashiona—that Grandma knew, even though she did belong to every woman's club in town and practically ran the church and the Y. M. C. A. and the A. A. U. W. and the P. E. O. But what Clara wanted was to be like those other women—the ones who stopped playing bridge only long enough to laugh and say, "Use my name? Of course you may! But I warn you—I won't do a thing. I haven't time!"

Not, Grandma thought disdainfully, that anybody could imagine Clara being anything but eyeglassed and competent and running things; but there, maybe, if it got the chance, a mule'd rather be a horse. Grandma smiled grimly at that and wondered what Clara'd say if she could hear herself being compared to a mule. Well, say a Thayer'd prefer to be a Willoughby. Though why they should was beyond her.

Grandma was sure that no other family could walk into a hotel lobby like the Continental and look any more as if they belonged there than the Thayers did. Even Clara looked oddly nice with an unaccustomed flush of excitement staining her cheeks. Because they were going to a football game, Clara wore her new Hudson seal and Mary Caroline her old gray caracul. Mary Caroline'd wanted to wear her new broadtail with the big silver-fox collar, but Clara'd put her foot down. "You want to keep something for your trousseau!" she'd said. Grandma's own seal was over Sam's arm.

Sam threw the coat down on the desk with a flourish.

"I want a room," he said.

"Yes, sir." The clerk pushed a pen forward. His eyes sorted them professionally. "A double room?"

"Single," Sam said genially. "For my mother. With bath. A front room—not too high up."

"Front," said the clerk. "Here you are, sir. Three twenty."

That was the way, Grandma thought proudly as they trailed along behind the boy with the key. Tell 'em what you wanted and then not bother to ask the price. You can trust Sam to do things that way, but not Clara.

It wasn't that Clara was mean, either. Right now, in Grandma's purse reposed the thirty dollars Clara'd given her to buy her hat for Mary Caroline's wedding. It was in little things that Clara pinched pennies. Cynically Grandma's eyes rested upon her daughter-in-law as the elevator moved upward. Hudson-seal coat and bargain-basement underwear. That was Clara.

The room was nice. It had rose-colored shades and a desk and two big chairs and a radio. Mary Caroline went straight to the radio and turned it on.

"Look, Grandma," she said. "You can listen to the game right here. I'll fix the dial so all you'll have to do is turn it on—"

Likely, Grandma thought with something that resembled a snort, that she'd listen to a football game! All that rattlety-clack and jabber about first downs and forward passes and laterals and halfbacks, with mushy-mouthed announcers going on about scenery in-between-times. Besides, what was the sense of football, in the first place? Stand on their heads in the dirt—that was all they did.

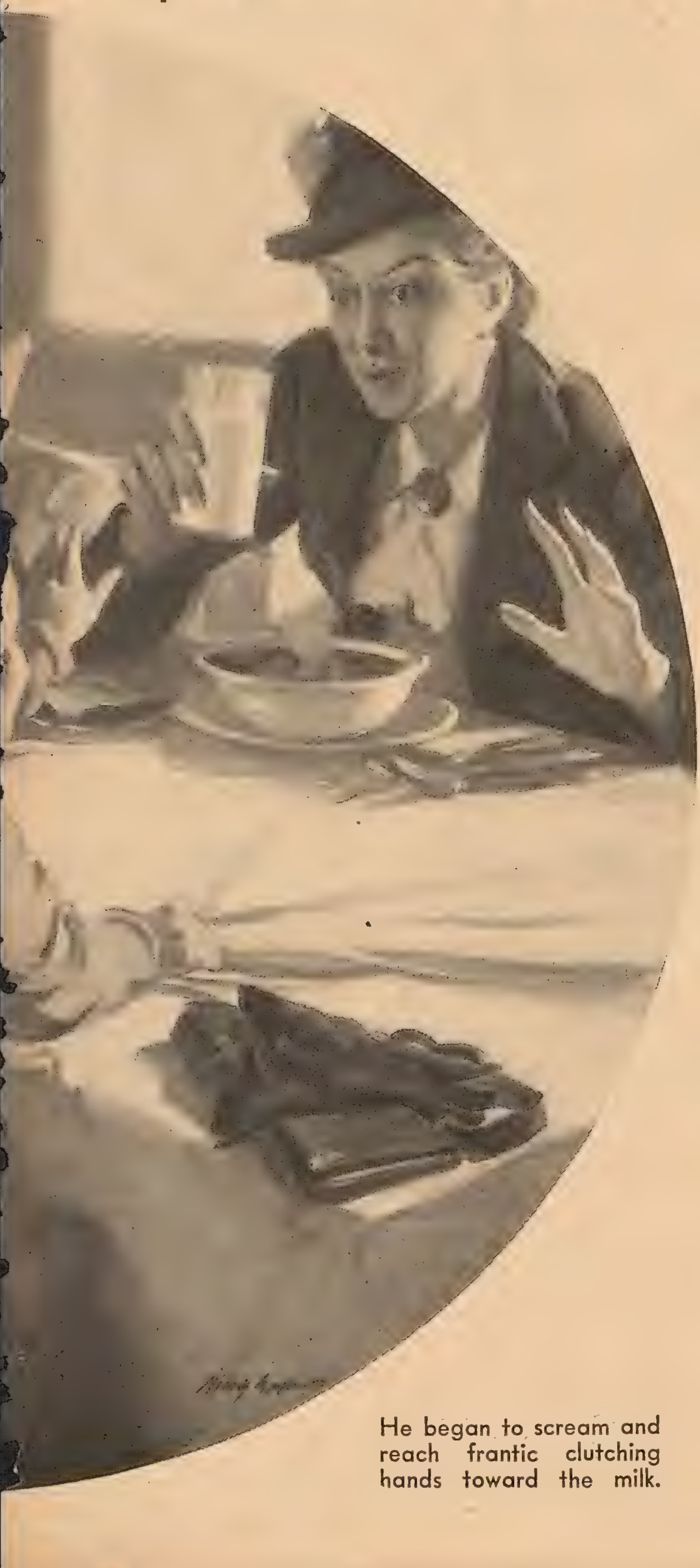
"I declare, Sam," Clara was saying, "I hate to leave mother like this. Perhaps I should stay—"

Stay? Not if she knew it, Grandma told herself in alarm. She had some plans for that afternoon herself, and none of them included a nap in a darkened room with Clara by the window reading an improving book from the hotel library.

"Nonsense," she said hastily. "What'd Garret think? Got the tickets, hasn't he? You want him to waste all that money?"

FTERNOON OUT

The lively, heart-warming story of a guileful grandmother who set forth to shop but detoured into adventure



He began to scream and reach frantic clutching hands toward the milk.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES KINGHAN

"We-ell," Clara said. "Of course, Santoy's is just down the block. But, somehow, buying a hat—"

"I've bought hats before," Grandma pointed out acidly.

Clara looked despairingly at Mary Caroline. Grandma saw her do it, so she wasn't surprised when Mary Caroline got into it.

"But not a hat for my wedding, Gran!"

Grandma softened. Mary Caroline looked so pretty and happy.

"Don't you fret," she said kindly. "I'll do you credit."

"Have you got the sample of your dress to show them?" Clara demanded fretfully.

Grandma reached wearily for her purse. Of course she had it—she'd put it there herself—but you always had to show Clara. She waved the bit of gray material in Clara's direction and then put it away again in an inner pocket.

Sam was looking at his watch. "Better get going."

They all kissed Grandma then—Sam first and then Clara and last of all Mary Caroline.

"And, darling, do get a smart hat," she begged. "One of the kind that Mrs. Roosevelt would wear—or Mary Roberts Rinehart—or "—and nearer home—" Mrs. Fayette Santoy."

Grandma patted her shoulder, and managed with her patting to include a gentle push doorward.

"I'll ask Santoy's to sell me that kind," she promised.

She went down to the lobby with them over Clara's protest.

"Aren't you afraid you'll forget which is your room?"

"Land, no!" Grandma said vigorously. "And if I do I can ask at the desk. What else is that man there for?"

She wasn't sorry to see the last of them, what with Clara looking back every minute or two as if she still had a mind to stay, and Mary Caroline waving and mouthing something that looked like "hat."

IN the lobby she sat down for a minute to collect her thoughts. It didn't seem possible that there was a whole day ahead of her—a day that was hers alone, with no Clara to boss her and tell her what she ought to eat and what she oughtn't.

Grandma sat up with a jerk. She'd remembered something. She started upstairs for her coat. Right this very minute she was going out to the ten-cent store and get one of those jumbo ice-cream sodas that Clara wouldn't let her have the last time she was in Great Falls.

Even though the streets were beginning to be crowded with shoppers, the ten-cent-store lunch counter was deserted. Grandma chose a stool and climbed up, not without a little difficulty. It was the first time in her life she'd sat at a lunch counter.

"I'll take a double chocolate soda," she said to the girl.

She took a long time over her soda. There wasn't anything to hurry about, was there? All afternoon before her. She'd have lunch—and it wouldn't be at Clara's pet cafeteria this time. Where she was going there'd be music and rose-shaded lights and booths. And then she'd see about the hat, and after that she was going to a show—one she'd pick out for herself. Let Clara have her Shirley Temples and her Freddie Bartholomews and her historical movies. For her part, she preferred Clark Gable and Myrna Loy and the dashingly uniformed Errol Flynn.

The clock in the drugstore window showed a quarter to eleven as she went out. An hour and a quarter before she needed to think of lunch. A delicious wave of excitement went over her. She knew just what she was going to do, and it was something you couldn't do in Nashiona—not if you were Sam Thayer's mother. She was going down to the bus depot and sit in one of the funny modernistic chairs and watch the people who came in and out.

She had to ask where the bus depot was. Luckily it was only a block away. The waiting room was big and dirty and noisy with people. The green chairs were more comfortable than Grandma'd expected. She discovered, watching the others in the room, that you didn't rock when you sat in them—you jiggled up and down. Grandma jiggled too with a sort of solemn enjoyment.

Her neighbor on the right was a thin girl dressed in shabby black. Widow, Grandma diagnosed, taking shrewd inventory of the baby, the two solemn-eyed little boys

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People with "go" are always the most popular. Yet the secret of abounding energy is often merely a matter of keeping regular. For tiredness, headaches, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, mental depression can all be caused by constipation.

Truly, proper elimination is all-important to your well-being. So if more than one day goes by without it, assist Nature. Use Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This laxative is extremely mild. And Olive Tablets are marvelously effective *because they stimulate the liver's secretion of bile without the discomfort of drastic or irritating drugs.*

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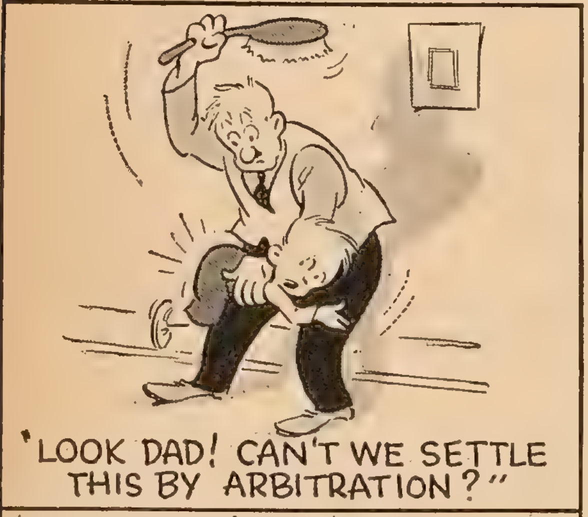
"LOOK DAD! CAN'T WE SETTLE THIS BY ARBITRATION?"

HERE'S AN EASY WAY TO SETTLE A COUGH-USE PERTUSSIN

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Please send me a large Trial Bottle of Pertussin. I enclose 10¢.

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PERTUSSIN

crowded into the single chair beyond, and the pile of variegated baggage. Going home to her folks, most likely, with all the worldly goods he endowed her with, which wasn't much, by the look of 'em. The baby was sucking its thumb, swiveling the thumb from side to side of its mouth. In-between-times its head rolled against its mother's shoulder and it whimpered. The mother sat unmoving, staring dully straight ahead. Grandma leaned forward.

"Boy or girl?" she asked briskly.

"Boy," the mother said without pride.

"Fourteen months," Grandma guessed.

"Thirteen—he's big for his age," the girl said in a lifeless tone.

She looked resolutely away then, and Grandma leaned back. But she didn't take her eyes off the little group. They had the rumpled look of travelers who had come a long way. The woman's coat was wrinkled with the fine crisscross of wrinkles that comes only from contact with small active bodies. The little boys' faces were smudged and their suits shabby and spotted. The baby looked grimy and neglected. Though how you can scrub up on a bus! Grandma reflected. She leaned forward again.

EDITH HOWIE

sold her first story a little over a year ago. She was born and educated in South Dakota and still lives there, in Sioux Falls. For some years she studied pipe organ and had a job in an insurance office, but now she devotes herself to writing. She likes babies, cats, small boys; hates dust storms, droughts.

"Come far?"

"From New York State," the girl said dully.

"That's a long way," Grandma said. "Going much farther?"

"To Marta."

"Ninety miles," Grandma computed. "Not so far now."

"Three hours, the man said," the girl told her. "But the bus don't go until five tonight."

She lapsed into silence again, and Grandma pursed her lips.

The noon whistles shrilled. The clink of silver rose. The odor of coffee intermingled pleasantly with scent of bacon frying.

The biggest little boy slipped to his feet and confronted his mother.

"Mama," he said—and his tone was urgent—"mama, they're eating over there."

The girl's head remained obstinately down. It was as if she had not heard.

"Would you like," Grandma offered, "if I took the baby while you and the boys ate?"

"No, thank you," said the girl. It was barely audible.

The little boy, whose hopeful eyes had been on Grandma's face, now turned and went back to his place. And as he went he sighed, a long unchildlike sigh.

Grandma frowned. The baby was trying to put his whole fist in his mouth, sucking at it noisily, frantically, and without satisfaction. His whimpering was louder and he kept drawing up his knees as if in pain.

"That baby," said Grandma loudly, "is hungry!"

And then a terrible thing happened. There was a sob and, in the chair beyond, the little boy's face seemed to crumple up. Slow tears began to streak the dirt of his cheeks.

Grandma got to her feet.

"What's wrong with him?" she asked in a terrible voice.

The girl in black glanced at the littlest boy without curiosity.

"He's hungry," she said. "But it doesn't make any difference. Because there's no money. Tonight we'll be home. He can eat then."

Grandma felt a little sick.

"How long?" she said. "How long since they've eaten?"

"Yesterday," the girl said indifferently. "At noon."

"Dear God!" Grandma said and sat down quickly. She put out her hand and touched the girl's wrist. "Tell me," she said.

The story wasn't a lot different from what she'd expected. A boy and a girl who'd married, joyfully, bravely confident that, come what might, they'd get along. Then three children, poverty, death. "My folks sent money for the funeral, and said if we could get out here we could stay and welcome," the girl said. "But they couldn't help us any with the tickets—it's been tough on the farms like everywhere else—but they always have enough to eat and the kids can go to school. Maybe when the baby's bigger I can get a job—"

It was in the taxi that the girl began to cry. Grandma took the baby away from her.

"I don't know why you're doing this," the girl said.

"I do," Grandma said fiercely over the baby's head. "Because I've got the money and you haven't, and if the whole world was run on that proposition we'd all be a long sight better off!"

Something—perhaps the ride—had quieted the baby. He lay unmoving against her shoulder, and Grandma sat very still. It'd been a long time since she'd held a baby, but she guessed she hadn't forgotten how. It came to her that she'd missed them—babies. Perhaps now that Mary Caroline was getting married—

The taxi stopped with a jerk before the snowy façade of White's Cafeteria. The little boys spilled out and stood waiting eagerly. They made Grandma think of terrier pups. "If they had tails they'd be wagging them," she reflected.

"Come along," Grandma said, and led the way.

The serving tables were at the back of the cafeteria. To reach them you had to thread your way between long rows of tables. Those already seated displayed no interest in the passers-by; they ate stolidly, not raising their eyes.

"If you want to call it eating," Grandma thought. "Looks like every blessed one of 'em's on a diet. There's the one we're coming to—skinny old maid who'd be the better for thirty more pounds—and look what she's picked out: soup and milk and pie—"

At that very moment the "skinny old maid" was raising the glass of milk to her lips. The baby stiffened in Grandma's arms so that she almost dropped him. And then he began to scream and reach with frantic clutching hands toward the milk, so that the "skinny old maid," startled, halted with the glass halfway to her lips, and a man in dark clothes, who'd been over at the cashier's desk, came toward them on the run.

PEOPLE were standing, staring. There was a murmur of questioning voices and, high over all, the terrible note of the baby's need.

Grandma leaned forward and took the glass away from the astonished woman opposite.

"This baby's hungry," she said.

All of the baby's little strength concentrated upon holding to the glass. He drank in great gulps, noisy in the stillness, and Grandma looked up at the man in the dark suit.

"You are the manager?"

He bowed.

"We are hungry," Grandma said simply. "I don't know's any of us are up to fiddling over trays. Can't we have a table and a couple of girls to bring us chicken and vegetables and bread and orange juice?"

His shrewd eyes took stock of the incongruities of the little group and then fastened upon the richness of Grandma's sealskin and the authenticity of her diamonds.

"Certainly, madam. This way."

The hubbub was dying out; people were settling back to their own dinners. The baby wouldn't relinquish the glass, even though the milk was gone. Grandma beckoned to a hovering waitress.

"Get this lady a glass of milk and bring me the check."

She gathered the baby, lips still sucking on the empty glass, into her arms, and made her way to the table that was set for them.

There was a high chair for the baby, and when he saw it he dropped the glass summarily and lifted his arms to be put into it. Grandma sank into a chair with a little sigh.

The time came when even the smallest boy couldn't swallow another spoonful of ice cream. The baby, poppy-cheeked, was nodding as he clutched a drumstick. A wild-rose flush was staining his mother's cheeks into prettiness.

"We'll go to the hotel," Grandma decided.

They were beyond wonder or question now. They waited by the door while Grandma saw about the check.

There was a warm little glow at Grandma's heart as she led her

"YOU KNOW, MISS TERWILLIGER, SOMETIMES YOU GET IN MY HAIR"

Baldness may be a joke to an artist.

But it's no laughing matter to the man who's bald.

And what's more—once bald, there's nothing to do but buy a toupée.

Is *your* hair getting thin in spots? Does dandruff decorate your coat collar? If the answers are "yes," it's high time you high-tailed it to your nearest drug counter and got yourself a bottle of Kreml. For here's a tonic that really *checks* falling hair—really removes dandruff—and helps keep your hair gleaming with life and lustre. Even if you have a good thick head of hair it's a good idea to use Kreml daily to help *keep* it. And thousands use Kreml because it's a splendid hair dressing without giving a sticky, plastered-down look to your hair.

And here's good news for every frugal soul—Kreml has taken a tumble in price—so it now costs even less than ever to treat your hair and scalp to Kreml every day.

Ask your barber or beauty shop for a Kreml treatment, too. It's getting to be one of the most popular items on the barber shop line-up.

Try Kreml Shampoo. It's a fine ally of Kreml Hair Tonic in the job of keeping your hair looking and feeling fit. Made from an 80% olive oil base, it leaves your hair silky and easy to comb.

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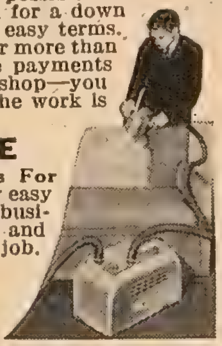

Happy Relief From Painful Backache

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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Zemo relieves the itching and soothes the irritation of Eczema, Simple Rashes, Pimples and similar skin ailments. For 30 years Zemo has been used and praised by millions as a clean, dependable remedy for family use to relieve the itching of skin irritations. It is so cooling, soothing and beneficial. Insist on genuine Zemo. All druggists', 35¢, 60¢, $1.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

shabby little flock through the imposing hotel lobby. Heads turned to watch them. When she asked for her key, Grandma thought the clerk looked at her strangely, as if on the verge of speech.

The room, in its untouched perfection, was still there. The little boys tiptoed about, fingering the radio controls, touching drawers, turning on lights; but the girl saw nothing but the comfort the snowy bathroom promised. Grandma nodded approval.

"That's right," she said. "Give the baby a bath and have one yourself if you like. The boys and I'll be around."

She led them downstairs.

"Young man," she said, pausing at the desk, "some friends of mine are resting in my room. If that's against your rules, you can add some more to my bill, seeing as Sam didn't ask how much it was going to be!"

She left the clerk staring. She said to the goggling little boys, "We're going shopping, and after that—if there's time—a show. How's that sound?"

She had a suspicion that the last sounded more enticing than the first, but they were politely silent. They were silent, too, during the shopping. Grandma bought lavishly—a complete new outfit for the baby, silk underwear for the baby's mother. These two packages she sent by special messenger to the hotel, and then, in the bargain basement, the little boys had their innings. Corduroy pants and jackets, sweaters, shirts, sturdy boots—it was wonderful what you could buy for a few dollars! The boys, dressed in their new clothes, were no longer little ragamuffins. They strutted, adoring her.

"And their old things, madam?"

"Wrap them," Grandma decreed. "We'll take them with us."

SO it was Shirley Temple, after all, Grandma thought as she grimly followed her charges down the theater aisle. Then suddenly it was almost five o'clock and time to get back to the hotel.

Up in three twenty they were ready and waiting. There were damp towels in the bathroom. On the bed the baby cooed in comfortable well-being. The mother's hair was combed; her dress had been brushed and steamed wrinkleless; the wild-rose stain still persisted in her cheeks. She looked at her little boys, brave in their finery, and tears came into her eyes.

"Their old things are here," Grandma said, proffering the bundle.

The girl shook her head. "Can't you give them away? To some one who needs them?"

At the bus depot, waiting for their baggage, the girl spoke suddenly and fiercely: "I want to pay you back—someway."

"All right," Grandma agreed. "Maybe you can. What can you do?"

"Anything. Cook—do housework—scrub floors—"

Grandma shook her head.

"I haven't any floors," she said regretfully. "I live with my son."

"I can sew," the girl said. "Mend or embroider—"

"Can you knit?" asked Grandma, struck by a sudden thought.

"You mean dresses? Or sweaters? Yes."

Everybody in Nashiona was wearing hand-knits. Grandma knew that Mary Caroline wanted one, but she never got around to making it. Too busy, she said. Too lazy, Grandma thought privately.

"All right," she said briskly. "You make a dress for my granddaughter. If I send you the pattern and the yarn and the measurements, can you make it fit?"

The girl nodded.

"They pay fifteen dollars for the work in Nashiona," Grandma said, opening her purse. "I'll pay you ten dollars now and the other five when it's done. Now wait! If the dress is a good job I'll see you get other orders. You can pay me out of them."

Well, that was that, Grandma thought as the bus pulled out with two small-boy hands waving and waving as far as she could see. She put the slip of paper with the girl's name into her purse.

She felt limp and tired as she turned toward the hotel, but the thought of her room comforted her. She'd just bathe her feet before going out again in search of dinner. It would rest her. Then she stopped, rigid with horror. She'd forgotten all about the hat she'd come to Great

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UNSOLICITED ADVICE TO RUTGERS UNIVERSITY

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

Beginning next week, you can go to Rutgers University and study, under academic auspices, how to be a detective. The course in Scientific Crime Detection is sponsored by the University Extension Division of the Bureau of Public Safety, and professors are ready to teach you about everything from corpus delicti and dying declarations to blood tests and bloodstains, bombs and fingerprints. Such a course is thoroughly practical, as has been proved in Northwestern University and elsewhere. It can do a great deal of good in training modern policemen. More power to it!

But why does Rutgers stop there? Why not address itself also to the larger research problem, the most important part of the crime problem? It is not a great trick to catch a criminal. To prevent crime, to prevent boys and girls from becoming criminals, to get at the root and to kill the root—there is a long, hard search; something worthy of a great university like Rutgers. You can teach the cops to shoot and sleuth—but who will teach America how to stop the plague at its source?

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. S. T.

Tune in at Home or on Your Car Radio.

Falls to buy! The clock on the corner said five twenty-five.

She was breathless when she rushed up to Santoys' main entrance. A man in a gray uniform was locking the doors. When she would have pushed past him, he detained her politely.

"I'm sorry, madam. The store is closed."

"But it can't be!" Grandma said desperately. "I tell you—"

"The store is closed," he repeated, and shut the door.

Up and down the street Grandma trudged, doggedly, stubbornly, ignoring the hurt of her tired feet. But every door was locked against her.

Just this one block and she'd give up, go back to the hotel. Surely there'd be one store—somewhere—that was still open.

Down toward the end of the street, pushed in between a pool hall and a cheap restaurant, was a lighted window. Hope flared in Grandma's breast. Something was open. She'd go and see.

It was a rummage sale. There was a sign—St. Catherine's Guild—in the window, and the welcome words, "Open Evenings." There were things piled in the window—old lamp shades and odd bright-colored dishes and discarded shoes and hats—

Slowly an idea began to crystallize in Grandma's brain.

She turned and went back to the hotel. She went up to her room and got the package of clothing that the little boys had left. With it under her arm, she retraced her steps.

When she was within a few doors of the rummage sale, she removed her soft velvet toque and slid it down into the front of her dress. For once she was glad of Clara's decree that there must be plenty of fullness in an elderly lady's clothes. She walked on bareheaded. Sealskin swinging open to reveal black crepe, diamonds flashing, Grandma descended upon the St. Catherine's Guild rummage sale. She walked up to the smartly dressed young women who were loitering discreetly in the background. To them she proffered her bundle.

MY daughter sent these," she said graciously. "I hope I am not too late."

They assured her that she wasn't. Grandma could tell by their faces that they didn't know her from Adam and that they thought they ought to. A wave of self-confidence swept over her. She was, in the parlance of Mary Caroline's crowd, "getting away with it."

"I had an accident coming over," she said. "My hat blew off and a car ran over it. I'm going to dinner and it's too late to go out home. It's—embarrassing. I suppose you wouldn't have a hat that I could wear—for tonight—something clean—"

They were instant with sympathy.

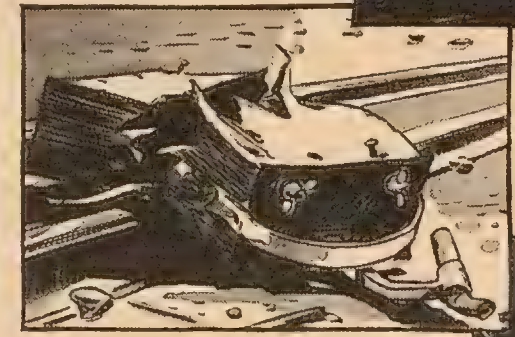
"There's the one we put away," one said. "You know—that one!" And another said, "The orchid one! In the Santoy box!"

Grandma could not speak.

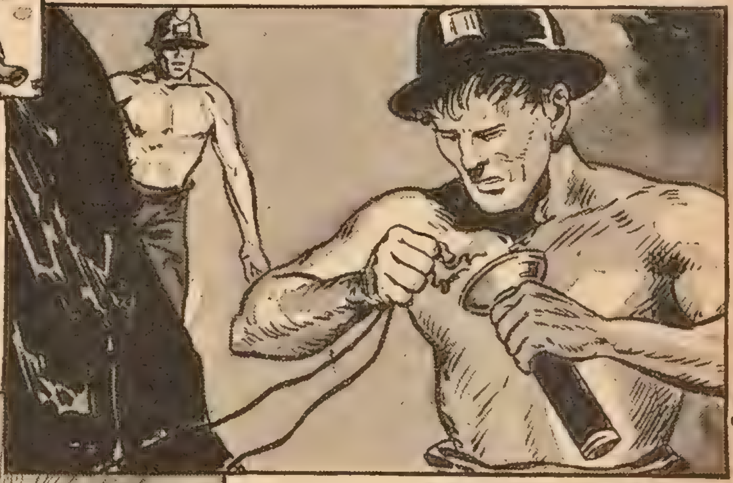
Suffocation Clawed Their Throats

Quick Wits Save Cave-In Victims in Old Gold Mine

"Two miners were entombed by a cave-in at the end of a drift 800 feet under ground," writes Mining Engineer P. Donald Ziemke of 2032 W. Keefe Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.



"A huge boulder lay in the path of the rescuers. We had to blast. We worked furiously... minutes might mean life or death. And then, with the blast ready...



"We found the push-down generator (which furnishes spark for the charge) wrecked. In the excitement some one had pushed a mine car over it.

"But the shift boss kept his head. He ran to the dynamite magazine, where we always kept a flashlight, and brought it out on the double. He unscrewed the lens and bulb, flipped on the switch. Then he plunged the ignition wires in... and—

"The blast let go... the boulder was shattered... we got the men out, and not a second too soon. They were up to their armpits in water, with the air so bad their miner's light had gone out. No doubt about it, *fresh* DATED 'Eveready' batteries saved these two lives.

Signed P. Donald Ziemke"

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No 950
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Plain or Ephedrine

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause of your grouchy, gloomy feelings. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores.

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INVENTORS

Small ideas may have large commercial possibilities. Write us for FREE book, "Patent Guide for the Inventor" and "Record of Invention" form. Delays are dangerous in patent matters. Free information on how to proceed. **Clarence A. O'Brien & Hyman Berman, 310-A Adams Building, Washington, D. C.**

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BROOKS CO., 307-F State St., Marshall, Mich.

It wasn't really orchid. It was the sweet color of wood violets in spring and it was beautiful. When they set it on Grandma's head, there was a chorus of congratulation.

"Darling—sweet—adorable—"

"Of course it's a bit elaborate for just a dinner," said the young woman in the red plaid dress. "It was a wedding hat, you see. Mrs. Santoy—Mrs. Fayette Santoy—wore it at her daughter's wedding. Perhaps you remember how it looked with her sallow skin—"

Grandma drew a deep breath. Some kind deity had led her to this place!

"How much is it?" she asked, and her voice sounded thin.

"We're asking a dollar, aren't we, Marth? You see, the hat's only been worn once."

"I'll give you seventy-five cents!" Grandma said, trying to keep her voice steady. There was eighty-five cents in her purse and that was all that was left of the thirty dollars!

"Sold!" said the girl in the red plaid dress, and everybody laughed. "Wait till we tell Sally—she'll die!"

"So will I if my daughter ever hears," Grandma told them as she counted out the seventy-five cents. "I'll take it in the box," she added, "and wait till I get around the corner to put it on."

They laughed again, understandingly.

Back at the hotel she lay down on the bed and fell asleep. When she was wakened by the knocking, it was quite dark and lights from the electric signs across the street were chasing one another over her ceiling.

They were all there—rosy and cold from their ride. It had been a wonderful game—they'd had a wonderful time—their seats had been good—Garret sent his love—

"And you?" Clara asked, her eyes darting about the room. "Did you get a hat?"

Grandma was nonchalant about it. Having been miraculously spared the consequences of her folly, she could afford to be. She produced the hat.

They liked it. Even Clara. When Grandma put it on, Sam drew a long breath, and Mary Caroline kissed her and told her she'd get more attention than the bride, and Clara asked quickly, "What'd you pay?"

"Twenty-seven seventy-five!" Grandma said firmly.

"It's high," Clara said grudgingly, "but I guess it's worth it. Anybody can see it's a beautiful hat."

That was a lot for Clara to say.

"It's a wonderful hat," Grandma said impressively. "And a bargain—"

"Maybe," said Sam. He sounded a trifle rueful. "Maybe you call twenty-seven seventy-five a bargain for just a hat—"

Grandma played her trump card. "Why, the girl who sold it to me told me that Mrs. Santoy—Mrs. Fayette Santoy—wore the original model of this at her daughter's wedding one month ago!"

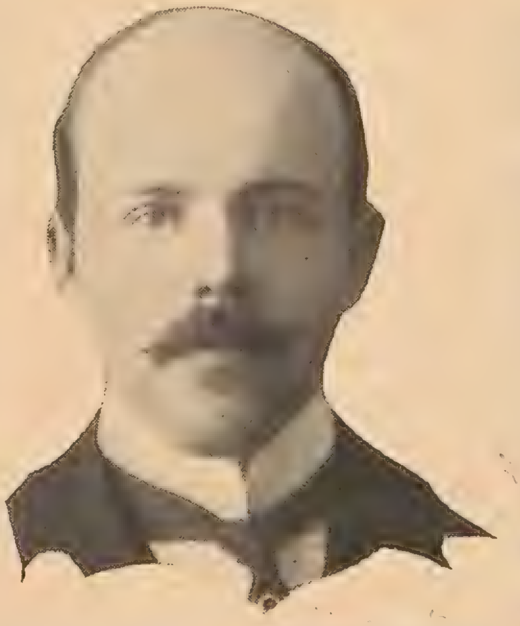
"And I suppose," Sam said heavily, "that because this Mrs. Something or Other wore one like it, it's a better hat. Is that it?"

In the midst of the shocked chorus from Clara and Mary Caroline, Grandma relaxed a little. For once she was thoroughly in accord with her daughter-in-law. Sam was being told. Clara was telling him. What did men know about hats?

THE END

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆

Edited by Parks Johnson and Wallace Butterworth



1—In this week's early photo you'll discover a legislator who married the blue-gowned relative of the twenty-sixth President. Born at Cincinnati, he died at Aiken. Who?

2—What was the only worth-while cocktail invented during prohibition?

3—If Lone Star Rangers patrolled a river boundary, what would be the name of that river?

4—Who wrote the music of Tannhäuser? The words?

5—What early variety of the orange, easy to peel, is usually small and hardy?

6—How many Tropics are there?

7—You'll find chop-suey restaurants in large cities throughout the world except in which country?

8—Capsules containing medicine are made of what?

9—Who was the artist whose work used to appear on the cover of Liberty each week?

10—Which came first, ice hockey or field hockey?

11—Can an accomplished lip reader who is hard of hearing understand each word spoken to him or her?

12—In what manner should a new pipe be smoked?

13—Which New England city has been called the Athens of America? Which the Spindle City? And which the Faithful City?

14—How does a pianoforte differ from a piano?

15—Did General Smedley Butler, Ernest Hemingway, or Tommy Manville write A Farewell to Arms?

16—How many New Year's resolutions have you kept?

17—Which of the following is not essentially wet: the Hellespont, a chinook, a bore, a bayou?

18—What President was called Old Rough-and-Ready?

19—Is a fetlock part of a firearm, a plumber's accessory, or a projection above a horse's hoof?

20—Although hanged, the body of which abolitionist "goes marching on"?

(Answers will be found on page 52)

LIKE TWENTY QUESTIONS? Then listen to Parks Johnson and Wallace Butterworth, who edit Liberty's Twenty Questions and ask questions on the Vox Pop program every Tuesday over the NBC Red Network at 9 P. M. Also 9.30 P. M., Pacific Standard Time, on Mondays.

Mr. McCrea Builds a Nation

Playing a fearless Wells-Fargo hero, he pushes our borders back in a rousing old-time cinema saga—La Pons ingratiates as a jungle belle

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ WELLS FARGO

THE PLAYERS: Joel McCrea, Bob Burns, Frances Dee, Lloyd Nolan, Porter Hall, Ralph Morgan, Mary Nash, Robert Cummings, Henry O'Neill, John Mack Brown, Jane Dewey. Screen play by Paul Schofield, Gerald Geraghty, and Frederick Jackson based on a story by Stuart N. Lake. Directed by Frank Lloyd. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 115 minutes.*

ONE of those historic romances, showing the part Wells Fargo played in colonizing America. The film picks up the young and handsome hero rushing fresh oysters from New York to Buffalo, in order that Henry Wells may impress financial interests in the lake city with the speed and efficiency of the new service. Then, over a span of some twenty-five years, the spectacle follows the development of America: the pony express, the stagecoach, the telegraph, the discovery of gold in California, the pushing of our border back from St. Louis to the Pacific, the transcontinental railroad, on through the Civil War. Most of these advances, it would seem, are due to the fearless Wells-Fargo hero, Ramsay Mackay. The war separates the Northern Mackay from his Dixie wife, but at long last all ends well.

This saga of America is produced by Frank Lloyd in the old-fashioned grand cinematic manner. Life, as painted in this sort of film, was simple and direct; heroes were redoubtable and always on the spot at great historic moments; villains never gave up; the heroine invariably was a lovely moron.

Joel McCrea is the brave Ramsay Mackay, Frances Dee is his bride, Bob Burns stands out as a lazy, drawling, tobacco-chewing plainsman in buckskins.

VITAL STATISTICS: Paramount's all-time hit was The Covered Wagon. Has been trying to duplicate it ever since. Hence this Covered-Wagon Express. . . . Pic took 65 days to film, with 2 and 3 companies working simultaneously. . . . In order to destroy old San Francisco by fire, studio threw together a replica of Portsmouth Square as she was in the '50s. It covered seven acres of land and required a hilltop leveled off. This set cost more than $70,000. Sign painting alone cost $6,000. . . . That old locomotive in the opening sequence is the 100-year-old William Galloway, borrowed from the B. & O. and shipped from Maryland to California on a flatcar. . . . Two thousand extras worked, and with the coming of these supercolossals, the extra situation is growing a little better. . . . Joel McCrea and Frances Dee appear together on screen for the first time since their marriage four years ago. The McCreas live on a thousand-acre ranch 40 miles from the studio; they've no telephone; wires addressed to Frances Dee go undelivered because the village storekeeper knows her only as Mrs. McCrea. . . . Bazooka Bob Burns goes meaty for the first time in his whole life, plays his first serious role. Put his bazooka aside for the part but kept it handy for old times' sake and for torturing the rest of the cast 'tween scenes.

★ ★½ HITTING A NEW HIGH

THE PLAYERS: Lily Pons, Jack Oakie, Eric Blore, Edward Everett Horton, John Howard, Eduardo Ciannelli, Louis Alberni, Vinton Haworth, Leonard Carey. Screen play by Gertrude Purcell and John Twist from a story by Robert Harari and Maxwell Shane. Directed by Raoul Walsh. Produced by RKO-Radio. Running time, 85 minutes.*

LILY PONS' newest film revolves around a press agent's scheme. Suzette is singing in a Paris night club but she has ambitions to get by the opera barriers, to warble before the diamond horseshoe in New York. Then the publicity promoter gets busy. American millionaire Blynn, chief patron of the opera, is on a hunting expedition in Africa when he captures the strange and pretty "bird girl." The girl, of course, is Suzette—and the excited Blynn brings her back to appear on the opera stage.

Miss Pons sings charmingly as Suzette and the jungle belle, Oogahunga. Her numbers run all the way from Mignon and Lucia di Lammermoor to leading a dance in black tights. The comedy of Edward Everett Horton as the rich opera patron and timid big-game hunter, of Jack Oakie as the brash press agent, and even of Eric Blore as an orchestra player, is fearfully labored.

VITAL STATISTICS—Opera singer Lily Pons was born with two teeth on the sixteenth of April. Lily's very French, but her maw was Italian, and she comes from Cannes along the Riviera. She married and divorced early. Has a permanent home in Silvermine, Connecticut, completely equipped with all forms of cattle and fowl life, a blue-and-white-tiled swimming pool, modest 8-room guest houses, and everything money can and can't buy. Orchestrarian André Kostelanetz, the Pons husband-to-be, if he isn't already, music-directed the score for this; doesn't mind mixing grand opera with swing; flies about 100,000 miles a year keeping up with Lily. . . . Jackie is really a live lion; has halitosis. Once lions were the rage around Hollywood factories, but since slapstick departed, lion owners lead a starvation life. Jackie is Hollywood born, something of a sissy. You couldn't prove this to Jack Oakie or Edev Horton, both of whom yelped when they learned they'd have to work with a live lion. . . . Horton refused to work unless fake jungle was larded with rifle experts. It was. . . . Only when studio bought him a 10c. cap pistol and he saw an actual affidavit to the effect that Clyde Beatty's sole protection when working with his ferocious jungle beasts is a blank-cartridge gun, would Jack Oakie consent to work with the lion.

★ ★½ STORM IN A TEACUP

THE PLAYERS: Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, Cecil Parker, Sara Allgood, Ursula Jeans, Gus McNaughton, Edgar Bruce, Robert Hale, Quinton MacPherson, Arthur Wontner, Eliot Makeham,

The fair and the fearless in Wells Fargo. Frances Dee with Joel McCrea and Bob Burns.

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* Recommended for children.

* Recommended for children.

"I'M JUST A BRIDE
. . . but I'm learning fast"

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GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

George Pughe, Arthur Seaton, Cecil Mannering, Ivor Barnard, Cyril Smith, W. G. Fay. Screen version by James Bridie from a play by Bruno Frank. Directed by Victor Saville and Ian Dalrymple. Produced by London Film-United Artists. Running time, 85 minutes.

ONCE you become accustomed to the dialect—'tis the west coast of Scotland—this achieves a good measure of charm and humor.

An irresponsible young English reporter gets a job on the one newspaper in the town of Baikie. As he falls in love with a pretty Scotch girl, he finds himself pitted against her vain, egotistical, ambitious father who has the dictator complex.

Then the mongrel of a poor Irish widow is seized for nonpayment of a dog license, and in no time at all the whole countryside is seething over the incident. And Reporter Frank Burdon is on the widow's side, battling the father of the girl he loves.

This little comedy of the trivial is charmingly acted by Rex Harrison as the earnest scatterbrained reporter, by pretty Vivien Leigh as the provost's daughter, by Cecil Parker as the bombastic Scotch village Hitler, and by Sara Allgood as the Irish dog owner.

VITAL STATISTICS: Teutonia's Bruno Frank actually wrote this in play form as a protest against the high dog tax in Germany. 'Twas veddy successful, and it became a common sight to see queues of poor people outside Frank's German home begging him to use his influence to get the tax on their pooches reduced. Convinced he owed the success of the play to the poor people, Frank gave away practically all his royalties to pay off their taxes. . . . Play was called Stürm im Wasserglas originally, and the Theatre Guild staged it with but faint success in New York in '36. . . . Scruffy, alias Patsy, is the English version of our own Thin Mannish Asta. . . . Victor Saville boasts he's never made a flop; was named Victor because he was born during Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee parade. . . . Ursula Jeans just got herself a new husband, Roger Livesey, English actor fellow; was born in Simla, India; cuts birthday cake on May 5, won't tell what year; has appeared on our stage; had a big part in Cavalcade. . . . Rex Harrison pursued Miriam Hopkins in Men Are Not Gods; played opposite Evelyn Laye in Sweet Aloes, a Bway so-so success. Is an Oxford rowing blue. . . . Sara Allgood's a Dubliner and has whined in Sean O'Casey things for some years. . . . Vivien Leigh, after being carefully groomed by Korda, proved one of those overnight sensations; was born in Darjeeling, India, dotter of a cavalry officer; is convent-bred; married.

★ ★ THANK YOU, MR. MOTO

THE PLAYERS: Peter Lorre, Thomas Beck, Pauline Frederick, Jayne Regan, Sidney Blackmer, Sig Rumann, John Carradine, William von Brincken, Nedda Harrigan, Philip Ahn, John Bleifer. Screen play by Willis Cooper and Norman Foster based on a story by John P. Marquand. Directed by Norman Foster. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 65 minutes.

AN unreal melodrama of the Orient with undertones of mysticism. Everybody is trying to find a lost silken scroll which, fitted alongside six others, will reveal the location of the fabulous buried treasure of Genghis Khan.

The picturesque young Hungarian character actor, Peter Lorre, plays the mystery man of the Orient, the suave inscrutable criminologist, Mr. Moto, whose job it is to break up the attempts of adventurers who are trying to get the buried fortune. Mr. Moto kills without compunction, is fearless at every danger, is the soul of honor, and altogether unbelievable.

VITAL STATISTICS: Reason why Japs and Chinese who met among the extras didn't clash during making was because hostilities in the Orient hadn't yet got going. . . . Yarn based on the actual legend about the hiding place of old Genghis Khan's treasure-trove. . . . The scene in which Thomas Beck and Lorre have the windshield in their car shattered was done by having crack shot Webb stand behind the car and coolly send two 30-30 bullets between Beck & Lorre through the windshield. Scene was done in close-up so there could be no faking—and no mistakes. . . . In the big fight scene great care had to be taken lest any of the $83,000 worth of irreplaceable Chinese antiques rented for pic be broken. Fight came off without a busted Buddha.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Life of Emile Zola.

★★★½—Conquest, Heidi, Mayerling, Stage Door, 100 Men and a Girl, Stella Dallas, You Can't Have Everything, They Won't Forget.

★★★—Nothing Sacred, A Damsel in Distress, True Confession, The Hurricane, The Awful Truth, Ebb Tide, First Lady, Angel, Something to Sing About, Varsity Show, The Prisoner of Zenda, Thin Ice, Broadway Melody of 1938, Vogues of 1938, Dead End, Victoria the Great, Souls at Sea, Artists and Models, Saratoga, Topper, Easy Living, The Toast of New York, King Solomon's Mines, Wee Willie Winkie, The Road Back, Mountain Music, The Singing Marine, A Day at the Races.

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

HER first name ends with an *e*: Gertrude. So does her last name: Lawrence. . . . But it's the *Gertrude* that worries her. . . . She is Gertrude Lawrence, world-renowned actress, as successful and celebrated as any woman on the stage today. (Noel Coward devoted pages of praise to her in his autobiography.) Yet she informed me at lunch recently that she believes her career might have been more splendid than it is if her first name were Dagma instead of Gertrude.

"Why *Dagma?*" I asked.

"Because," said Gertrude, "Evangeline Adams, the great mystic, told me years ago that I would be luckier in life if my first name ended with an *a*."

I still didn't understand why Gertrude preferred Dagma.

"My real name," she explained, "is Gertrude Alexandra Dagma Klasen. The Alexandra and the Dagma come from my father's family. He was a Dane. I get the Gertrude from my mother. She was Irish. Alexandra Lawrence would sound too old-fashioned. Dagma Lawrence would have been perfect . . . much luckier than Gertrude. . . ."

So you see, dear ladies, what a victim of superstition a famous actress can be!

Gertrude Lawrence went on the stage at the age of ten, earning one fifty a week. Now she earns more than that for every minute of her acting. Her friendship with Noel Coward dates from dancing-school days in a London suburb. Other kids of the neighborhood used to embarrass them by writing in chalk on public walls, "Noel loves Gerty." . . . Gertrude says, "Noel had a lisp in those days. Now it's personality."

Gertrude Lawrence.

☆ It must feel strange to live with a man who has been suspected but found not guilty of murdering another woman.

I know a woman who has been the wife of such a man for the past twelve years. Before she married him he was involved in a sensational crime mystery. . . . The dead body of a girl was discovered, naked, in his cabin at a fashionable beach resort. . . . He was rich—son of a nationally known manufacturer. The case came up for trial. There was no evidence to convict him. . . . He was a good-looking youngster. After a while a nice girl married him. They have two fine kids. Apparently they are happy. But somehow to me *she* looks haunted. . . . How would you like to marry a man who had been judged not guilty of murdering another woman?

☆ The new fashion for wearing loads of gold or silver doodads—chains, brooches, bracelets, clips, et cetera—makes cleanliness of jewelry almost as urgent as dental hygiene. A tarnished necklace can now impair our luster like a dingy tooth. Wherefore it behooves us to know a trick or two about keeping our valuables immaculate. . . . Jewelers' rouge slightly moistened with water removes scratches from silver or gold. To clean pearls or coral, rub with powdered magnesia. . . . A patent fluid manufactured in Indianapolis by W. R. Simpson does wonders at brightening metals and gems. Bothersome chains should be dropped into a small jar of this fluid, shaken vigorously, rinsed in warm water, then dried with a piece of chamois.

Mr. Simpson is a retired member of a noted pawnbroking firm. His advice about cleaning jewelry ought to be good—and is.

☆ As much money as they themselves can earn from genuine work of their own—neither a dollar more nor less—is the inheritance left to his children by a rich Philadelphia lawyer. If properly regulated, such legacies would seem to be a start, at least, toward a solution of the problem of "idle" heirs whose unearned fortunes spoil so many of them and incubate so much class hatred.

☆ Merchants of knitted goods tell us we ought not to use the word *sweater* as indiscriminately as we do. Sweaters, they say, are worn by overweight athletes to induce perspiration. *We* wear jerseys or guernseys. If it buttons up the front, it's a jersey (more popularly "cardigan," from Cardiganshire in South Wales). If it has long sleeves and you push your head through the neck, then it's a guernsey.

The names come from two Channel Islands between England and France where these garments originated among fisherfolk. . . .

Here's how to keep your jersey or guernsey in shape after washing it: Stuff the sleeves and shoulders with arm-sized rolls of white tissue paper wrapped in uncolored cellophane. Of course you know you must never hang up a freshly laundered sweater (There *I* go, using that word again!) . . . Always lay your washed j. or g. out flat to dry on towels spread upon a table or on the floor.

☆ Vividest, most informative book I ever have read about the world's most famous woman is Emil Ludwig's new historical biography, Cleopatra: The Story of a Queen. (Published by the Viking Press.)

☆ Readers in California, Michigan, and New Jersey—and one in Sioux Falls, South Dakota—have asked me to give a recipe for French onion soup. So here goes. . . .

Slice 3 *big* onions. Add ¼ clove garlic to the onions and let simmer 10 minutes in pan with piece of butter about the size of an egg. Then stir in 1 teaspoon flour and cook 5 minutes more. *Do not brown.* Now put in 5 cups consommé, salt and pepper to taste; boil for 15 minutes. Meanwhile crisp 4 or 5 slices of French bread in the oven. When bread is golden brown, sprinkle with melted butter and grated Parmesan cheese. Lay bread on top of the soup and bake 10 minutes in hot oven. Serve scalding hot. Onion soup made this way is recommended as a three-o'clock-in-the-morning dish. They say it prevents hang-overs, but I wouldn't know.

Madam Butterfly in Hawaiian

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT

BY HAROLD COFFIN

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

NALANI stopped the parade of Honolulu's gaily frantic sailing-day traffic. She crossed Fort Street in the middle of the block just below the Halekauwila Street intersection, unmindful of the confusion she added to the snarl of baggage trucks, taxis, and touring cars. Hers was an unhurried, queenly gait through the path that parted for her in the solid lines of traffic on the narrow street. The regal poise was a part of her Hawaiian heritage.

A chorus of horns swore at the driver of one of the autos that had forgotten to start up again after Nalani had reached the sidewalk in front of Pier 11.

Her one-woman parade continued arrogantly through the knots of lei women whose competitive sales efforts blocked the entrance to the pier. She did not need to buy a lei. The garland she carried had been woven by her own hands.

Before entering the shade of the cement pier she paused to frown defiantly at the clock on top of Aloha tower. *Auwe!* She had wanted to come sooner, but had to wait until the last moment to weave the lei. In just twenty minutes the big white liner would pull away from the dock. Her heart would go with it and she would die. But no, she thought, Nalani knew how to wait. Nalani knew many things. And she would be waiting . . . waiting by the Alohamake tree where they had found their love. A volcano, she told herself, burns the fiercest while seeming to slumber. Her love was a volcano . . . time could serve only as a fuel to its flame. He must come back. He was hers. No one else must have him.

If he did not come back . . .

A wave of spicy perfume from thousands of lei blossoms engulfed the girl as she entered the pier structure. The just-before-sailing kaleidoscope of conversation, laughter, tears, and shouts eddied into whirlpools of sound and color. She walked through the crowd, hurrying without seeming to hurry, to the point by the gangplank where Robert was waiting for her.

Robert Kinslorn was as handsome as the hero in a movie thriller—as meticulously well groomed as the villain in the same piece. His blond masculinity made an effective foil for Nalani's sullen brunette loveliness.

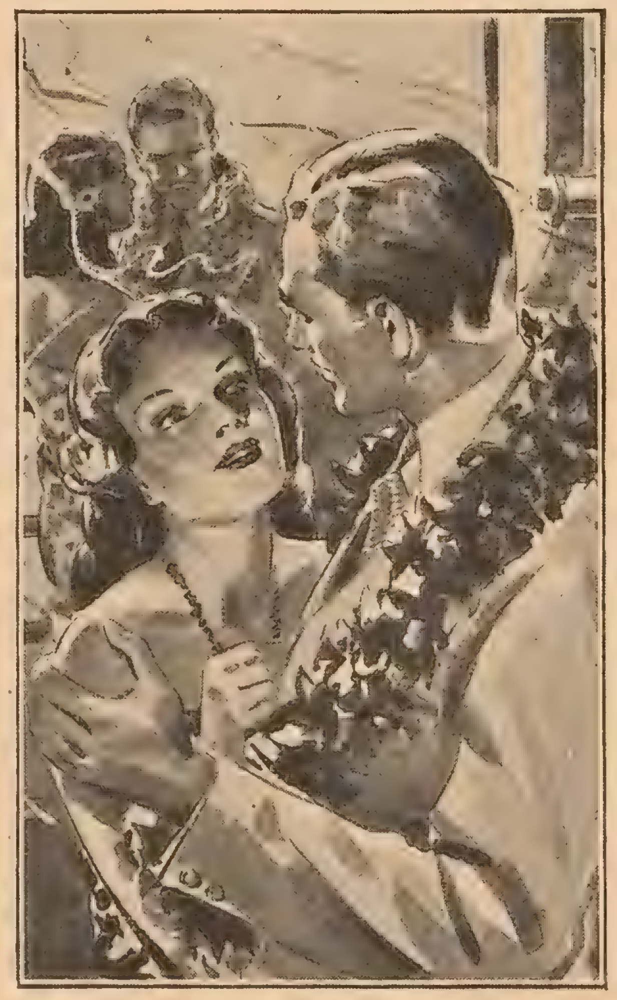
He drew back as she tiptoed to place the garland of flaming red blossoms around his shoulders.

"Don't want me to look like a tourist, do you, honey, and wreck this suit?"

She explained the meaning of the lei; and explained, too, that he was to wear it until the ship rounded Diamond Head. "Then, my Robert, you are to toss it to the sea. And as the currents carry the lei to shore, it means that you, too, will return to Hawaii. And I will be waiting."

Unmindful of the crowds surrounding them, Nalani clung to her man passionately . . . fiercely. Ordinarily hers was a musical voice, but now there was a rhythmic monotone—like the pounding of a temple drum—to her husky whispers: "You must remember this. It is real. It is true. At Diamond Head. Don't fail. Nalani will wait. The flowers . . . they are from our tree . . . yours and mine . . ."

He cut short her explanations with a nervous reassuring embrace. "Of course, Brown Eyes. I didn't understand. Here, let's have that ring of posies. I'll toss it overboard. Neptune carries it to the beach, and that means I'm coming back. Just like you say. . . . Sure as shootin'. . . . Sure as these flowers boomerang back to Diamond Head."



LONG after the band had saluted the departing ship with the sad notes of Aloha Oe—long after the last streamer of colored paper had broken its link with the vessel, Nalani caught a final glimpse of her lover. Although the liner was far along toward the end of the harbor, she was able to identify at the ship's rail the red wreath that she had fashioned with her own hands. Of course it was the only one on the ship because, although only a true Hawaiian would know, the Alohamake flowers were not suitable for ordinary leis. After several hours, when the blossoms withered, they exuded a fatally poisonous skin-piercing liquid. That's how the tree got its name, *Alohamake:* love and death. In full bloom there was a brilliant — almost barbaric — loveliness to the flaming flowers of the Alohamake tree. As the blossoms faded they spelled death. That is why Nalani had been so late at the steamer. It was necessary to weave the garland at the latest possible moment. In twenty minutes the ship would be at Diamond Head. Robert would entrust their token of love to the tides. The flowers would reach the shores of Oahu and some day—somehow—he would return to Nalani.

Late that afternoon Kinslorn's cabin mate said, "Are you going to sleep with that funeral wreath?"

"No, but you can bet that I'm wearing it until we're well past the islands. You see, it's an old Hawaiian custom," Robert laughed. "If you throw the thing overboard and it floats to shore, it's a sign that you'll return to Honolulu. I said I was, but I'm not. I'm keeping this on just to make sure that I'm one guy that will *never* return."

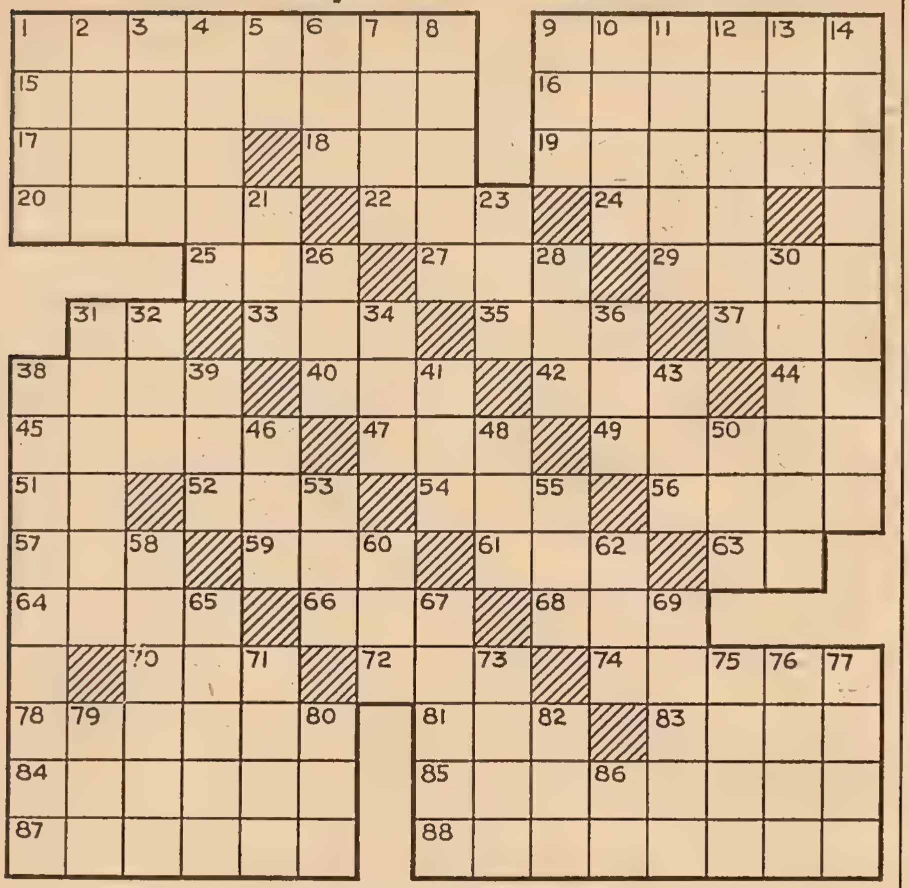
The flowers had withered, the red petals slowly turning black. Robert Kinslorn drew a silk handkerchief from the upper pocket of his coat to dab at his collar where the Alohamake wreath was scratching his neck.

"You might say," he continued, "that I'm beating the Hawaiians at their own mumbo jumbo."

THE END

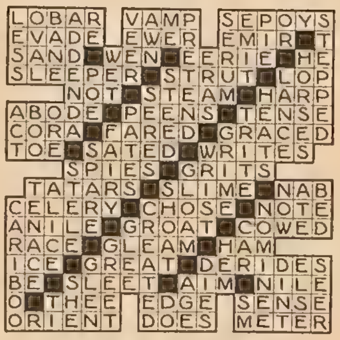
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Eve fell for it first, now everybody's doing it, doing it
9 Amorous mousetrap
15 Hurry-up wagon
16 Sounds like the handiest man in Ireland
17 A number of things that must be done
18 After he was touched in the head they called him this
19 A Nazi's idea of heaven
20 Their work often assumes mountainous proportions
22 Bottle baby
24 Cry of the ambulance chaser
25 Cause of scalp trouble among the pioneers
27 What Italian women do for the blackshirts
29 Red light
31 The man with the hairy chest
33 When she said this, he became this kind of man
35 You make one at an auction
37 English translation: And what might be the condition of your spirits on this excellent day, good sir?
38 Calendar fruit
40 Where dictators support stenographers
42 Old-fashioned feather bed
44 Empty street
45 Early Reds
47 Rounder
49 Where silly Northerners spend the winter
51 After this she wrote the letter (abbr.)
52 Diapered dictator
54 Tanninade
56 Cheese has a this with it
57 Born a Williams she's now a Hornblow
59 House of ill-repute
61 Star of the '70s
63 Coupler
64 A Longfellow in a turban
66 A dash of shut-eye
68 Keeps the wind from whistling through the female bones
70 This is merely colossal
72 Waffle oil (primitive form)
74 This comes in stripes or turbans
78 Kind of bath Johnny likes to take
81 Human propeller
83 A dark man with a past
84 Drifts
85 Joy juices
87 Get the blues
88 O'Clover



LOBAR VAMP SEPOYS
EVADE EWER EMIR■T
SAND■WEN■EERIE■HE
SLEEPER■STRUT■LOP
NOT■STEAM■HARP
ABODE■PEENS■TENSE
CORA■FARED■GRACED
TOE■SATED■WRITES
SPIES■GRITS
TATARS■SLIME■NAB
CELERY■CHOSE■NOTE
ANILE■GROAT■COWED
RACE■GLEAM■HAM
ICE■GREAT■DERIDES
BE■SLEET■AIM■NILE
O■THEE EDGE SENSE
ORIENT DOES METER

Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 What they tip with in Scotland
2 Grand
3 Cooler in England
4 Toodle-oo
5 Ditto marks on 51 across
6 Two of these can make one drunk (abbr.)
7 Hawaiian neese! (pl.)
8 This'll flaw you
9 How backward people get hot
10 He's had his ups and downs in modern business
11 The Faultfinder of Olympus
12 Arrives, in old-fashioned dress
13 Pretzel dunk
14 Headphone system
21 Early home of Bacon
23 Ye olde-fashioned Satidday night was spent in one
26 Neptune's slippers (singular)
28 The leftists pull one way on this, the rightists the other
30 This sleeps in a wet bed between mother-of-pearl walls and is easily annoyed by noise
31 One-horse cab
32 The biggest little includer in the world (abbr.)
34 Downed the end on something hard
36 First Clyde Beatty (abbr.)
38 International windbags
39 Put away the groceries
41 A little corporation
43 How MacTavish will get to America
46 The Irish version of the good earth
48 Ginger
50 Letter for Greek oarsmen
53 The weigh of fat men
55 A squawk from Fido
58 Hinted that the Joneses scram
60 The house on Tough Street
62 Pronoun
65 Socks are exchanged during this
67 They're worn by dogs
69 African argument ender
71 Dunk the tootsies
73 Winnie
75 Mrs. Jupiter
76 Very smart male
77 What the farmer will do to his corn this winter
79 General Johnson's baby (abbr.)
80 Long-winded Senatorial Nozzle-spouting (abbr.)
82 The Times
86 Isn't this good!

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

2-Way Relief for
DISCOMFORTS OF
COLDS

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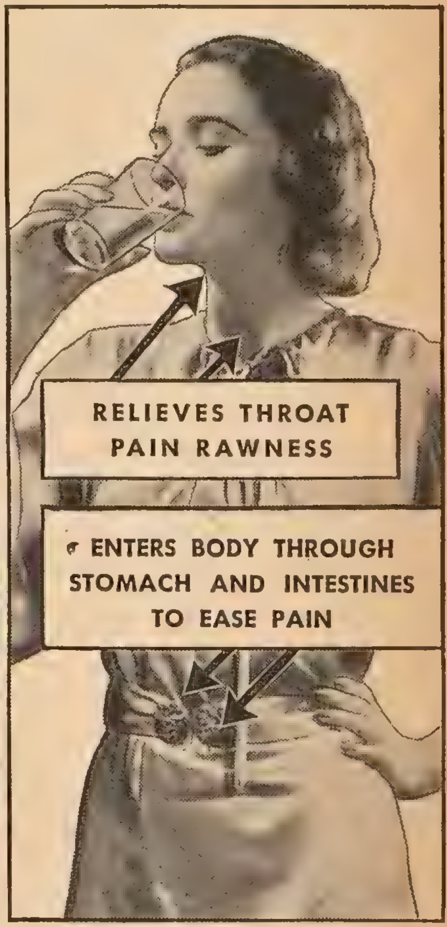
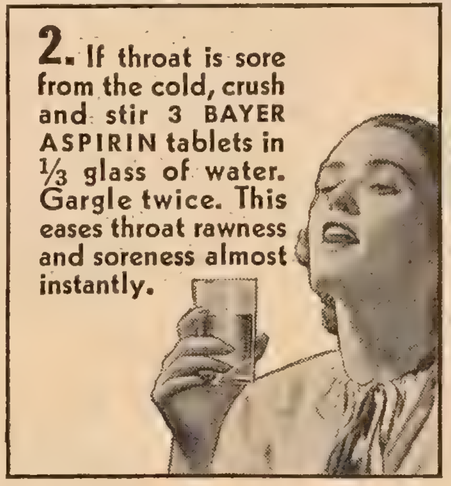


RELIEVES THROAT PAIN RAWNESS

ENTERS BODY THROUGH STOMACH AND INTESTINES TO EASE PAIN



2. If throat is sore from the cold, crush and stir 3 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets in 1/3 glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat rawness and soreness almost instantly.

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I'LL ARRANGE Everything

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

The referee managed to pull them to their feet.

THE American vice-consul answered a summons and found a belligerent Peter Whittelsey behind the bars of a cell in the city jail the next morning.

"Of all the things to do!" he told Pete. "Deface a picture of the Presidente!"

"Good Lord, it was purely accidental."

"I believe you," said the vice-consul graciously. "But I'm afraid I can't do anything for you until the hearing."

"Oh, they're going to give me a hearing, are they?" said Pete satirically. "When?"

"That's the trouble. They hold you here until they're good and ready. I imagine four or five days."

Pete said something. He said it loudly and the essence would have won admiration in Billingsgate.

"Now, take it easy," said the vice-consul hastily. "I'll do what I can. In the meantime is there anybody you wish notified?"

Pete fought down an impulse to have Dominion Oil notified. He had a strong hunch this would not be a good time to have a Dominion man turn up in jail accused of insulting national honor. He asked the American official to notify Laura Rodes at the Hotel Nacional. There was a bare possibility she might have stayed still long enough to wonder where he was.

Half an hour later she arrived, all out of breath and looking like the Spirit of Freedom in person.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, peering through the bars at him. "What on earth have you done?"

Peter told her briefly.

The girl stared at him. Suddenly her lip trembled, she grasped the bars and bent her head, while slim shoulders shook uncontrollably.

"Hold on!" said Pete in amazement. "Don't take it like that. I'm not going to be shot—I hope."

Her head came up, and then he saw with a shock that her eyes were moist with suppressed mirth. She took out a small handkerchief and touched it to her eyes.

"Forgive me," she apologized weakly. "Pete, I knew I shouldn't have gone off and left you last night."

Pete regarded her coldly. Fine time to be comical. "It's not so damn funny," he told her. "I'm a suspicious character until they check up on me."

"Suspicious character. Why, don't they know you're only a harmless oilman? I'll tell them—"

"That would be smart," said the harmless oilman with heavy sarcasm. "This crowd is trying to get away with something, and if they should see a chance to make a hoopaloo about a national insult by a Dominion man, they might cinch it." He grasped the bars tightly in strong sunburnt hands. "*They mustn't find that out!* Understand?"

The girl put her handkerchief away and nodded.

"I understand," she said. "But don't worry. I'll get you out of here. Oh, before I forget, I think I have some news for you. You know I was out dancing with Mr. Thorpe, who represents a division of some big British oil corporation down here. He nearly got stiffened with that terrific native punch they serve around here. And," said the girl casually, "it was moonlight and there are times when moonlight and I have been known to team up pretty well together—what I mean is, Mr. Thorpe became inspired to be confidential."

Pete did not know why he was listening with such interest. A lot of people would probably be inspired to be confidential with this girl. She was easy to talk to—hell, he'd found that out himself. And Thorpe, the British oil executive—

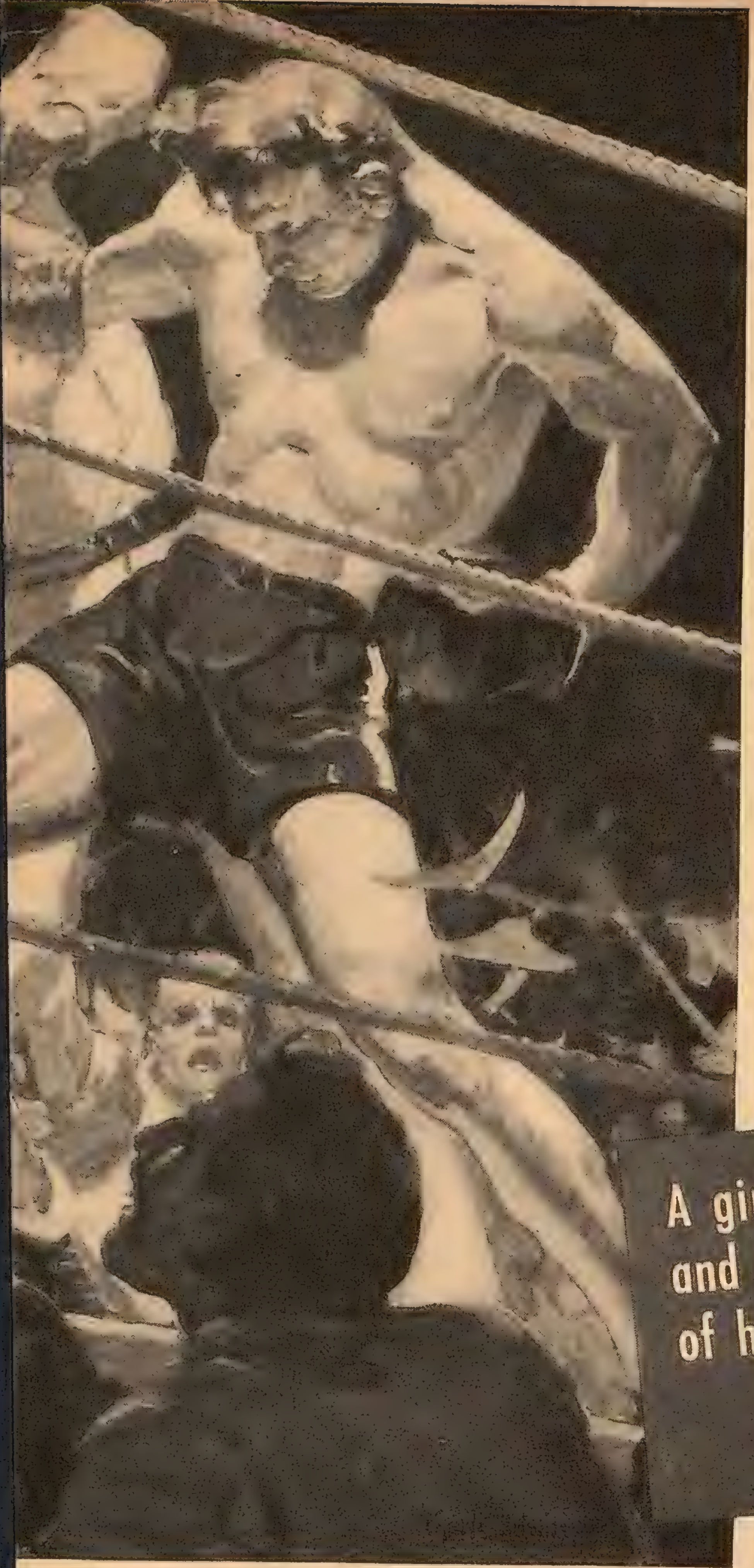
"Anyhow," said the girl, "he was talking about British oil conquests, and I said sweetly that the British had not done so well in Myatez. And he laughed and said he had a hunch they were well out of that. Because," she bent forward to whisper, "he'd bribed a tip from a high government official that the Dictator had enacted secret legislation holding all subsoil rights in Myatez."

Pete stood stock-still.

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL GODWIN

A girl's bright idea leads to a fight and a swift finale in a thrilling tale of hazard and romance in the tropics

BY DAVID GARTH



shoved him away and crouched toward Pete.

"Subsoil rights!" he repeated. "Are you sure?"

"Doesn't it make sense?" inquired the girl. "It didn't to me, but I thought I'd pass it along to you."

"Sense!" said Peter Whittelsey. He swept fingers through his hair. Sense? Just enough to make everything clear suddenly. Barrows probably had received the same tip from Morillo, but he hadn't had a chance to confirm it. No, but his death did now.

"It makes plenty sense," he said rapidly. "We go in and develop Myatez into a rich field, and then the government calmly steps in and claims everything under the surface of the ground. And that's where oil is, you know. Good God!" said Pete Whittelsey. "What a sell! We'd lose our shirts." He reached through the bars and gripped her hand. "Thanks, Laura," he said warmly.

"It was nothing at all," said the girl. "I took a sip of one of those rum punches and found myself giving a dissertation on the time I lost my tonsils. Now we've got to get you out of here. Here's some cigarettes. Chin up. 'By."

"Take care of yourself!" he shouted after her.

Then he turned from the bars to take a restless turn up and down the cell. Baby, if he could get out of here now, out of this cell and out of the country! The Dictator would be out too—quite a few millions. Pete Whittelsey was a resolute young man, but he felt a slight chill chase up and down his backbone when he thought of the tight wire he had to walk. He doubted very much if the Whittelsey health was worth quite a few millions to the grim old man of Los Cerritos.

HE spent as restless a night as he ever hoped would be his lot, aided by the lusty roaring of beer songs by a Teutonic seaman who had been bounced into the opposite cell. By morning Mr. Whittelsey was ready to take on the whole standing army and all three gunboats.

He had flung discretion to the winds and was cursing the jail, the *policia*, the consular service, the food, when Laura hurried up the stone corridor escorted by a guard. By the time she stopped before his cell door she was blushing delicately. Pete stopped abruptly and tried to adjust himself to a more transcendental plane.

"Good morning," she greeted. "Sleep well?"

"Sleep?" said Pete. "What's that?"

"I judge not. Oh, well, sleep is apathy and oblivion. People sleep too much anyhow. But cheer up. You can get out of here by noon if you want."

"Huh?" said Pete in amazement. "I—which—if I want?"

Laura waited a moment while the guard withdrew.

"It's like this, Peter," she said. "I've seen Bono, the Chief of the *Policia*. The legation arranged it. Before I saw him I learned that he was crazy about boxing, so I told him that you weren't any suspicious character; you were just an American boxer down here looking for fights. You see," she said earnestly, "I wanted him to be well disposed toward you and give you a break."

"Sounds reasonable," approved Pete. "How did it work?"

"Well, it worked out sort of—funny."

"Funny?" said Pete suspiciously.

The girl twisted the end of her silk scarf.

"Well, the chief was most interested. In fact he was delighted. He's willing to drop all charges and release you if you'll go over to the Sporting Club—that's one of the smaller boxing clubs around here—on tonight's card against a local favorite called El Tigre. That means The Tiger, I think," she said hesitantly.

She was telling Pete! He started to speak and uttered a sound like a baby thrush. He swallowed appreciably and tried again.

"You mean," he said, flabbergasted, "I'm supposed to fight some big gorilla called El Tigre?"

"Oh, I know it's terrible, Peter," she said. "I didn't

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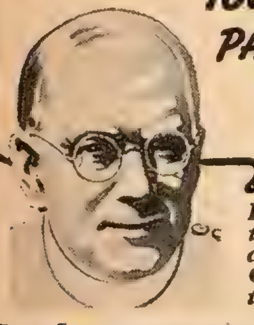

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know I was going to get you in such a mess. It seems this El Tigre was without an opponent and—oh, gosh, can't you spar around or duck or clinch him around?"

Pete Whittelsey sat down slowly on the edge of his bunk. Life was pretty nearly complete now for Mr. Whittelsey. All he needed was a case of smallpox.

Laura twined slim fingers together nervously.

"You can refuse, of course," she said. "It might put you in bad with the chief—but, Peter, if you accept, you'll at least be out of jail."

"Hell's bells!" said Pete. "I might as well be in jail as in the hospital."

"I know," she agreed gently. "But isn't it important enough for you to take any chance?"

She was right. He had to take one step at a time on this tight wire. He nodded slowly.

"Only die once," he muttered.

Laura reached through the bars and grasped his hand.

"Promise me," she urged, "you won't let him hurt you."

Pete looked up, ready to say something on the satiric side. But as he looked at her standing there tensely, deeply anxious, with her lovely oval face close to the bars, he worked up a reassuring smile instead.

"You can rely on me doing my damnedest," he promised fervently.

A STOUT American of middle age in white linens and open collar was waiting with Laura when Peter was released from jail at noon. He was introduced as Packey Mullaney, who promoted boxing in Los Cerritos.

Mullaney was one of those expatriate Americans who had come to the hot countries on business and remained to be assimilated. But he still had his old fight-manager style of talking from the corner of his mouth.

"Don't know about you," he said uncompromisingly. "But the *Jefe de Policia* wants you on the card tonight, and El Tigre always sells out the place. Come on over to my office while we take a look at you. Got my car here."

Laura strung along with them. She sat back in the car quietly while Mullaney bit off the end of a cigar and discoursed on boxing in Los Cerritos.

"They're nuts about boxing here," he said. "They love to see American boxers, and I try to coax all down here I can. Most I get from the States are second-raters."

Pete shifted a little restlessly in his seat.

"These weekly cards over at the Sportin' Club are rip-roarin' affairs," went on Mullaney. "They go crazy at the sight of blood and knockdowns. This El Tigre is a mean fighter, and the crowd both hates and loves him." He looked at Pete Whittelsey thoughtfully. "You look like you're in shape, son, but you ain't a regular fighter, now, are you?"

"No," said Pete promptly.

"Well, it's your business. I'll fix you up with a handler, because you got nobody to help in your corner; but this baby is a tough one. He knows all the dirty tricks and he can get away with 'em because the crowd don't care what you do down here as long as you can fight. I seen spectators jump into the ring and gang up on the referee when he tried to stop a fight."

Pete ran a finger around the inside of his collar.

"That's nice to know," he said.

At Mullaney's gymnasium he underwent physical examination by a taciturn native doctor and waited hopefully for something drastic in the way of high blood pressure or heart trouble. But after he had dressed and returned to Mullaney's office he learned that the doctor had reported him in fine physical condition.

"You better stay here," said Mullaney. "Have Guttierez give you a few pointers on how they fight down here. Besides, if the boxin' writers get to jabbering at you about your record you'll need Guttierez, who knows the answers. I got business now. Can I drop you somewheres, Miss Rodes?"

"I'll be right with you," said the girl. She squeezed Pete's hand. "I got you into this, and I'm not going to stand for any dirty stuff, I promise you that."

Pete grinned slightly. So the lady was a boxing commissioner now, was she? Versatile girl. But he deeply hoped that she was not going to do any more "arranging." He'd probably end up fighting a bull with his bare hands.

He looked after her as she departed with Mullaney. The world would never be a boring place as long as she was in it. Some of her ideas might go off at a tangent occasionally, but she would never be at a loss for more.

WITH the exception of his thoughts he had only the helpful Guttierez for company the whole afternoon. After giving him a light meal, the handler advised him to relax for a couple of hours. He was doing a pretty poor job of relaxing when Mullaney and Laura arrived to drive him to the Sporting Club.

Guttierez rode up in front with Mullaney's driver and Mullaney sat in back between Pete and Laura. For a while nobody said anything. Then the girl leaned across Mullaney and touched Pete's arm.

"Wouldn't you like to chuck it?" she said earnestly.

"Of course I'd like to chuck it. Who wouldn't?"

"Pete," she said in a quick low voice, "you can. Mullaney says there's a cruise ship in down at the port. It sails at midnight. You can make a run for it."

"Sure," said Mullaney, shrugging. "It's no skin off my teeth. You ain't a regular fighter, and I don't promote set-ups for El Tigre to please myself."

Pete shook his head.

"I couldn't do that," he said briefly. "Bargain was to fight if released. A bargain's a bargain. I may not be a prizefighter, but I don't run out on appointments. Sorry, Laura. Thanks just the same, both of you."

The girl smiled at him.

"Sure, Peter," she said gently. "I knew you wouldn't. Didn't I tell you he wouldn't, Mr. Mullaney?"

"He's got heart all right," admitted Mullaney. "Well, I don't mind helping a guy who has heart."

It was all over Pete's head. Apparently the girl had proved something to Mullaney. They must have been having quite a confab.

The Sporting Club was a barnlike building with posters stuck up all over the walls. Mullaney and the girl left Pete at the entrance.

"I'll be right at the ringside with Mr. Mullaney, furnishing moral support, Peter," said Laura. She held his hand with both of hers.

"Sure," said Mullaney. "I'll take care of her all right. Better hurry up and get dressed. You're on soon."

Mullaney had furnished ring togs and robe. Pete dressed in a bare little dressing room smelling of perspiration and arnica and hung with a burlap covering over the threshold. The only adornment was a crucifix on a wall. From above his head came the ominous sound of frenzied cheering. Pete knotted the cord of his robe with fingers that were all thumbs.

"Let us go," said Guttierez. "Our fight is now."

PETE did not like the idea of Laura being here, and when he came up under the ring he liked it less. He had never seen such a wild place in his life. The first few rows were little metal chairs, but back of them were bare wooden benches with a few strands of barbed wire every fourth row, and the whole joint was murky with tobacco smoke and jammed with an excited conglomeration of the populace of Los Cerritos—dark-skinned men in limp ducks, ragged-looking peons, Indians, *agentes de policia* off duty and on, yelling women and urchins, and pervading it all that wild Latin fervor and air of the bullfight.

Pete climbed into the ring while the crowd yelled, booed, and stamped on the floor. They liked to see American fighters knocked off around here. He felt slightly giddy for a moment, as lights and noise and faces swirled around him. Then he looked down and saw the girl sitting with Mullaney in the front row. She looked very pale and she was twisting a handkerchief with her fingers, but she waved valiantly. Pete smiled weakly and wished it was this time tomorrow night.

"El Tigre! El Tigre! *Viva!*"

A man in scarlet robe climbing through the ropes to the accompaniment of a burst of yells served notice that El Tigre was in the ring. Pete looked at him.

El Tigre was one of those products of the tropic Latin countries that sometimes became famous in the bullfight arena or boxing ring—the native half-breed with the primitive blood predominant. He was marked with

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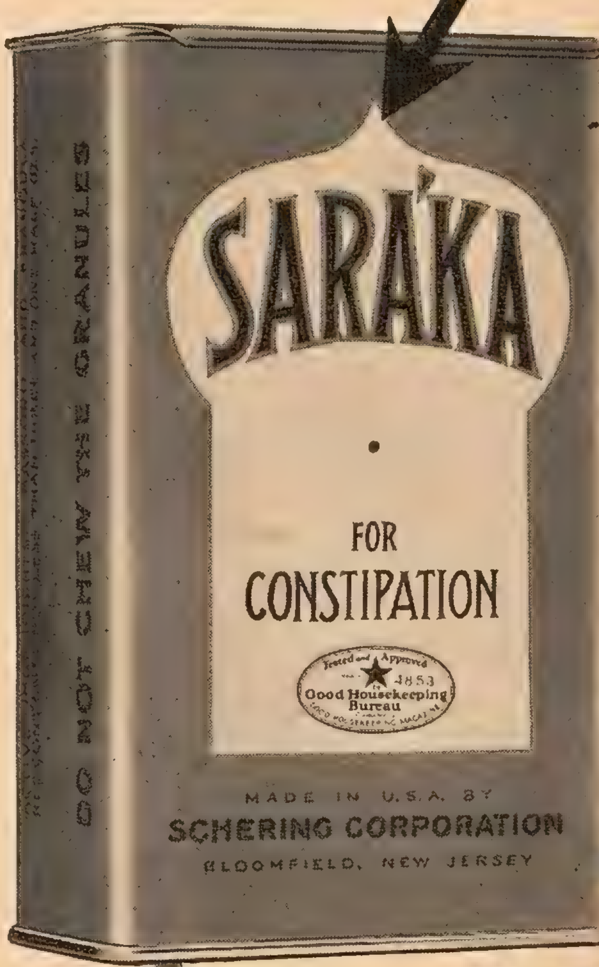

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dissipation, but he moved with an effortless feline grace that bespoke the Indian-and-Negro mixture in his veins.

Pete went through the preliminaries in a daze. He was conscious of the hard black eyes in the thin dark face, the layer of scar tissue over one eyebrow, the mouth of broken teeth—but of what Guttierez or the referee was saying he had no idea.

Then the bell, and he went out there trying to remember his little boxing, while El Tigre glided out ready for killing business. They circled around each other, Pete's heart hammering in his chest, and then El Tigre flicked over a left hand and followed through with a right. Pete blocked the left, but the right got him. He spun into the ropes and found that he had a great deal of trouble on his hands indeed.

He couldn't get away from it—those sharpshooting left and right hands. He blocked, clinched, and managed to jab El Tigre viciously on the jaw once or twice, but the leather seemed to pour into his face. And it was as he went into another hasty clinch that El Tigre started the dirty tactics. He butted Pete violently in the face, jabbed him in the eye with the thumb of his glove, and then clipped him over the eye with a backhand wallop. Instantly Pete felt a warm stream coming down over his eye, blinding him. He jammed into a clinch with that sweaty brown-skinned body and El Tigre struck him across the back of the neck. The referee tried to stop him, and the native assassin shoved him violently away, while the crowd yelled with hysteria.

Pete was dropped to the canvas twice. He got up each time and stood there covering up while El Tigre swarmed around him like triplets.

At the end of the round he wobbled back to his stool and tried to get his breath while Guttierez worked to stanch the cut over his eye. He did not look at the girl. This must be turning her sick.

"He foul you all the time!" Guttierez was saying. "To hell weeth this people—take the dive."

No, he wouldn't take the dive. But he wasn't going out there and be carved up like a veal chop in front of that girl either.

"Hell with this boxing," he panted. "I can't box for shucks. I'm going to slug. Can't do worse."

He took a deep breath and bounded off the stool at the bell. He was really pretty mad at El Tigre and he carried some guns of his own. He had once fought a drunken rig builder in an Oklahoma oil field, and he had gone to town by virtue of a good right hand, a serviceable chin, and plenty of what Mullaney called "heart." He threw them all at El Tigre now, and the result turned the Sporting Club into a bedlam.

HE came up off one knee to catch El Tigre with a healthy American wallop that nearly tore an eyebrow loose. El Tigre started to back-pedal a little, and Pete sailed in, took one between the eyes, and came back with a whistling right-hand shot that jerked El Tigre's head back on his shoulders. They piled into each other, clinched, and went down, rolling over and over on the canvas. The crowd was screaming now, standing up on the benches and pushing to see. A private fight broke out in one part of the club. An American girl at ringside was pounding Mullaney with both fists in her desperation.

"Now, Mullaney, now! *Now!*"

The referee had managed to pull them both to their feet. El Tigre shoved him away and crouched toward Pete Whittelsey. Pete wiped the blood away from his eyes with the back of his glove. To hell with El Tigre! To hell with the Dictator! To hell with the *policia!* He charged back into action with the earnest intention of knocking El Tigre clean out of that ring.

Suddenly he felt an agonizing pain below the belt, a pain that drove away all strength, all thinking. It had been a vicious foul blow riveted out from the elbow, and Pete pitched half across the ropes, his face white.

El Tigre came in on him fast. The referee seized his arm and tried to yank him around. El Tigre put his glove in the official's face and shoved.

Laura was on her feet.

"Mullaney!" she shouted. Her voice could not even be heard in the excited roar about her.

Mullaney grabbed the shoulder of the man next to him and yelled something in his ear. The man nodded and promptly climbed up into the ring.

His appearance in the ring seemed to be a signal. Instantly scores of others scattered about the ringside jumped up and plowed toward the ring, climbing over chairs in front of them, scrambling up through the ropes. In a few seconds the ring was filled with men swinging wildly and indiscriminately in a bedlam of confusion. Somebody grabbed a water bucket and began to wield it with galvanized deadliness. The Tiger was hurled into one corner with the referee on top of him. The Tiger's second rushed into the wild melee swinging a stool. The crowd loved it. They caught the spirit. Fights broke out here and there, *agentes de policia* struggled down crowded aisles, as a riot broke out in the Sporting Club.

Pete did not remember being dragged through the ropes and hustled down the dressing-room exit. He had a vague idea of staggering along with some man helping to support him, and then he was out in the cool night air.

A car with engine running and a driver at the wheel was waiting before the curb and Mullaney was standing beside it with Laura. They helped Pete into his robe and bundled him into the back.

"Will he be all right?" said the girl anxiously.

"That was a terrific shot," said Mullaney. "But he'll pull out of it O. K. Better start if you want to get him on that cruise ship. Paco, here, knows all the roads."

"It worked fine, didn't it?" said the girl with excitement.

"Say," said Mullaney, "for five bucks apiece American money I could fix up more than a riot. I could stage a revolution. All you got to do around here is pack a crowd with enough guys to start fightin' and the crowd gets the fever in no time. Start movin', lady; they'll be looking for him when the ring's cleared."

PETE recovered, to find himself in a car going fast through the curving mountain passes, a sky full of big bright stars above him, and a blonde girl smoothing a cool wet bandage around his brow.

"How do you feel, battler?" she asked.

"Fine," said Pete. "What did I do—pass out from fright?"

"Fright! Why, you were belting away like a million when he fouled you. Then a riot broke up the fight."

Pete ran a hand gingerly over his bandaged brow and regarded her with his one serviceable eye.

"Pretty handy riot," he said, smiling. "You arrange it?"

"Well, not exactly. I arranged with Mullaney to arrange it. He didn't want to do it at first because he said a man ought to have enough heart to keep any kind of a date. I told him I'd guarantee you had plenty of heart, and he said he'd take my word for it, but he'd like to see for himself. So he offered you a chance to duck—and you didn't, did you, Peter?"

Her eyes were on him in some shining indefinable way that seemed to send the vitality bounding back into Peter Whittelsey from his bandaged brow six feet down to the soles of his feet.

"All I do," he said, "is thank you, it seems. I don't know how I ever got along without you. Where are we going?"

"Down to the port to catch the cruise ship. Your bags are here. You're ready to go, aren't you?"

Pete nodded.

"We wondered whether Barrows had gone crazy from the heat when he sent his cable. We know now," he said grimly, "that he hadn't. That's what I was sent here to find out. We'll be pulling out of Myatez and save ourselves a lot of grief. If we could only have saved Barrows too—"

The cruise ship was lying out there in the dark water, her decks blazing with lights and smoke rising from lighted funnels. The car swept up to the landing pier.

"Hurry!" cried the girl. "If we grab a launch we can just make it. Bring those bags, Paco."

They leaped out and raced to the edge of the pier. Yes, there was a launch with two men lounging in its stern. Pete automatically reached for his wallet and discovered that he was wearing a bathrobe. Laura brandished a five-dollar bill, pointed at the liner, and jumped in.

Pete sat close to her as the launch chugged over the water toward the lighted decks. He put an arm around her to shield her from the spray.

"Pete," she said, close to his shoulder, "I hate to bring up money matters, but I'm no heiress and that riot cost us two hundred and fifty bucks. Fifty men at five dollars each. Send it to me at the Nacional when you get a chance, will you?"

"Send it to you?" exclaimed Pete. "You mean you're not coming now?"

"I rather thought I'd try to get my interview with the Dictator—"

She stopped because a thunderstruck young man had swung her around to face him.

"Do you honestly think I could sail without you?" he demanded. "I—oh, listen, Laura. There are so many things I simply have to tell you."

He tried to get organized quickly because this was the most vital moment in his life and they were approaching the gangway.

"I want to tell you how much I love you, admire you, and always will," he said quickly. "I want to make your life exciting always and thrilling and full of accomplishment. I want to tell you what happens to me when you look at me a certain way and— Listen, Laura. I didn't dream you weren't going to sail. Do I have to turn around in this launch and go back to Los Cerritos?"

HE knew he certainly must look like hell at this moment, in ring togs and robe and with bandaged brow and horrifying eye. And of all moments to look like hell—but Pete Whittelsey couldn't help that. He gave up trying to talk and kissed her.

An officer had come down to the gangway and was waiting for them. The launch eased up slowly.

"Here we go," said Pete. "You don't need any baggage. Get clothes at the next port. Remember I owe you two hundred and fifty-five dollars."

Laura stood up. "Oh, I have a bag along," she said brightly. "And my portable typewriter."

"What!" said Pete amazed. "You mean you were coming all the time?"

"If you didn't show a wish for my company," she explained, "I was going back to Los Cerritos. But if by some wonderful chance you sort of wanted to hold on to your partner, well," she said, and bent on Pete Whittelsey a stirring glance, "I arranged everything."

THE END

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

By Oliver Swift

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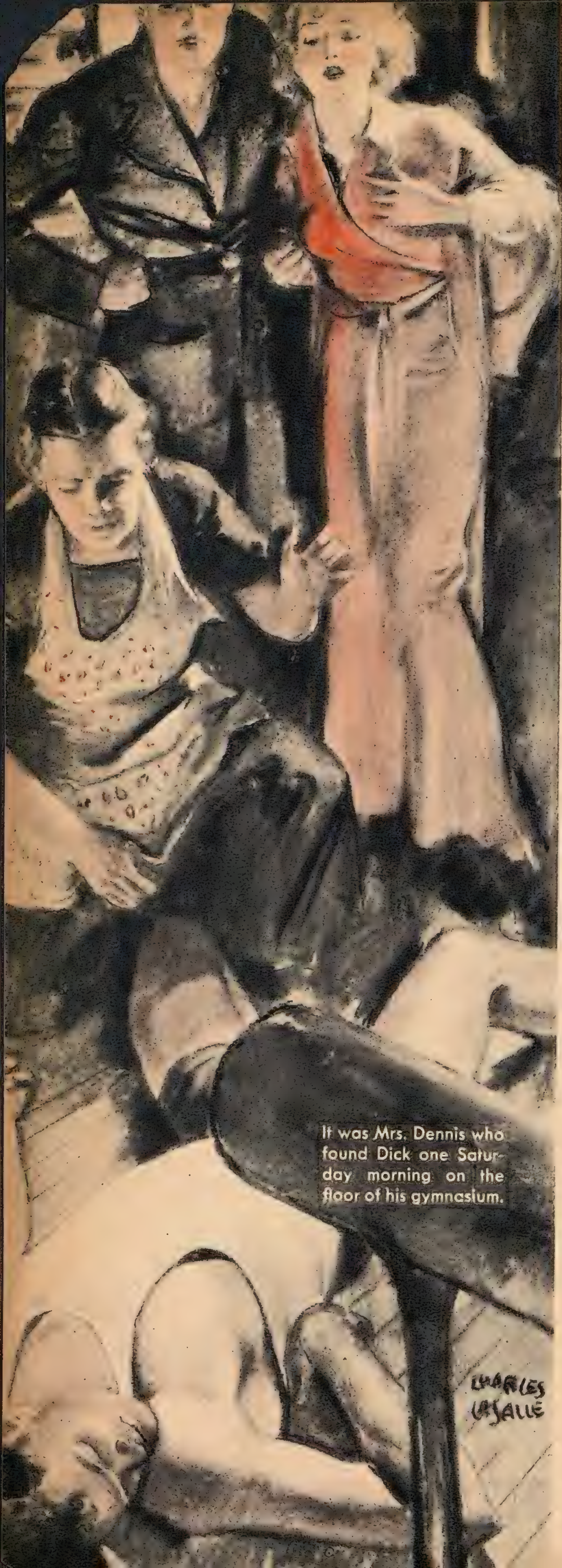

It was Mrs. Dennis who found Dick one Saturday morning on the floor of his gymnasium.

Too Man

ILLUSTRATED BY
CHARLES LA SALLE

BY CORNELI

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

WHILE still in their teens, big Dick Lombard and pretty little Patsy Van Heuten are married. Though they are very different in character and taste, their first year is one of complete happiness. His love of physical action and violent sport does not jar on Patsy to any extent until Craig Wendell visits them on their vast Nevada ranch.

Craig is a writer of best sellers, and the young and sensitive Mrs. Lombard is attracted to him. His mentality stimulates her. Dick becomes furiously jealous. For spite, one night, he compels Patsy to go riding with him in a terrific storm. Stumbling in the darkness, her horse throws the girl and she is seriously hurt. While convalescing, Patsy decides that it will be better for both of them to part, at least until they "grow up."

To Dick, this decision is but a blind. He is sure that Patsy is infatuated with the visiting novelist. Without saying good-by, Dick tears off to New York, where he hits the highest spots he can find. Two girls, Florette Vincennes, a beautiful night-club torch singer, and Lucia Valiant, a society golf champion, help him to celebrate his freedom. It is not long before he marries Florette, but she and Dick clash and row continually.

They take a trip to his ranch in Reno. There Florette meets Patsy, who has not married Craig Wendell but has gone into the resort ranch business with him. Florette sings in Chubby Nixon's night club for a lark, and the jolly, fat proprietor falls hard for the redheaded charmer.

Jealous of Lucia Valiant, and weary of domestic ties, Florette divorces Dick. She quits New York for Reno. Chubby employs her. Then Florette introduces Patsy to Ted Anderson, a wealthy widower and crack flyer.

On the same night that Dick marries Lucia in New York, Chubby Nixon and Florette, Ted Anderson and Patsy in a wild moment agree to a double wedding in Reno!

Subsequently all of them meet at New Year's in the Waldorf, where Dick tries to capture his first love, Patsy. But Patsy is disgusted and horrified. They are further apart than ever now.

Rebelling against Lucia's bossism, Dick kicks over the traces, and gossip gloats over a final break between them.

PART SEVEN—A WOMAN IN WHITE

SO our ex has divorced la Valiant!" laughed Florette one day in spring as she settled down on the window seat in Patsy's New York apartment.

"You mean la Valiant has divorced our ex. And I don't know that I blame her," corrected Pat, carefully measuring vermouth into the shaker—one to two; never more. . . . Ice first; then gin on the ice; last vermouth; and one dash, just one imperceptible dash, of orange bitt—

"What's the matter?" asked Florette sharply. "Gone sour on our fair-haired boy?"

Pat nodded. She poured the perfect Martini over an olive. "Yes," she said. "That's all over now. Dick has changed." Her tone put a period to the discussion. A definite one.

"Oh." Florette sipped her drink, accepted the period. Her mental comment was, So she's got over Dick. I'm glad. Peace for Pat at last! Good old Ted! Aloud she flipped, "Aren't we all? Changed, I mean. Look at me.

Tragedy strikes, and groping hearts see

Wives

NDERBILT, JR.

Patsy Lombard.

Florette Lombard.

Lucia Lombard.

Fifteen pounds—that's what happy married life has done to me! But you've lost the weight I've gained! What's the matter? New York too much for you?"

"No. Oh, no! I love it."

"You and Ted—"

"Perfect!"

"I thought it would be. He's a prince. But you should look better! Perhaps you're worried about this coming trial flight of his? Or should I ask?"

Pat smiled impulsively. "Of course I'm worried! And of course you shouldn't ask! But somehow, Flo, you're the one person I can talk to. I don't know why—"

"We graduated from the same school."

"Yes." Pat's face darkened. And Florette thought, It's Dick again! Good Lord, I ought to lay off Dick. Mention of him always upsets her. What's he done to her *now?* Aloud she said, "You ought to be pretty proud of Ted. He's gone places since you've had him under your wing."

Pat toyed with her glass, spinning it slowly in slender fingers. "Ted isn't under any one's wing," she corrected. "Ted's alone. The most alone person I've ever known. I wish he weren't! It isn't healthy to live alone."

"Utsnay!" said Florette. "Who isn't alone in this world? *C'est la vie*—as my dear adopted Belle France would say."

"Maybe," Patsy admitted. "It may be life; but it isn't healthy."

"Who said life was supposed to be healthy?" Florette gibed. "In a healthy life there'd be no doctors, lawyers, scientists, ministers, priests—good Lord, there'd be no need for any of the professions! We'd all live like cows. No exciting complications; no exciting cures. I'm glad life *isn't* healthy!"

Patsy sighed. "You and Ted always have answers." But she was thinking of Dick, not of Ted. Of how Dick, one of the healthiest, most alive, glorious young males that life had ever turned out, had been allowed to become a besotted, cynical, lecherous person who wouldn't even stick to the rules of a decent sporting code! Who had tried to make one kind of love to her after he'd thrown away the other! And when she was working so hard to make a real thing out of her marriage to Ted! So *that* was life, was it!

"Relax, pet, relax," begged Florette. "Be a duck. Take life on your closed feathers. Let it roll off—"

And then Ted came in, a vibrant Ted, lean, brown, burning with the thrill of the new flight in project. "We're going places, gals," he hailed them. "Drape your bodies in glad rags. We're celebrating. Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow"—he halted, bowed to Patsy—"tomorrow, my sweet, we find the answer to everything!" He pulled her hair.

TWO weeks later the papers carried the story: "Ted Anderson Lost in the Pacific." Three weeks later the papers were still carrying stories: "Fleet Scouring Waters Off . . ."; "Ships Still Searching . . ."; "U. S. Navy . . ."; and some people were saying, "Oh, I hope they'll find him! How horrible! With all his daring, his brilliance, to be waiting out there helpless in a tiny plane for the waves to swamp him!" While others were protesting, "No one man has a right to upset a nation emotionally to this extent! And think of the taxpayers' money! It costs the U. S. government thousands of dollars a day just to scour the waters for a man who loved danger and publicity so much—"

Patsy sat in the quiet apartment on Park Avenue. She asked herself, Why? Why? . . . Oh, I know it had to be, some time! *He* knew it, was ready for it any time. Yet it was his being ready that I didn't like. If only he'd lived longer and got the feeling that there was a meaning to it all! . . . They're calling him a crusader, a pioneer. He isn't—wasn't. He hadn't their spirit. Or had he? Did I know Ted? Did I *try* to know him? . . . Who knows anybody or anything? She put her dark head down on the pillows of the window seat where Ted had lain so often, tossing his paper planes across the room. . . . "They go up, but they always come down!" . . . The window seat where Florette had sat sipping Martinis, saying, "Utsnay! Who isn't alone in this world?"

Who? Pat asked herself. Why? What was the answer? She thought of Ted's New Year's resolution: "In 1935 I'll find the answer to everything!"

Have you? Pat asked. Oh, have you? . . . For an instant the world became an alarmingly small place—Pacific and Atlantic and other oceans and all the continents huddled together like people at a cocktail party on Park Avenue. . . . But no one spoke.

A MONTH later a testimonial dinner was given to the memory of Ted Anderson. Patsy, white in her black, feeling very old, looking pathetically young, sat at the head table. There were flowers for her and tactful speeches. There was a posthumous medal for Ted and a sum of money for a memorial.

Patsy, sitting there through what seemed like endless weeks of talking, almost began to believe that she could hear the whir of wings. . . . Patsy put her hands to her cold white face. I'm going crazy, she thought. Dad did once. *You* were a little bit crazy, Ted. Dick is! . . . Is *that* the answer? Is it better to be crazy? Then you can take life on the closed feathers of your back, as Florette suggested.

But the dinner was over. People were mutely pushing forward to shake her hand. Sad mouths, bored mouths, prying eyes, understanding eyes—

Craig Wendell was there. For heaven's sake, Craig *was* there! Why on earth?

ALL things come to him who waits," said Florette, slim and smart again and very New York, before returning to the life in Reno and the Chubby who suited her. Florette was speaking to—of all people—Dick, in—of all places—the Commodore bar, right next door to Grand Central Station.

Florette, with half an hour to kill before train time, was sitting at a solitary table near the station door, sipping a highball—her first since a strenuously abstemious reduction regime. And suddenly she saw Dick loom head and shoulders above the crowd coming in. Dick looking absolutely shot, worn out, completely dissipated. . . . So Pat had been right about him!

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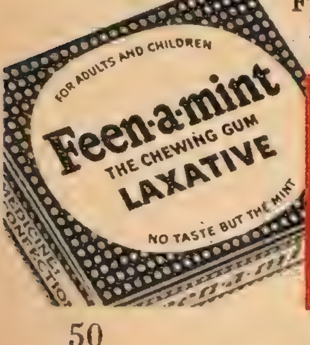

DELICIOUS
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"H'lo," Florette hailed him. "Fancy meeting you here. I'm catching a train to Reno in a while."

Dick sat down, facing her for the first time since she had smashed Pat's little white horse, back in that forlorn high-ceilinged apartment on Thirty-sixth Street. He sat down heavily. His eyes were bloodshot.

"Haven't changed a bit, have you, Red!" said Dick.

Florette started at his old pet name for her, as well as at the weariness of his face and voice. "I hear as how *you've* changed," she countered. And immediately knew she shouldn't have said that. But she'd just told Patsy good-by for a while and was full of thoughts of her. And Patsy always made her think of Dick—even though she knew Patsy was so definitely cured of her old heartbreak.

"Who said that," Dick demanded—"that I've changed?"

"Birds," said Florette. "Birds here and there. . . . Order me a Scotch-and-soda, Dick, for old times' sake."

DICK ordered. Then grimly he said, "I've sworn a compact to wring the neck of any one who says 'a little bird told me'!"

"Shake!" agreed Florette. "Humans do squat on the most disgusting platitudes."

"What else did Patsy say?" Dick demanded.

Florette opened wide her large green eyes. "Pat! How'd you guess? So you've seen Pat. Imagine that!" She didn't want to get into a serious discussion with Dick. He looked drunk, or sleepwalking.

Dick took his Scotch, left the soda, doubled the order. "Look, Red, I'm serious. I haven't seen Pat for months, not since before her husband was lost. But I know what Pat thinks of me. And I'm sorry. A lot of muddy water has rolled under a lot of rotten bridges—"

"Fancy Dick turning literary!" Florette murmured, still trying to keep the conversation frivolous.

"—since you and I split," he plowed on. "But a lot of things have cleared up at last. For one thing, we've all grown up. We're people, not adolescents; we're—"

Florette was shaking her bright head. Half of it showed under her smart tricorne. "You sound like something I read once in a book, or heard some one say—"

"Pat's on my mind, Red. I've tried to see her two or three times. . . . You know her better than I do now. How are things with her?"

Florette narrowed her eyes. "Leave Pat alone, Dicky. You're bad medicine for her. She's in the dumps over Ted, naturally. But she's all set every other way. Ted left a pile of patents and things. She's going back to Reno next week to build a flying school out there in Ted's memory."

Dick lighted two cigarettes, gave Florette one. "I saw her with Wendell on the street the other day. A buzzard! Always in at the kill!"

"Craig's all right. I used to think he was a sissy. But he's not." And it was then that she remarked, "He'll probably marry Pat yet. All things come to him who waits."

"So they do," said Dick. "So they do." He seemed to be miles away. With effort he brought himself back. "You're looking on the crest, Red."

From then on the conversation was polite, trivial. Dick bought her gardenias—grinned as he did it. "Luce taught me that much," he said. "Nothing like having too many wives! It's very educating!" And he put her on the train.

But instead of going back to a bar—as Florette had imagined he would—he went to his doctor's office. Dick's shot appearance was not, as Florette had decided, entirely due to dissipation. It was due mainly to hard work and other complications, with loneliness, bitterness, self-recrimination thrown in.

He was doggedly climbing back to his old place in Wall Street. Freed from the inferiority complex that Lucia had hung about his neck, he was doing better than almost any other young broker in those hard times. Another few years and he'd be able to buy a seat again—unless revolution hit the country.

"Captain Kidd's sailing again," they said of him. "But, Lord, he looks done in!"

And Dick's doctor, playing with an ornate paperweight that a Grateful Patient had given him, said, "You're working too hard. Probably playing too hard also. . . . Now, look, Lombard. I know your story, your set-up. And this is my advice: Take time off. Go out to your ranch. Rest, ride, relax."

THE ranch—Lombardy! thought Dick, walking down Lexington Avenue in the gray twilight. It would be full afternoon out there now. He could see the newly green hills, hear the meadow larks, smell the fresh sagebrush. He could feel his horse under him—miles of open road, plain, lake, hills, desert—Nevada Unlimited!

But on that same road, that same lake, Patsy's acres, and Patsy building a memorial to her late and famous husband; Patsy who no longer had even a kind thought for him!

SO Dick didn't go to Reno and Lombardy. Instead he went up on the Hudson and bought from a man who had thought he could raise dogs and had failed a couple of acres and an old frame house that looked vaguely like a ranch house.

Dick named the place Ranch House. When the place was finished it was comfortable, unique, hospitable. "And only a couple of hours' drive from New York! Come on, gang!"

"Shur-re, we moight as well be runnin' a r-roadhouse!" Dick's housekeeper, Mrs. Dennis, told him, pushing back the one gray lock that always came loose when she was disturbed. "The only difference bein' a r-roadhouse moight pay! But this way—Holy Mither, Mr. Dick, your bills would choke a dyney-sore!"

"We'll cut down," Dick resolved. "I'll hang a smallpox sign on the gate. I'll tell them Annie doesn't live here any more."

And he would cut down for a few weeks. Finally he bought a horse and rode late into the night under starry and starless skies. But the stars themselves seemed to tell him he wasn't a man who could stand being alone. And the starless nights made him think of Pat and the gypsy hag's prophecy: "Your life will be a night without stars." . . . Funny, he thought, how I keep going back to Pat! You'd think after all the years and all the women, married and unmarried—

Solitude was too much for him. So on the following week-end he'd bring another drove of whoopers-up to Ranch House. And Dick would think, This, after all, is the answer. And his guests would cheer, "To Captain Kidd! May he stay single!"

Dick had a gymnasium built into his barn. "You tanks can get out there and work it off," he'd say to his friends. He, too, took regular workouts. Must keep fit, he cautioned himself, fighting down the pain that occurred increasingly in the region of his stomach. A man's motor is only as good as his chassis.

IT was Mrs. Dennis who found Dick one Saturday morning on the floor of his gymnasium. He had fallen from the flying bars in a dead faint.

"But he hardly drank a thing last night!" the dressing-gowned guests protested when hysterically summoned. "He's had one foot on the wagon for weeks."

"Drink!" snorted Mrs. Dennis. "As if a good drink iver hurt a body! Mr. Dick's a sick man! He works too hard. Nights whin you're all asleep, he's sittin' over his rows of figures! He's a sick man!"

The doctor summoned from Bedford repeated Mrs. Dennis' diagnosis. And Dick's doctor, called from town, added, "I'm not surprised. He has got to go somewhere for complete rest. His heart is strained; he has a condition leading to stomach ulcers—and he—"

"That's enough," protested Dick from his bed. "I'll go!"

And he went—to one of those great rest factories that are all peace, beauty, efficiency. And *hell* for a man whose brain won't stop whirring!

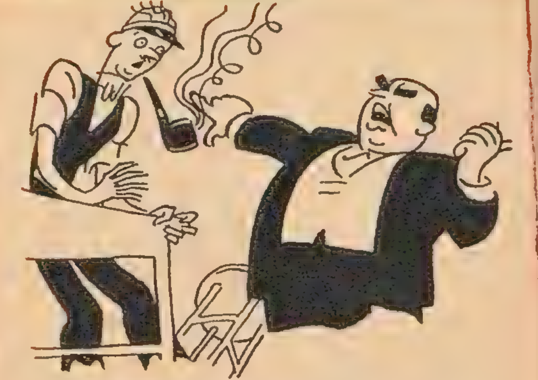
Dick drank orange juice, milk; he ate raw salads. He played golf with other inmates whose golf was as bad as his. . . . He thought of Lucia and chuckled. Lord, wouldn't these molly games burn her up! . . . He went to bed at nine o'clock, to lie awake.

Thus a week passed. Then Dick met some one who changed the place for him.

"She should, so they say," whispered one of his acquaintances, "be at Saranac. But her doctor's giving her a chance here first. . . . Mrs.

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE THERE MAY BE FIRING!

TROUBLE'S BREWING! The Old Boy got a whiff of George's pipe—and swore that George was stealing ink erasers to fill his stinky briar! Well, the result was—



HE BLEW UP and fired the poor guy. George was sure out on a limb—said he'd trusted that pipe for years—and now it proved his downfall. But at the last moment—

GEORGE WAS RESCUED when a pal said to clean the pipe and switch to Sir Walter Raleigh, that very mild and delightfully fragrant burley blend from the Blue Grass.

THE OLD BOY RELENTED. He told George: "Any man with sense enough to smoke a brand that smells *that* good can stay on my payroll forever! Get *me* a 2-oz. tin!"

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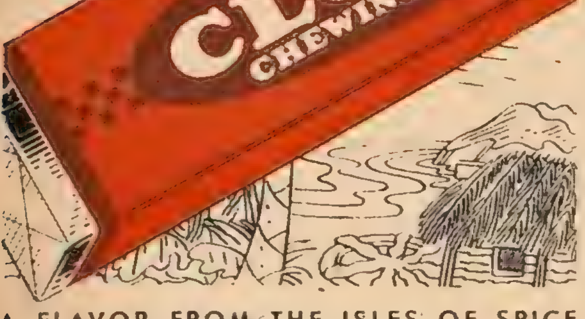


A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

Macfarlane, this is Mr. Lombard."

Dick took the thin cool hand of a thin cool woman in white. She was fair and pale and yet spirited. He didn't stop to figure that last out, but he was to realize it later. She had sandy hair, a wave or two of which showed under her felt sport hat. Her complexion was sandy and her eyes were gray; not the clear uniform gray of Lucia's, but a deep-sea gray that was changeable, now green, now blue. She had a lovely speaking voice, a soft laugh, a sympathetic manner, and a gaiety that went with the small dashes of feverish color on her cheekbones. She was older than Dick—not that she looked it; but he instinctively treated her as so from the first.

"Lombard?" she remarked on meeting Dick. "That isn't a usual name. I've only known of one—" She stopped.

"In Reno?" he asked.

She nodded.

"That's all right!" He laughed. "I'm probably it. And as far as that goes, I only know of two Macfarlanes. One was a grand old full-throated singer; the other is—was?—a writer."

"He was," she said. "He was my husband. He died five years ago."

Dick regretted that he couldn't say he'd read any of Macfarlane's things. His reading had only begun in the recent summer at Ranch House. Later he confessed as much to Mary Macfarlane. But for the present he merely said, "I've heard fine things of him. He wrote sea stories, didn't he?"

And then a doctor interrupted.

It was the next day that Dick asked her to play golf. Not because she looked like a good golfer, but because she had said she had heard of him in Reno.

But she couldn't do anything as strenuous as golf. So he took her to an early movie. "It's O. K.," he said, "if we get in before taps. This regime makes me feel like boarding school all over again!"

And on the short drive back to "the barracks," as the patients called it, he asked, "What about Reno?"

"And you in Reno?"

"Exactly."

"We-ell, shall we say that my mentioning it was a slip? I'm not noted for tact. In fact I'm a bungler."

"Yes? Go on."

"I—knew your first wife there."

"Patsy."

"Yes. She's a darling! She saved my life."

He wheeled on her. "Not in the lake!" he protested. "Why, Patsy was the world's worst swimmer—"

"She was improving when I knew her," interrupted Dick's companion. "But it wasn't in the lake. No. She saved my life spiritually. You see, I went out there for a divorce."

"And she stopped it?"

"Yes."

"I'd heard that of her. 'Don't go to Pat Lom—Van Heuten, or she'll talk you out of wanting a divorce.' . . . So Pat doesn't believe in divorce?"

"Oh, but she does—for adolescent marriages. She thinks people ought to know life before they marry."

"And who knows life?"

MARY MACFARLANE shrugged. "Donald—my husband—used to say, 'To know life you have to be the *pièce de résistance* in an operation, sit in at a funeral, do something you're proud of, something you shudder to think of, hate some one's guts, and—love some one hopelessly.' . . . Would you qualify?"

They were turning in at the sanatorium gates. It was almost time for taps. Mary Macfarlane was thinking of Donald. Why am I always quoting him? Why can't I stop? Will I spend the rest of my time—

Dick was thinking of Pat. Adolescents! Romeo and Juliet, they called us. But those two didn't know life either! Oh, well, they were lucky. They died before they split up.

"We'll talk some more, you and I," Dick said to Mary Macfarlane. "You've got something."

What further complications are in the offing? Is it possible that Dick is going to involve himself with another woman? Will Mary Macfarlane give him his answer to life at last? Next week's installment in Liberty is bound to surprise you, whatever you think now.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 36

1—Nicholas Longworth (1869-1931).
2—The sidecar.
3—The Rio Grande.
4—Richard Wagner.
5—The tangerine.
6—Two: the Tropic of Cancer and the Tropic of Capricorn.
7—China, according to Carl Crow, author of Four Hundred Million Customers.
8—Gelatin.
9—Leslie Thrasher.
10—Field hockey, which dates back many centuries. Ice hockey was first played in 1879 at Montreal.
11—No, since more than half of the sounds employed in talking are made in the back of mouth or throat. It is often possible, however, to follow a speaker's thought without great difficulty.
12—Slowly to the last puff of the first dozen pipeloads, with the bowl but half filled.
13—Boston; Lowell; Worcester—all in Massachusetts.
14—There isn't any difference, the word pianoforte having been shortened in popular usage. Pianoforte is from the Italian: *piano* means soft; *forte*, loud.
15—Ernest Hemingway.
16—*Write your own answer!*
17—A chinook.
18—General Zachary Taylor.
19—A projection above a horse's hoof.
20—

John Brown

Is A NEW PARTY the Only Way Out?

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

Editor's Note: Designated as a candidate for the mayoralty of New York in the recent Republican and Democratic primaries, Senator Copeland was defeated in both. In spite of his unwillingness to enter the contest, it is agreed by all that he made a remarkable canvass. His experience of running under the emblems of two bitterly antagonistic political parties is certainly unique. It places him in an exceptionally good position to discuss their future.

BY SENATOR

ROYAL S. COPELAND

OF NEW YORK

An eminent Democrat ponders a perplexing political future

WERE it not so tragic, one could laugh over the efforts of the leaders to repair the broken-down Republican machine. That device now has no more value than a badly used automobile of a 1929 model. In any national contest it would be left at scratch.

Why do I speak so positively? Well, besides the business interests, large and small, from what sources have come the Republican votes? Of course all the strength of that party was found in the North, and it came from: the G. A. R. veterans; the Negroes; the Protestant churches; the farmers.

The Brain Trust of Russia decided to nationalize the children. By taking them away from their parents and the church, it would require no more than a generation to have a population devoted exclusively to the state. There would be no divided allegiance.

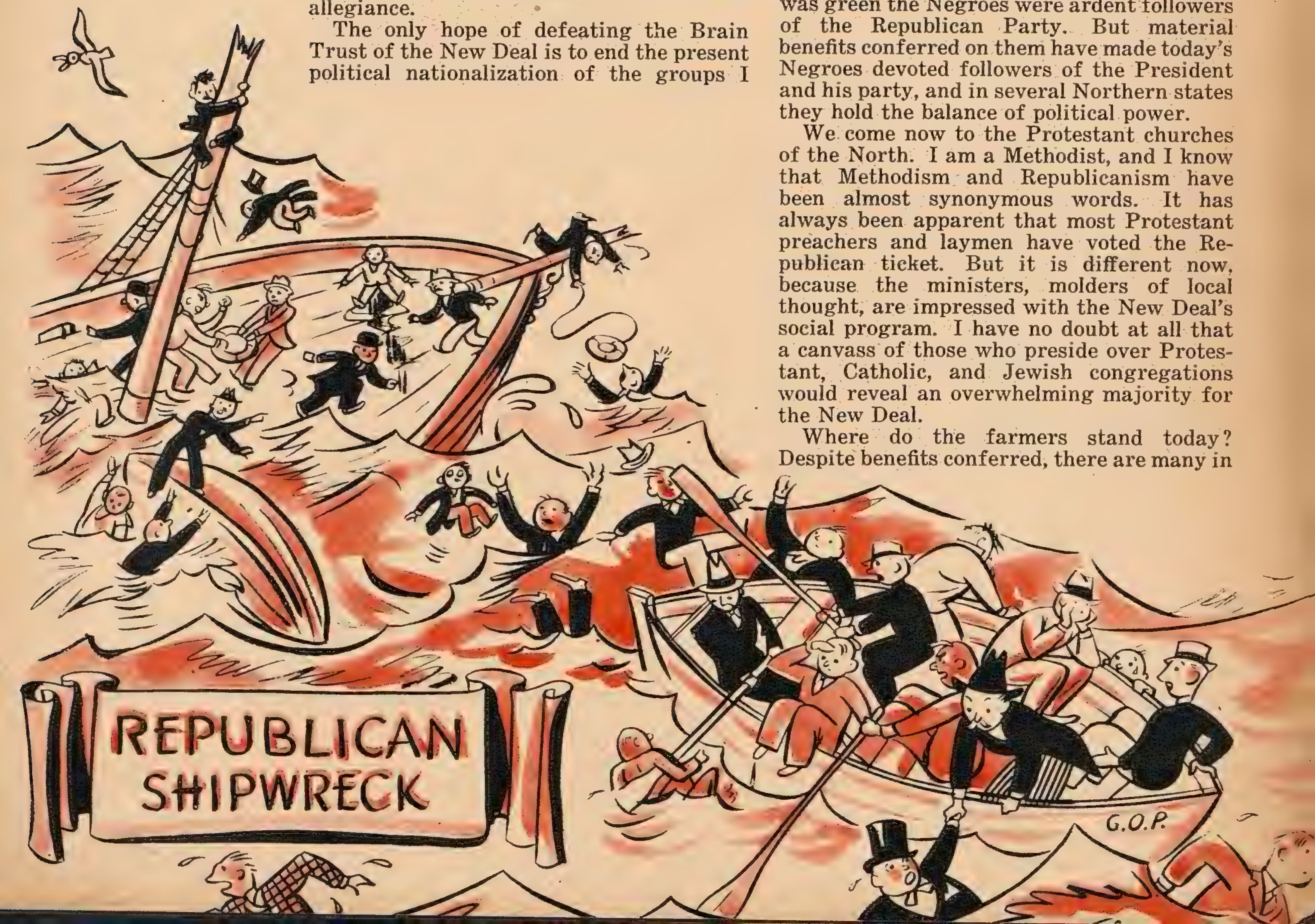
The only hope of defeating the Brain Trust of the New Deal is to end the present political nationalization of the groups I have enumerated, groups which had been the strength of the Republican Party since the Civil War.

Let us look first at the G. A. R. veterans. It is true that these fine men have grown old; but their influence reached into the Sons of Veterans and the Grandsons of Veterans. Because of generous pension treatment, the soldier vote could be depended upon to go Republican. But now we have had two wars since 1861-65, and it remained for the New Deal Congress to deal generously with these veterans—although the President himself consistently opposed measures intended to give them assistance. It is only natural that they will hold a kindly feeling for the party now in power.

While the memory of Abraham Lincoln was green the Negroes were ardent followers of the Republican Party. But material benefits conferred on them have made today's Negroes devoted followers of the President and his party, and in several Northern states they hold the balance of political power.

We come now to the Protestant churches of the North. I am a Methodist, and I know that Methodism and Republicanism have been almost synonymous words. It has always been apparent that most Protestant preachers and laymen have voted the Republican ticket. But it is different now, because the ministers, molders of local thought, are impressed with the New Deal's social program. I have no doubt at all that a canvass of those who preside over Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish congregations would reveal an overwhelming majority for the New Deal.

Where do the farmers stand today? Despite benefits conferred, there are many in



You'll have more fun when the SKIN is clear from WITHIN

NO MAN or woman wants to have a finger poked at them or receive sympathy because of an unhealthy skin appearance.

Some skin troubles are tough to correct, but we do know this—skin tissues like the body itself must be fed from *within*.

To make the food we eat available for strength and energy, there must be an abundance of red-blood-cells.

Worry, overwork, undue strain, unbalanced diet, a cold, perhaps, as well as other causes, "burn-up" your red-blood-cells faster than the body renews.

S.S.S. Tonic builds these precious red cells. It is a simple, internal remedy, tested for generations and also proven by scientific research.

It is worthy of a thorough trial by taking a course of several bottles . . . the first bottle usually demonstrates a marked improvement.

Moreover, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite and improves digestion . . . a very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to regain and to maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . to strengthen nerves . . . and to give to your skin that *natural* health glow.

Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel . . . and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time-tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good." © S.S.S. Co.

SSS TONIC

the North and East who have not been beguiled by the New Deal. But when we learn that four millions of farmers, eighty per cent of the whole number, are receiving an average of $136 per annum cash money from Uncle Sam, what must we expect? There can be but one answer. This is true, too, of the WPA workers.

As for labor, it has long been pretty consistently Democratic. But at the moment the labor groups are almost one hundred per cent for the administration.

From every part of the world come reports regarding the "Youth Movement." There is no use trying to laugh off this new factor. The decade in which we live has completely changed the outlook of young people who were still in childhood during the depression. If the rebuilders of the Republican Party imagine they can enlist this growing group, they are plumb crazy. Youth is lost to any national party that is not built up from the grass roots.

Where, then, does the G. O. P. expect to get any new followers? In my opinion, the vote for Mr. Landon is not the irreducible minimum. I firmly believe it will fall far below that, but of a certainty it won't come within a million miles of any hope of victory.

As for the Democrats, they have their own precious memories. Even the most recalcitrant of them revere the party of the past; but the party of the present day, they feel, is no longer Democratic.

Yet it may well be that the difficulty of prying Democrats away from that party is even greater than the difficulty of getting Republicans to give up allegiance to theirs. Undoubtedly this would be true in the South. Perhaps some of us carry our partisanship lightly; but as for men like Carter Glass—God bless him!—it would require a terrible wrench to detach them. And an effort to transfer them to the Republican Party could never succeed.

The idea of a coalition looks hopeless to me. For those who seek a union of forces to deal with what is going on in America, there must be a brand-new name and a new organization.

SURELY there is every reason to worry over things as they are. Republicans and Democrats alike face a staggering public debt. They see the self-respect and spirit of independence of a dozen million families largely lost because of dependence upon the bounty of Washington for shelter, food, and clothing. They see Communism on the increase and religion on the decline. They see the federal establishments so dominated by the will of one man that government is largely personal. They see the same man holding the sword over the Supreme Court and elevating to membership on that lofty bench a bigoted, prosecutor type of lawyer.

Republicans and Democrats alike face a looming dictatorship, with a tyrant ready for the saddle!

Not until they are ready in the true spirit of self-sacrifice to unite under a new banner for the preservation of constitutional government—not until then will there be hope for our beloved country.

It is possible that Republicans and Democrats as individuals could be induced to meet together in large numbers for a conference and perhaps the adoption of a declaration of principles. Then would follow the problem of reaching the voters. If a new party were decided upon, there would be faced at once the difficulty of getting on the ballot in all the states. The election laws are not uniform and it would take time for candidates to qualify under them. Such difficulties make the Vandenberg plan for a coalition more appealing, at least in theory.

AS I understand the proposal of my friend Senator Vandenberg, he wants the Republicans to nominate for President a prominent Democrat. He suggested the names of Senator Edward R. Burke of Nebraska and Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia. Both are splendid men; either would suit me to perfection and I believe would make a strong appeal to the country. But the trouble is, the Republicans won't do so sensible a thing.

Why do I say this?

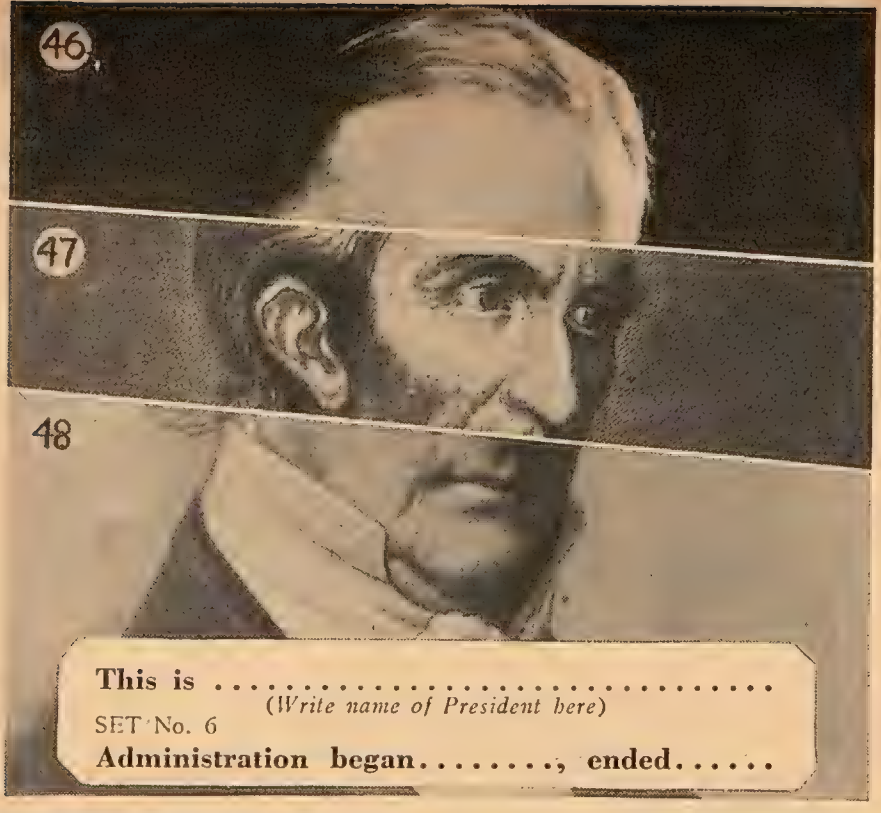
I speak out of my recent experience in the New York mayoralty contest. I was designated not only by the Democrats but by the Republicans. It was inspiring indeed to witness the enthusiasm of many fine Republican men and women. I do not flatter myself that it was for me personally they were working; they believed it was for a cause. But did all the Republican official leaders strive for my nomination? Quite the contrary. With a few notable exceptions, those leaders were silent or in bitter opposition; most of the latter are friends of mine, so I know their attitude was not personal but purely political.

My opponent in the Republican primaries was the sitting mayor, who had been endorsed by the Communists, the Socialists, the American Labor Party, the C. I. O., John L. Lewis, and every radical in town. Into this mess of anti-Republican elements jumped most of the leading Republicans and the stalwart New York Herald Tribune. If these things happened in a New York primary, why can we believe it would be different in a national convention?

If any new plan of political action is to be effected, it must be one with an appeal to large numbers on both sides of the political fence; and if it is to have any chance of success, it must be in no sense merely a realignment of reactionaries.

As one studies the idea of a new political set-up, its difficulties are apparent but possibly not insurmountable. Failure to find some way to check the present trend means defeat of all hope for a restoration of American ideals and of our familiar standards of American life.

THE END



This is ....
(*Write name of President here*)
SET No. 6
Administration began........, ended......

THE FOREHEAD is of one who spent boyhood days in the Indian Territory; the eyes and nose are of a Speaker of the House of Representatives, the mouth and chin are of one of Scottish descent.

$2,500 GAME OF PRESIDENTS

CAN you identify the three former Presidents pictured in this week's composites without recourse to the clues furnished below each picture? If so, your final ranking in this great cash prize contest should be high indeed. However, in the event that you have difficulty in correctly assembling and identifying the pictures, the clues should offer all of the assistance you require. Every prize on the list is well worth the winning. You can still get into the game and win!

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

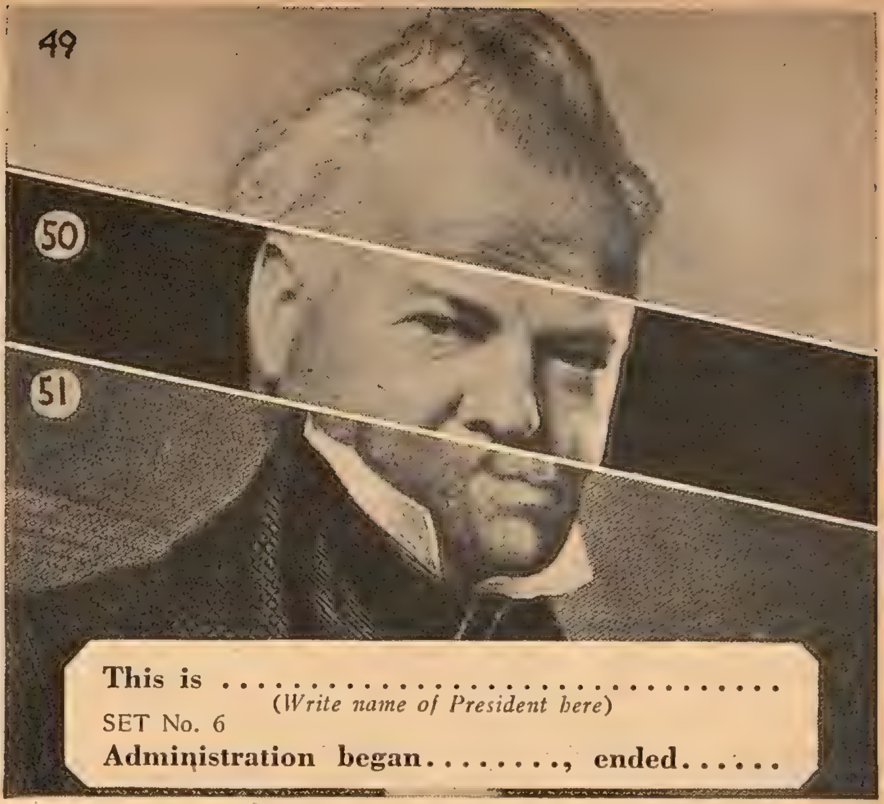
If you need any of the earlier composites to bring your entry up to date, make written request for reprints, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing and handling from the contest address in Rule 6. Reprints will be sent without delay and you can make up lost ground at your leisure.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
70 PRIZES, each $10	700
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000
273 PRIZES—TOTAL	$2,500

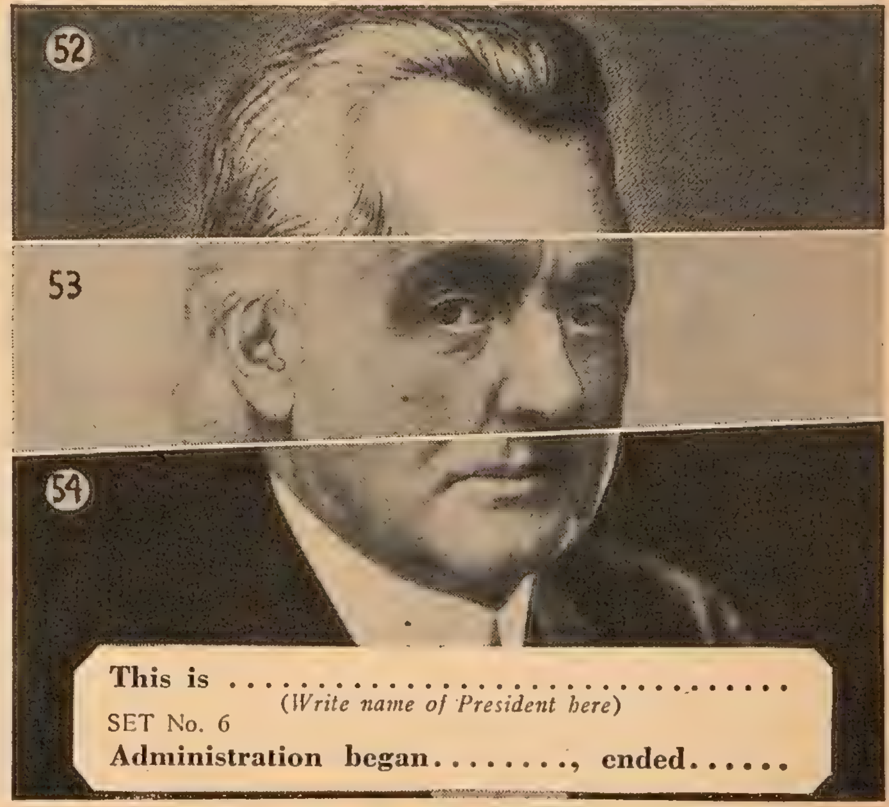
WHOPPERS CONTEST

As this issue of Liberty goes on the presses the entries in the Whoppers Contest are in the hands of M-G-M's Pete Smith on the West Coast, who reports that while progress is being made, the task of reading each individual entry for originality, exaggeration, improbability, and merriment as required by the contest rules, is not yet completed. When the task of rating the thousands upon thousands of entries is completed announcement of the results will be made in our earliest possible issue. Please watch for it.



This is ....
(*Write name of President here*)
SET No. 6
Administration began........, ended......

THE FOREHEAD is of one who volunteered at Baltimore in the War of 1812; the eyes and nose are of a United States Secretary of Commerce; the mouth and chin are of a Governor of Tennessee.



This is ....
(*Write name of President here*)
SET No. 6
Administration began........, ended......

THE FOREHEAD is of one called "the Napoleon of the Stump"; the eyes and nose are of a Minister to Russia; the mouth and chin are of one whose ancestors were Quakers.

PRESIDENTS CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of composite pictures of former Presidents of the United States.

2. Each set of pictures when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of former Presidents. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.

3. For the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award $2,500 in cash prizes according to the schedule on this page. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Thirty pictures will be published in all, one for each former President. Franklin D. Roosevelt's picture is not included in this contest, only former Presidents being used.

5. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the President and the first and last years of his administration.

6. Mail your entry by first-class mail to PRESIDENTS CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

7. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and member of their families.

8. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.

9. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, February 23, 1938, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Sound and Fury Over the Ku Klux Klan

SAN JOSE, CALIF.—Certain it is Liberty gave us a four-star in the article expounding the principles and objectives of the Ku Klux Klan, written by the Imperial Wizard himself (November 20 Liberty).

His Excellency the Hon. Hiram W. Evans would have us believe that the hooded order is not intolerant of race, creed, or color. The Klan is merely made up of pagans whose idol is the 100-per-cent American-born white Christian who will pay ten dollars a year dues to the order and attend meetings covered up in a white bed sheet. Jews are accorded a hearty welcome to the order when they are native born and become Christians, which makes them eligible to live in the fullest freedom in America, under the Klan rule. Catholics too will be welcomed in the order when they have an American-born Pope with offices in this country. The Pope too is to be a Klansman!

Negroes will no longer be wrung by the neck if they will all go back to Africa, build pyramids, and stay in the shadow of their pyramids, where they can never again cast eyes on a Klansman or any other white American.

We are to believe that the Klan is strong enough in numbers today to Americanize America as the Klan would have it. Is this a veiled warning to us who do not feel we are yet ready to die at the hands of this veiled order?

Klansmen profess to be 100-per-cent Americans cloaked with all of the true American principles established since the foundation of the United States. The Klan is still playing up that ancient American principle of burning people on crosses as done in the witchcraft days—and they expect to succeed in this machine age! Could anything be more simple-minded?—*G. A. T.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I fear that the Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan has been rather misunderstood or misinterpreted in his recent article in Liberty. But that is to be expected, regardless of how good the cause one puts forth.

The Ku Klux Klan is a 100-per-cent American organization, regardless of all assertions to the contrary. The motives of it are the highest, and much of the dirt which has been attributed to it has been things done by outsiders who have used it merely as a convenient cloak for their cussedness.—*John J. Trotter.*

BOSTON, MASS.—Hiram W. Evans, in his article Is the Klan Coming Back? wraps his organization in cellophane. More, he puts a light inside the package, revealing to any real American possessed of perspicacity and understanding the shameful and degrading contents.

His own words expose the Klan as a huge bunco game, as it has been from the first, sicklied over with a pale cast of patriotism, appealing to the low type of prejudices and standards that were long since well dead were they not kept alive by his and other organizations of similar ilk—and always for a price.—*Henri R.*

DES MOINES, IA.—I'll confess that, just skimming over Whang Doodle Evans' blurb in a recent issue, I was a bit impressed. Then I went back and read it more carefully, and had a good laugh over his pomp and bluster and egotism.

It's hard to be a King Kleagle and K-flap your K-wings without plenty of Kash-Kash-Kash. Sheets cost money—and really, the outfit wouldn't be nearly so impressive if they were reduced to wearing shorts.

Gosh, I'm scared!—*Hard-Boiled.*

TAMPA, FLA.—According to the great Imperial Wizard, the Klan is now making Communism the especial object of its terrorism. This is the best recommendation that I have seen of Communism. As it seems to me, the Klan and Communism are competing rackets, those at the cash-in end of the line having a constant supply of funds from their dupes. But at least it can be said of Communists that they do not tog up in sheets and pillowcases and go about the countryside terrorizing defenseless men, women, and children.—*H. D. W.*

AKRON, OHIO—If you knew the oath of the Klan, what it stands for and teaches, you would talk different. Your comment, Liberty, sounds far more "un-American" than Mr. Evans does.

You did not bother to find out how many thousands have had store bills, coal, rent, hospital, and doctor bills paid by the Klan.

The Klan is a 100-per-cent American Protestant organization whose allegiance is to the U. S. A. first and last.

Long live the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan!—*Merle V. Philips.*

[Reader response to this article was enormous. Among other letters were those from Joseph H. Resch, New York, N. Y.; William Burgener, Norwalk, Calif.; D. W. Dailey, Maumee, Ohio; Mrs. Linwood C. Shaughnessy, Norfolk, Va.; Edward Doane, Miami, Fla.; James W. Goodman, Ponchatoula, La.; Mrs. D. E. Horsley, Cleveland, Ohio; Ernest G. Woleslagel, Hutchinson, Kan.; A. E. Silva, Oakland, Calif.; Tom McCulken, Philadelphia, Pa.; Charles L. Russell, Dennison, Ohio; G. Heidman, Ottawa, Ont.; Joseph P. Mooney, Roosevelt, N. Y.; A. R. Brown, Chicago, Ill.; Tim Shuttle, Ligon, Ky.; Louis F. Miller, Toledo, Ohio; R. Shean, Newton, N. J.; Alfred R. Tremaine, Newport, N. H.; E. C. Nance, Seattle, Wash.; R. B. Wills, Hollywood, Calif.; George T. Taylor, Pittsburgh, Ga.; John W. Smith, Cambridge, Mass.; H. H. Mangum, Memphis, Tenn.]

DEMANDS PUBLIC RETRACTION

OAKLAND, CALIF.—After reading your very unfair article, Women and Children First, I want to protest very strongly. Such an un-American Fascist-like article I've not read for a long time. I demand a public retraction. Don't think you can fool the American people!

Statistics disprove your article. People of your intelligence should know better. Did you ever live on an American ship? If not, try it for a trip and get some firsthand information. You'll change your very one-sided view.—*K. B. Sparks.*

WHAT IS CARY GRANT'S REAL NAME, ANYHOW?

MARSHALL, MO.—In August 21 Liberty, when you reviewed Topper, you said that Cary Grant's real name is Percival Leach. In the November 27 issue, when you reviewed The Awful Truth, you announced it to be Archibald Leach. Are you sure it isn't Montmorency?—*Miss Kee Toe.*

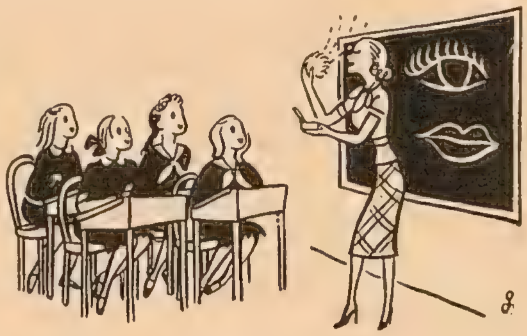
AMBUSH LIKE A BIG DRINK OF TEQUILA

ODESSA, TEX.—A bouquet to Robert Ray on his first story, Ambush. It's genuinely thrilling, exciting no end, and as refreshing as a big drink of tequila to a tired vaquero. All of this from a reader who usually shuns any kind of thrill stories and who has never felt inclined to write a "fan" letter before. —*A. Mack.*

"THIS FOOLISHNESS" OF HIGHER EDUCATION

YONKERS, N. Y.—Hooray for Mrs. Clements' "little red schoolhouse" (November 27 Vox Pop). She's quite right. Reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, history, grammar—to master these subjects should be sufficient for small folks or grown-ups.

Just why parents do not rise up in their might and stop this foolishness of "higher education" I am not able to solve. The taxpayers pay for all this folderol. The children have subjects forced upon them for which they will never find use.



Last year I was in a Delaware high school. Pupils were being taught the gentle art of correct make-up—use of rouge, lipstick! Rouse, ye parents! Call a halt to this moronic nonsense.—*Old-Fashioned.*

ANTIDOTE FOR TWELVE YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE

CHICAGO, ILL.—I have been taking your magazine in big doses, as an antidote for twelve years of married life. Let me tell you it serves its purposes well. It breaks the monotony and keeps me serene. My husband is smart enough to recognize the cure and never misses a copy of Liberty.

When I become temperamental he throws me a current copy, and reading it takes the place of counting ten. The angrier I am, the longer story or article I read. That's where your timing comes in handy. Five minutes for a little argument and twenty or more for a big one!—*Helen Davis.*

HOME SWEET HOME

A Director of the Social Security Board Explains

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In October 23 Liberty there appeared an article, So Red the Tape, which contained some misstatements regarding Social Security. In order that there may be no misunderstanding on the part of your readers regarding our old-age insurance program, I am writing this letter.

First of all, I would like to emphasize that it is and has been the constant policy of the Social Security Board to simplify procedure. Toward this end, a program of decentralization has been followed whereby field offices are opened in central locations throughout the United States in order that employers and employees might find personal help and guidance in the solution of their individual problems. In New York State alone there are twenty-two field offices which are available to employers who need assistance and to employees who require Social Security account numbers or who might be eligible to lump-sum payments under the old-age insurance program.

Workers who have been employed in industrial or commercial occupations since January 1, 1937, and who have reached the age of sixty-five since that date, may be entitled to a lump-sum payment at this time. The field offices of the board have available claim forms which are more simple in form than those used by insurance companies. Assistance in filling out these forms can be had at any Social Security field office. The same assistance will be given to the family of a worker who has died.

It has been the intent not only of the Social Security Board, but of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, to make the regulations covering the employer as simple as possible. Employers are required to deduct 1 per cent of the wages of all workers in occupations covered by old-age insurance. A like sum then is added on behalf of each employee. These combined sums are sent jointly to the nearest collector of internal revenue.

Federal old-age insurance is the same throughout the nation. Employers should have no need for expert service in meeting their obligations under this law. They are invited to bring their problems to any office of the Social Security Board and there they will be given every consideration and co-operation.—*Anna M. Rosenberg, Regional Director, Social Security Board.*

BERT GREEN AS FUEHRER; TED SHANE AS DUCE

ALAMOGORDO, N. M.—In Liberty of recent date I note you quote Emil Ludwig as saying that we are in no danger of being under a dictator so long as Franklin D. Roosevelt runs things, because Mr. Roosevelt has a keen sense of humor and no dictator was ever known in history who had this desirable trait. If we desire a ruler with a real sense of humor, why not prevail upon Ted Shane or Bert Green to take over the job?

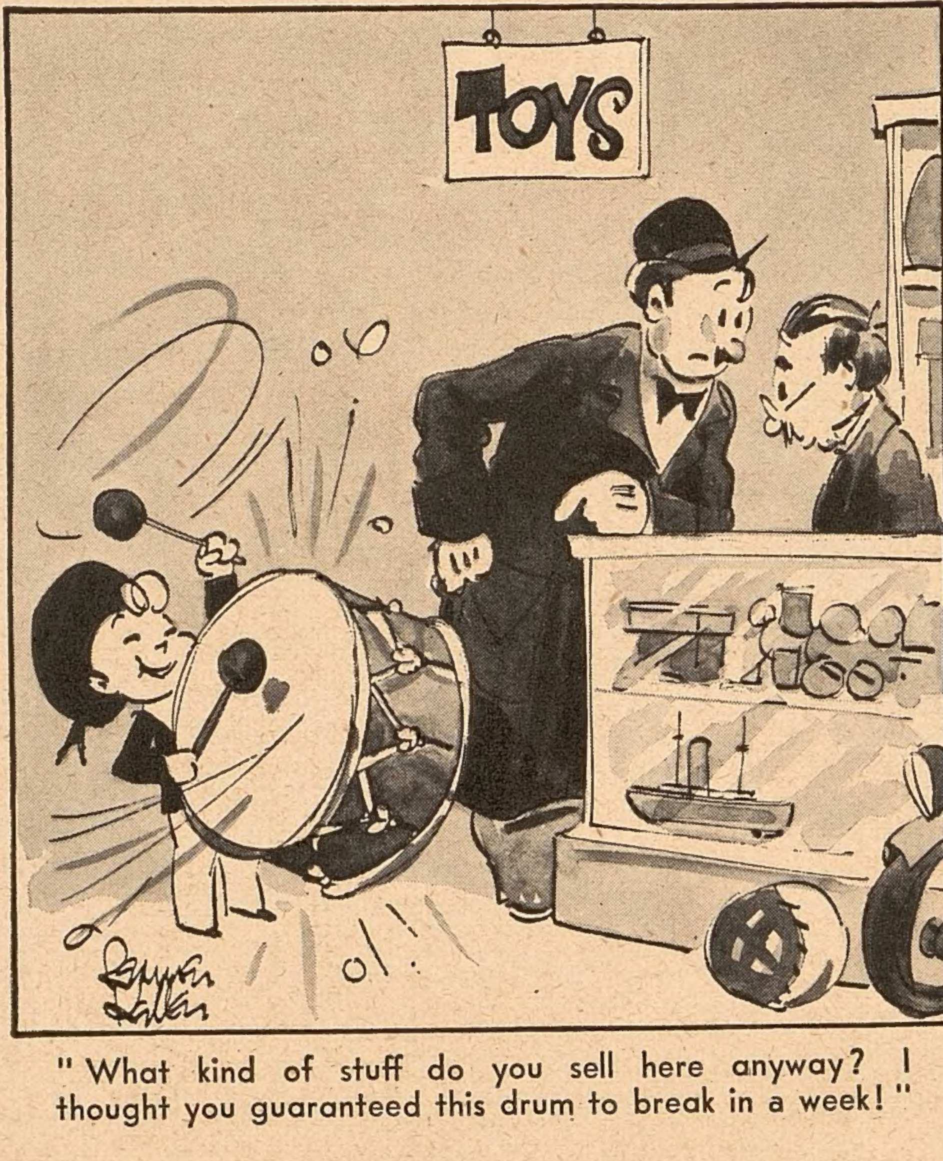
If the Macfadden editorials are to be relied upon (and I am sure they can be), as well as the writings of many other editors and the speeches of many senators and congressmen, no President ever yet displayed such an inordinate desire to dictate in all matters of government as has Franklin Delano Roosevelt. So — how? —*Thomas Daniel.*

ENSOULING THE PHYSICAL BODY

BOISE, IDA.—I would like to correct the statement of Francis E. McKay (December 4 Vox Pop) that "genius comes from the male parent." As a matter of fact, genius does not come from either parent, but is a spiritual characteristic of the ego ensouling the physical body. How else account for Mozart and Beethoven and Shakespeare and hundreds of others who were born of obscure parents, in many cases unaccomplished and illiterate?

Mentality is not transmitted. Mind does not come from matter. Will F. E. M. please state how one can give part of his mind to an offspring and how many such physical products can be created without entirely depleting the original source?—*Harry Dana Abbott.*

"HARDTACK"



"What kind of stuff do you sell here anyway? I thought you guaranteed this drum to break in a week!"

YOUNG LADY IN A PATCH OF CATTAILS

KALAMAZOO, MICH.—Never in my life have I written a letter to an editor, but what in the hell is the young lady on the cover page of Liberty for December 4 supposed to be doing in the patch of cattails?

It would appear that the young lady in question is supposed to be hunting ducks, but who ever heard of a duck hunter robed in a bright red and green costume? I suggest that Ellen B. Segner, the artist, "shake" the fog of the city and get a little rural atmosphere.—*H. E. Griffin.*

CAMDEN, N. J.—Isn't your duck huntress really a musical-comedy queen?—*Quack.*

"I AM THE DEAD" READING

BLYTHEVILLE, ARK.—I am interested in the December 4 Vox Pop letter on I Am the Dead. Would you please tell me where I can get a copy of the reading, I Am the Dead, first presented through the pages of Liberty?—*Mrs. S. S. Sternberg.*

[This appeared in October 9 Vox Pop in the regular way. The Los Angeles radio stations KFI and KECA were responsible for the broadcast adaptation and to them you would have to apply for the "reading."—VOX POP EDITOR.]

Ten Doctors—Ten Different Diagnoses

A YOUNG MAN and his wife recently called upon a number of New York doctors. . . . The husband had headaches. . . . Ten physicians examined him with varying degrees of thoroughness. . . . Ten different diagnoses were given, ten prescriptions recommended, ten fees charged. . . . Next week in Liberty the young husband tells his bewildering tale. . . . We can forecast in advance what some of the doctors, writing to Vox Pop, will reply. . . . A headache is one of the most difficult of symptoms to diagnose. . . . Right! . . . But why do they prescribe and charge when they don't know? . . . That is quackery. . . . I know of no greater heroes than good doctors. . . . They work much harder than ordinary men . . . they carry the burden of life and death . . . they are truly great and good men. . . . Moreover, progressive medical men have long since dropped their pontifical pretense to omniscience. . . . Cabalistic prescriptions will some day be dropped, together with all other hocus-pocus fit only to impress childlike minds. . . . But not all doctors with shingles hanging out are progressive medical men. . . . To read this story in next week's Liberty is to learn of ineptitude, carelessness, ignorance, and downright humbug, all licensed to practice on your heart, your stomach, your life and mine. . . . We print the piece merely as a little experiment of immense significance. . . . The medical profession is the most important of all professions. . . . Many men and women seem to lead godly lives without the advice of a clergyman. . . . Some of us are even fortunate enough to march from bassinet to crematorium without needing the services of a lawyer. . . . But to every man there comes a time when he must place his life in the hands of another man as he says, "Doctor, I'm sick!" . . . Above all other professions, then, medicine must rise supreme in ethics, in common honesty. . . . Now there is a revolt within the ranks of medicine, heretics in the American Medical Association. . . . Only good can come of that revolt, because it is in the hands of good men, progressive and sincere. . . . Such men will work to eradicate the shysters whose ways are told in the article, Ten Doctors; Ten Different Diagnoses, in next week's Liberty. . . . A BLUSH IS NOT A SYMPTOM of anything a doctor would worry about; it is, in fact, an almost extinct symptom found only among old-fashioned gentlemen accidentally lost backstage of a musical show. . . . Our young girls blush no more. . . . We have that on the authority of one Rupert Hughes, a denizen of Hollywood or its environs, a great novelist and student of his fellow man and his fellow man's wife and daughter. . . . Next week in Liberty, Rupert opens up to tell the world, with indignant enthusiasm, not only why our girls don't blush but why it is a good thing that they don't. . . . You may not agree with Mr. Hughes, but you will certainly thrill to his fervid defense of our unincarnadined maidens. . . . You will certainly be excited, too, by the publication of Liberty's All-Players All-America Team, the annual announcement of which is always an event in football. . . . TWO GREAT SHORT STORIES will delight you: Céleste, another adventure of the rogue Casanova, as told by that amiable literary rogue, John Erskine; and a Hollywood yarn from a new angle by two young writing gals of great promise and, so I am told, of great pulchritude—Ethel Doherty and and Louise Long. . . . In addition to other features, there will be generous installments of Ludwig's historic biography of President Roosevelt, of The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll, Too Many Wives, and the New Sorrows of the Duchess of Windsor. . . . FROM STEVE FISHER comes the following: "I have contemplated writing this letter for a long time, there have been so many things I wanted to thank you for. Things are really breaking now, and you are really launching me into my smooth-paper-magazine career. There are no words sufficiently eloquent to express how I feel about this. It is everything for which I have fought; Liberty itself for years was a dream. My first poor book that I wrote when I was nineteen (and which was finally published under a pen name) was written for the Liberty novel contest going on at that time, and which Mary Bickel won. I saw Viña Delmar rise through Liberty to become a star; I thrilled with the nation at Hell Hounds, and I read avidly the serials by Rupert Hughes. I worked hoping, praying, feeling that some day I too would be in Liberty. So you see how it is. How I feel. If a man's life is important, then that's what you've given me—your encouragement, your willingness to give a new writer a big chance." . . . Charles F. Wright of Palo Alto, California, wants us to help him pass an initiative law at the general California election of 1938, making every Saturday a holiday, to be known as Recreation Day. . . . It is against the policy of Liberty as a national magazine to advocate state legislation. . . . But the Liberty staff has always practiced this policy. The office is closed every Saturday and Sunday in the year.

* * *

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

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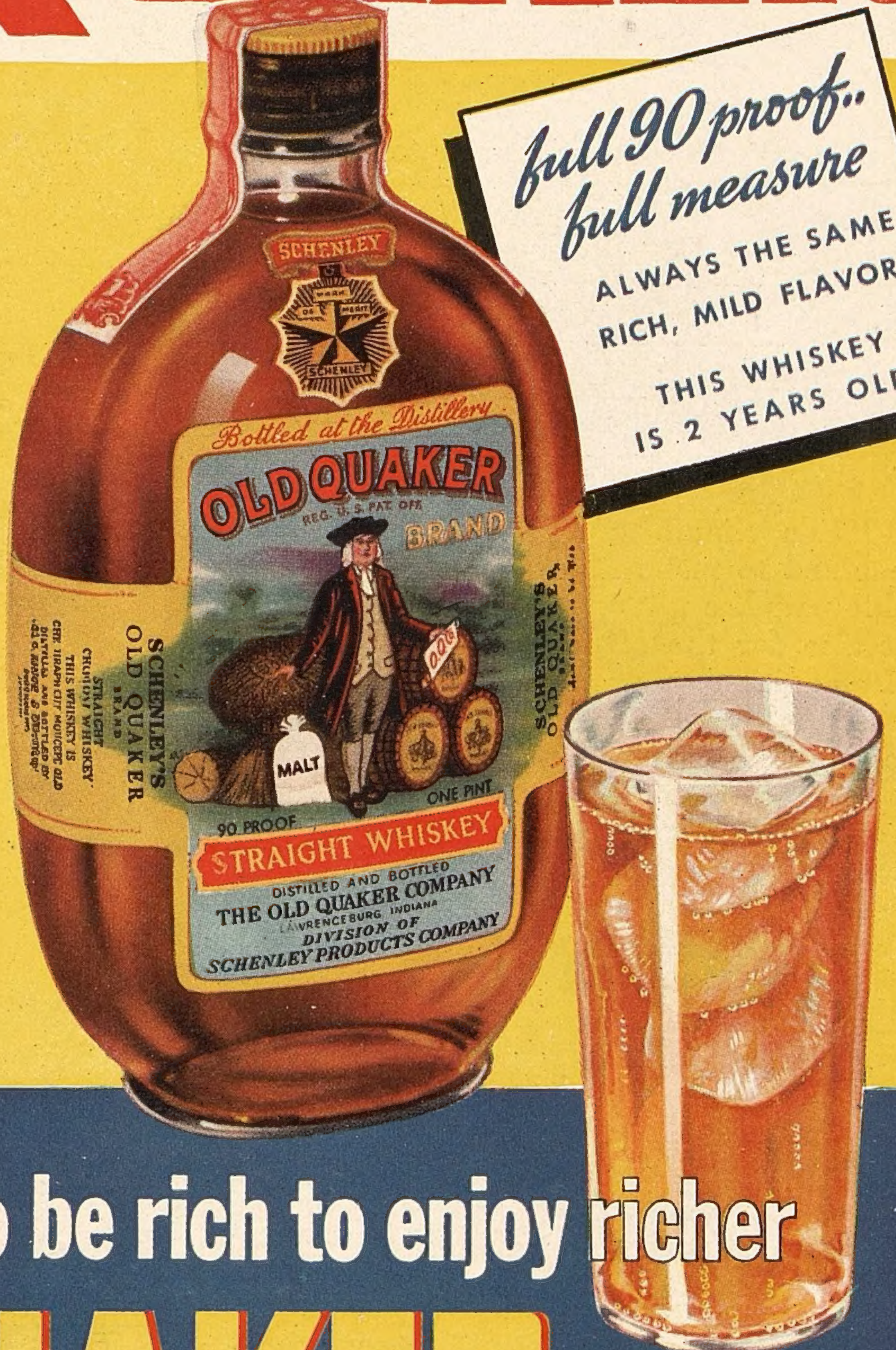
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